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Senor Teacher Wallis

JOHN MURRAY & CO.

Senor Teacke Wallis

WRITINGS

OF

SEVERN TEACKLE WALLIS

MEMORIAL EDITION

VOL. I

ADDRESSES AND POEMS

BALTIMORE
JOHN MURPHY & CO.
1896

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INTRODUCTION.

PREFATORY.

THE present edition is the first collection of the scattered writings in prose and verse, literary, critical and political, of the late Severn Teackle Wallis, who died in Baltimore, April 11, 1894. Its publication now is due to the earnest desire of a number of his personal friends, in the first place, to possess such a complete collection of his writings, and secondly, to their belief that the people of Maryland, and all who knew him, will be glad to have such a permanent memorial of his useful, active life, and of his many and various gifts and accomplishments. Not long before his death, Mr. Wallis had printed at his own expense, for distribution among some of his intimate friends, a limited edition of the *Addresses, Lectures and Reviews*, which form part of the contents of the first volume of this edition. Very soon after his death, there was held in Baltimore a meeting which resulted in the formation of a Wallis Memorial Association, one of the specified objects of which was the publication of a Memorial Edition of his writings, to be followed, in time, if the funds of the Association should prove sufficient, by the erection of a Memorial bust or statue in his honor in some appropriate public place in the city of Baltimore, and by the foundation of one or more scholarships or prizes to bear his name and perpetuate his memory.

With this view, officers of the Association were elected, Executive and Finance Committees appointed, and subscriptions were received.

The response to the circular issued by the Association setting forth its objects, being deemed sufficiently encouraging to justify the Association in undertaking the present publication, Messrs. Thomas W. Hall, Arthur George Brown and John J. Donaldson were requested to act as a Publishing Committee, and authorized to make the necessary arrangements for editing and printing. The Committee were fortunate enough to secure at the outset, the valuable services of Dr. William Hand Browne, Professor of English Literature in the Johns Hopkins University, to see the entire work through the press, and the Committee here desire to express their high appreciation of the value of Dr. Browne's assistance, and of the care and fidelity with which he has performed the labor assigned to him.

In addition to the *Lectures, Addresses and Reviews*, collected and privately circulated in the lifetime of Mr. Wallis, as already mentioned, the first volume of this edition contains a number of short poems and occasional verses written at various times and in varying moods, which have never before been collected, and many of which have never before been printed. These are now published as they appear in a manuscript volume, in which in his later years, and after evident careful correction and revision, they had been transcribed in Mr. Wallis's own neat and characteristic hand-writing. The only liberty taken by the Editor, has been the omission in some instances of proper names and initials; while the notes, which were originally prefixed by Mr. Wallis to some of the poems, have been printed together at the end of the volume.

The second volume is devoted to a selection from Mr. Wallis's political writings of a permanent and historical character, prefer-

ence being given to those prepared by him, while a member of the Maryland Legislature in 1861, not only because of the light which they throw upon the events of that time, but because they constitute a most important chapter in Mr. Wallis's life, in regard to which he has expressed the desire that any judgment of his motives or his actions, should be made to rest upon these very documents. No vindication is necessary, but the part which Mr. Wallis bore in the events of 1860–61, in Maryland, was too conspicuous and too honorable, to permit, in the judgment of his friends, this important chapter of his life to be passed over in silence. For the same reason the *Letter to the Hon. John Sherman*, is included in the volume, the contents of which must be regarded as partly biographical, if not auto-biographical. Many of the papers contained in the second volume have heretofore only been accessible in their scattered and official form, as part of the Journal and Proceedings of the General Assembly of Maryland in 1861.

The third and fourth volumes contain Mr. Wallis's two published books on Spain, for many years almost, if not quite, out of print. The first, entitled *Glimpses of Spain; or Notes of an unfinished Tour in* 1847, was published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York, in 1849, and has since been reprinted by them. The other on *Spain: Her Institutions, Politics and Public Men: A Sketch*, was published by Messrs. Ticknor, Reed & Fields, Boston, 1853. The copyright in both books has long since expired, and their republication in the present memorial edition is in response to a very generally expressed desire on the part of Mr. Wallis's friends to possess them in this form.

Amid all the exactions of a busy professional life, Mr. Wallis was a frequent contributor to the daily press, and his unsigned articles on the current topics of the day were often recognized as his, from the terseness and pungency of expression, the wit some-

times playful and sometimes caustic, and the wealth and appositeness of illustration and argument which were the familiar ear-marks of his style. No attempt has been made to include in the present collection, any of these writings of an ephemeral character, from the impossibility, as it seemed to the Committee, of reproducing the personal and local coloring and atmosphere, which gave them at the time, their special interest and effect. They are only alluded to here, in order that the present collection may not be supposed to furnish the full measure of Mr. Wallis's remarkable intellectual activity and fertility. There can be no doubt that his contributions to literature of a durable and permanent character, would have been much more extensive, had not the demands of his profession so fully occupied his time, and taxed so severely a physical strength and constitution which were never robust.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

To the foregoing statement of the origin and scope of this Memorial Publication of Mr. Wallis's writings, it is deemed proper to append a brief sketch of his career, with some few facts relating to his parentage and family and to the place which he held in the State and city where he was born, and lived and died.

Severn Teackle Wallis was born in the city of Baltimore, on the 8th of September, 1816, being the second son of Philip Wallis and Elizabeth Custis Teackle, his wife, daughter of Severn Teackle of Talbot county, Maryland, after whom he was named. Both of Mr. Wallis's parents came of families long-settled upon the Eastern Shore of the Chesapeake Bay. His grandfather, Severn Teackle, married February 23d, 1786, Lucretia Edmondson, daughter of Pollard Edmondson of Talbot county. The Edmondsons were descended from John Edmondson, one of the very early Quaker settlers in Maryland, the personal friend and correspondent of

John Fox, the Founder of the Society. Fox, in his Journal (Part second, London, 1709) mentions two visits which he paid to John Edmondson, at his hospitable home on Tredhaven Creek near Easton, on the 18th of July and 3d of August, 1672. John Edmondson was the second Quaker elected to the Colonial Legislature of Maryland. Pollard Edmondson, by whose time, however, the family had become Episcopalians, was also a member of the Colonial Legislature, and a delegate from Talbot county to the Convention of 1776, which framed the first Constitution of the State of Maryland. He was afterwards a member of the State Legislature under that Constitution.

Philip Wallis, the father of Severn Teackle Wallis, was the son and only child of Samuel Wallis of Kent county, where the family was settled in the early part of the 18th century. Inheriting a considerable landed estate in Kent and Queen Anne counties, from his father, young Philip Wallis, after leaving Washington College, Kent County, Maryland, studied law in the office of the Hon. James A. Bayard, in Wilmington, Delaware, but never appears to have practised the profession. After his marriage to Miss Teackle, and the birth of his eldest son, Philip, he removed in 1816 from Easton to Baltimore, where all his other children, four sons and three daughters, were born, and where he lived in a house on North Charles street nearly opposite the Cathedral and the residence of the Archbishop, until he finally removed in 1837 to Mississippi, where he owned a plantation near Yazoo city. He is represented to have been a man of taste and cultivation, and appears to have encouraged the early bent of his son Teackle, towards literature, especially poetry and the classics. He died October 23d, 1844, being killed by the explosion of the boiler of a steamboat on the Ohio river.

On the maternal side, Mr. Wallis was descended from the Reverend Thomas Teackle, a native of Gloucestershire, England, who settled in Accomack county, Virginia, in 1652. He was the son of a Royalist, who was killed in the service of King Charles I, and was the first clergyman of the Established Church of England settled on the Eastern Shore of Virginia. He received grants of land in 1652 and 1668, and his parish at one time

included the whole of Accomack and Northampton counties. His estate, "Craddock," upon which he lived, and where he died and was buried, January 26th, 1695, still retains the name he gave it.

Mr. Wallis's maternal grandfather, Severn Teackle, for whom he was named, was an officer in the Revolutionary army, a lieutenant in 1776 in the 9th Virginia Regiment "on Continental Establishment," a captain in the same regiment in 1779, afterwards transferred to the 5th Regiment, Virginia Line. Captain Teackle was taken prisoner either at Brandywine or Germantown, in which latter engagement his regiment was conspicuous for its gallantry, losing nearly half of its number in killed and wounded. In a memorandum appended by Mr. Wallis, apparently in 1893, to a copy of the "Genealogical Record (MS.) of the Teackle and Edmondson Families" in his possession, he says: "I have not analyzed the record so as to notice whether there were any intermarriages with the Severn family. There was a young gentleman of that name, a lieutenant in the same regiment with my grandfather." The records of the Virginia Land Office show a grant of land in Northampton county to John Severn, on October 8th, 1644, and the intimacy between the Severn family and the descendants of the Reverend Thomas Teackle, appears from the frequency of the use of Severn as a baptismal name in all the families of the Teackle connection, the Upshurs, Eyres, Bowdoins, Parkers and others.

Of a large family consisting, as already mentioned, of five sons and three daughters, Mr. Wallis was for many years prior to his death the sole survivor, with the exception of one brother, who is still living, Mr. John S. Wallis, formerly of New Orleans, but now a resident of Baltimore. Mr. Wallis's father died, as stated, in 1844, his mother in 1852. Of the sons, only the eldest, Philip, and the youngest, John S., ever married. The three daughters died unmarried; the eldest, Miss Elizabeth Custis Wallis, lived with her brother in Baltimore for some years and until her death in 1867.

Mr. Wallis's own life, with the exception of several visits abroad and the period of his enforced absence while a prisoner

during the civil war, was passed mainly in the State of Maryland and the city of Baltimore. There he received both his academic and his professional education; there he made his home and did his life's work. After receiving elementary instruction at a private school, he was entered as a student at St. Mary's College, an institution which was founded in Baltimore in the latter part of the 18th century by members of the Society of St. Sulpice in Paris, who found in this country a refuge from the storms of the French Revolution. It was raised to the rank of a university by Act of the Legislature of Maryland in 1805, and for many years enjoyed a high reputation as a collegiate institution in the United States, Canada, and the neighboring States of Mexico and South America, from all of which it drew a large number of pupils. It exists to-day only as a Seminary for the education and training of young men for the Catholic priesthood, according to the original purpose and design of the Sulpitian Society. At St. Mary's, young Wallis was graduated Bachelor of Arts at the age of sixteen, and two years later was admitted Master of Arts, and in 1841 his Alma Mater conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

In 1832, immediately after leaving college, Mr. Wallis began the study of the law in Baltimore, in the office of the celebrated William Wirt, the distinguished orator and jurist, who, from 1817 to 1829, under two Presidents and three administrations, held the office of Attorney General of the United States. Upon the death of Mr. Wirt in 1834, Mr. Wallis continued his studies in the office of Mr. John Glenn, a leading and successful lawyer, who, upon his retirement from the bar many years later, was appointed Judge of the United States District Court. In September, 1837, at the age of twenty-one, Mr. Wallis was admitted to the bar.

While at St. Mary's he had evinced great fondness for and acquired considerable proficiency in the study of the Spanish language and literature, in which pursuit he derived both encouragement and assistance from a highly accomplished Spanish scholar and gentleman, Don José Antonio Pizarro, Spanish Vice-Consul at Baltimore, and for many years a professor at St. Mary's, with whom Mr. Wallis kept up a warm friendship and inti-

macy, which lasted until Mr. Pizarro's death at a very advanced age. The old gentleman in his youth had been an officer in the Spanish army during the French invasion (1810–1812), and was wounded at the siege of Cadiz. In recognition of his attainments, in 1844, Mr. Wallis had the honor of being elected a corresponding member of the Royal Academy of History at Madrid. This was not, however, the only distinction his reputation as a scholar won for him abroad. In 1846 he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries at Copenhagen. In 1847, being in somewhat delicate health, which his friends thought would be benefited by a sea-voyage, he was persuaded to go abroad, and for the first time then visited Spain. The fruits of his keen observation and thorough appreciation of what he saw upon this visit, were embodied upon his return in a modest volume bearing the title of *Glimpses of Spain; or, Notes of an Unfinished Tour*, published by Harper & Brothers in 1849.

The publication of this book, together with Mr. Wallis's already high reputation as a lawyer, doubtless contributed to his selection by the Government at Washington, for an important professional mission. In 1849 he revisited Spain, commissioned by the Secretary of the Interior to examine and report upon the title to public lands in Florida, as affected by Spanish grants made during the pendency of negotiations with this country in 1819. Thus accredited to the Spanish authorities in an official way, and with the familiarity with the country and the people already acquired during his previous visit, Mr. Wallis enjoyed exceptional opportunities for obtaining information not always accessible to the ordinary tourist. His second book on Spain, published upon his return, entitled *Spain; Her Institutions, Politics and Public Men*, although but "a sketch," as he calls it, contained in a small compass the best account of Spanish politics at that time, and of the then existing constitution of the monarchy, within the reach of English readers.

Mr. Wallis revisited Europe in 1856 and again in 1884, but after his return in 1849, his life for a time passed uneventfully, being devoted almost exclusively to the practice of the law, with occasional excursions into the fields of politics and of literature. His practice was a large and growing one, and as lucrative as

with his very moderate ideas upon the subject of professional fees and compensation, he permitted it to be. He enjoyed the reputation of being a safe and wise counsellor and adviser, as well as that of being one of the most eloquent and persuasive advocates at the Maryland bar. His appearances were frequent at the bar of the Court of Appeals of the State and of the Supreme Court of the United States, in cases of importance. From being one of the favorite juniors and associates of the great leaders of the bar—Reverdy Johnson, John Nelson and others, he had won his own way to a place in the front rank of leadership.

Mr. Wallis's attitude in political matters, and his relation to party politics were always somewhat peculiar. He was by nature and temperament an ardent partisan. He espoused, with the same fervor that he did the cause of a client, the political cause and principles which commended themselves most strongly to the approval of his intellect and his conscience. He never surrendered, however, to any claims of partisanship, or, upon any plea of party discipline or expediency, his own personal independence and reserved right of individual freedom of action. His own interests or ambition had nothing to do with shaping his political convictions. He spoke and wrote and acted in politics, as he personally thought and felt that truth and justice required. Party success he regarded simply as a means to an end, that end being with him always the triumph of the right as he saw it and believed in it. Consequently, with all the warmth and intensity of his partisanship, Mr. Wallis was never regarded as a good "party man" in the usual acceptation of the term. He did not hesitate to withdraw from the support of a party organization with which he had previously co-operated, when he believed that the organization itself had departed from the principles which had originally won his allegiance. In his younger days he was an enthusiastic Whig. When the Whig Party began to disintegrate, one faction siding with the newly-formed American or "Know-Nothing" organization, and another drifting into the ranks of the "Free-Soilers," Mr. Wallis did not hesitate to identify himself with the Democratic Party. In that political faith and fellowship he continued, while reserving to

himself and exercising freely the same independence of thought and action which had characterized his whole previous political career. In 1857, he was offered the position of United States District Attorney by President Buchanan, but for personal reasons, declined it. He never sought political preferment, and never held political office except when its acceptance involved personal risk and suffering, and proved the passport to a prison.

In 1858, Mr. Wallis wrote the Reform Address to the citizens of Baltimore, which, appearing over his signature and that of a few other gentlemen, resulted in the Reform movement which culminated in the passage of the Election and Police Bills by the Legislature of 1860, and the election, in October of that year, of a Reform Mayor and City Council for the city of Baltimore. The constitutionality of the new Police Law being contested in the courts, Mr. Wallis who had taken an active part in drafting the bill, was one of the counsel who appeared for the newly constituted Board of Police Commissioners, and successfully argued their case before the Court of Appeals at Annapolis.

In 1861, the increasing estrangement between the North and the South, following upon the incessant agitation of the Slavery Question, and the election of President Lincoln, resulted in civil war. At the outset of the Secession movement in the South, the position of Maryland as a Border State, and with a population divided in its sympathies, was felt to be most critical. Mr. Wallis's position and actions during that eventful and perilous time, are best illustrated by his own speeches and writings. Without enlarging upon the facts of history, further than to explain those incidents in Mr. Wallis's personal experience, which would necessarily find a place in any sketch, however meagre, of his life, it is sufficient to say that he fully shared that feeling of personal sympathy with the South which was entertained by a large proportion, to say the least, of the cultivated and educated people of the State. This would seem to have been the natural consequence, to seek no farther for reasons, of Mr. Wallis's ancestry, education and personal tastes and associations. He felt as gentlemen of his class and position very generally felt in Maryland. Yet this feeling of sympathy with the people of his

own blood and section was not stronger than his attachment to the Union of the States, as formed and contemplated by the Federal Constitution. This attachment on Mr. Wallis's part was strong and sincere, and he cherished the hope until hope was no longer possible, that a way might be found to stay the tide of popular passion, both North and South, and to avert the horrible calamity of a disrupted Union and of an internecine war. On February 1st, 1861, a town-meeting was held in the hall of the Maryland Institute in Baltimore, which was addressed by Mr. Wallis, among others, on the condition of affairs, the position of the State of Maryland and the duty of her people. That address speaks his sentiments at the time.

The actual outbreak of civil war, the attack upon Fort Sumter, the President's proclamation calling for volunteers for the defence of the Capital, the hurried mustering of troops at the North, and their onward march to Washington in response to the President's call, the lamentable collision in the streets of Baltimore, on the 19th of April, 1861, between a Massachusetts regiment and an excited body of citizens who sought to obstruct its passage through the city, followed in quick succession. On Sunday, the 21st of April, Mr. Wallis was one of a committee of citizens, who with the Mayor, had an interview in Washington with President Lincoln, his cabinet and General Winfield Scott, and obtained an order from the President temporarily suspending the passage of troops through Baltimore, so as to avoid further bloodshed, in the then frenzied state of the public mind.

On April 24th, a special election was held in Baltimore for delegates to represent the city in the State Legislature, which, in consequence of the critical condition of affairs, was called by the Governor to meet in extra session in the city of Frederick on April 26th. The special election was rendered necessary by the unseating of the entire city delegation, at the previous regular session, in consequence of gross fraud and violence held to have characterized their election on November 2d, 1859. Frederick was designated as the place of meeting in consequence of the State capital, Annapolis, being in military possession of the Federal troops. On the day of election there was but one ticket nominated

and voted for, Mr. Wallis being one of the delegates elected. Upon the assembling of the Legislature, he was made chairman of the House Committee on Federal Relations; and on the 29th of April, three days after the Legislature met, the House of Delegates, by a vote of 53 to 12, approved a report and resolutions from the committee, drafted by Mr. Wallis, declaring that the General Assembly of the State of Maryland had no power to pass an ordinance of secession. On the 2d day of May the Committee on Federal Relations presented a further report and resolutions, also drawn by Mr. Wallis, for the appointment of Commissioners to visit Washington and confer with the President in regard to reopening and restoring communication between Baltimore and the North, which had been interrupted since the 19th of April. The report and resolutions were approved by both Houses of the Legislature. On the 10th of May the same committee submitted a report and resolutions, also prepared by Mr. Wallis, reviewing the actual condition of affairs, and the relation of the State of Maryland to the Federal Government, and declaring that it was inexpedient to call a Sovereign Convention of the people of the State to consider the question of secession. The report and resolutions were adopted, and on the 14th the Legislature adjourned to meet again at Frederick on the 4th of June.

On the day that the Legislature adjourned, Mr. Ross Winans, one of the delegates from Baltimore, was arrested while returning from Frederick to his home, without legal warrant, by a military force, acting under orders from Major-General B. F. Butler, and taken to Fort McHenry, whence he was afterwards transferred to Fortress Monroe. Other military arrests followed rapidly. On the 27th of June, while the Legislature was again in session, having reassembled at Frederick, pursuant to adjournment, the Marshal of Police of Baltimore, was arrested at his home, at three o'clock in the morning, by a military force, and confined in Fort McHenry. On the 1st of July, the arrest of the entire Board of Police Commissioners of Baltimore city followed, the Commissioners being apprehended at their respective homes, between the hours of three and five in the morning, and conveyed under guard to the fort. The spirited memorial addressed

by the Commissioners to the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, upon the subject of their arbitrary arrest and imprisonment was from the pen of Mr. Wallis. On the 5th of August, both Houses of the Legislature of Maryland adopted a report and resolutions submitted by a joint committee of which Mr. Wallis was chairman upon the same subject. To a copy of this report, among Mr. Wallis's papers, the following note in his handwriting is appended. "If my participation," is the language of the note, "in the events of these times should be the subject, hereafter, of remembrance or consideration, I am willing that my reputation for personal and political rectitude and for fidelity to the institutions of my State and the Union, shall depend upon the judgment which may be passed on this Report." —(signed) "S. T. Wallis, May 24th, 1863."

On the night of the 12th of September, 1861, Mr. Wallis was arrested at his dwelling in St. Paul street, Baltimore, by order of Major-General John A. Dix, commanding at Fort McHenry. The order addressed to the Provost Marshal of Baltimore, directed the "arrest without an hour's delay" of the Mayor of the city, George William Brown, Esq., the members of the Legislature from Baltimore city, and of several other persons therein named. Other arrests took place the same night in pursuance of direct orders from Washington, including that of the Hon. Henry May, a member of Congress at the time, from Maryland. The prisoners were taken under guard to Fort McHenry, and on the afternoon of the following day, conveyed by boat to Fortress Monroe, and about two weeks later transported by sea to Fort Lafayette, in New York Harbor. In November, they were again removed to Fort Warren in Boston Harbor, where they remained without trial until the latter part of November, 1862, when Mr. Wallis and thirteen others, all but one of whom were from Maryland, and all of whom had been prisoners for a period varying from fourteen to seventeen months, were unconditionally released by order of the Secretary of War, and allowed to return to their homes.

Naturally of a delicate constitution, and frequently an invalid, Mr. Wallis suffered keenly from the physical privations incident to his imprisonment. The cold and bleak climate of the New

England coast in winter, aggravated constitutional ailments to which he had long been subject, and he suffered greatly from the want of comforts to which he had been accustomed, and which to a valetudinarian had become a necessity. At Fortress Monroe, he was confined for fourteen days, with a number of others, in one of the casemates of the Fort, closely guarded and under lock and key. At Fort Warren, where he spent more than twelve months of his captivity, he was assigned with others to a single room in the officers' quarters of the Fort, but with larger liberty and opportunity for exercise. Other alleviations of strict prison life, which were unknown at Fortress Monroe or Fort Lafayette, were here permitted. Prisoners were allowed to receive books and papers, to make such additions, as their means permitted, to the ordinary army rations furnished by the government, and to correspond with their friends, subject to the restriction that all letters sent or received were required to be previously read by an officer assigned to that duty. But beyond any sense of physical restraint or hardships, Mr. Wallis's spirit constantly chafed under what he regarded as the intolerable wrong and injustice of his arbitrary arrest and incarceration. His views upon this subject find full expression in the letter which shortly after his release, he addressed to the Hon. John Sherman, in reply to some observations made by the latter in a speech in the United States Senate, in reference to the Maryland arrests.

Mr. Wallis bore himself during the long months of his confinement, with unfailing dignity and fortitude. His common-place book, in which he was in the habit of setting down for future reference things new or interesting which he had noted in his daily reading, bears witness to his power of mental abstraction, and to the relief which he found in literature from the small annoyances as well as graver burdens of his prison-life. By the charm of his conversation, bright and entertaining as if prison walls had no existence, he helped to beguile the tedium of a confinement which weighed heavily upon his companions as well as upon himself. By numberless acts of kindness and of charity, he contributed to alleviate the lot of others less fortunate and well-provided for than himself. At times the number of prisoners

in Fort Warren, including those who were captured in battle, amounted to many hundreds, of whom the greater number brought nothing with them but the clothes they wore when they were captured.

After his release from Fort Warren, in November, 1862, Mr. Wallis returned to Baltimore and resumed the thread of his interrupted professional life. The years which followed were perhaps those of his greatest professional success. During these years also, some of his best literary work was accomplished, and his most important public services rendered, while still remaining in private station. After the State Constitution of 1867 had removed all the barriers to political preferment, which had been raised during the war, and had opened the way for the return to power of men of Mr. Wallis's opinions, there was a time when he undoubtedly could have held any office, in the gift of his fellow-citizens of Baltimore or Maryland, if his ambition and tastes had led him in that direction. On, at least, two occasions after the administration of the municipal government of Baltimore had passed into the hands of the Democratic party, he was offered the position of chief law officer of the city. He was also urged to allow the use of his name as a candidate for Congress. These, and other offers, he declined, partly because official life really had no temptations for him, and partly because of his uncertain and gradually failing health. At the same time his interest in public affairs continued without abatement. He labored constantly and earnestly, with voice and pen, to bring others, especially young men, to that high standard of unselfish and independent action in political matters, which he felt was becoming more and more necessary and more rare, alike in party management and in public administration. Every movement which seemed to carry with it the hope and promise of political Reform, appealed to his sympathy and was sure of his active support. Thus, he was prominently identified, from the outset, both with the Civil Service Reform Association of Maryland and the Reform League of Baltimore city, of which latter organization he continued to be the President until his death. Only once did he suffer his reluctance to be a candidate for office to be overcome. This was in 1875 when, being

at the time ill in New York city and unable to take any active part in the canvass, he accepted the nomination for Attorney General of the State upon a ticket which was supported by Republicans and Independent Democrats. The ticket was defeated, but the fairness of the election and of the return made of the votes cast being called in question, Mr. Wallis instituted legal proceedings with a view to having the matter judicially inquired into, but the Court of Appeals held that it was without jurisdiction, and nothing was done in the premises. Mr. Wallis's defeat could hardly, under the circumstances, be considered as a test of his personal popularity, since many of his friends and admirers disapproved of the coalition with the Republicans, and withheld their support from him on that account.

Gradually, with advancing years, his health began to break. He was compelled to curtail the labors for which his spirit was always willing, but to which the flesh was no longer equal. The intellectual fire was unabated, but his appearances on public occasions, upon the political platform, and in court, became less frequent. During the late winter and spring of 1894, he was seldom able to leave his house. Finally, on the 11th of April of 1894, less from the inroads of disease than from the gradual weakening and exhaustion of the vital forces, he quietly and painlessly passed away, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. His body, after funeral services in St. Paul's Church, Baltimore, was deposited in his own lot in Greenmount Cemetery, where also are buried his mother, two brothers who died in infancy, three sisters, and his venerable friend, Mr. Pizarro.

Although remarkable for the strength and tenderness of his personal attachments, Mr. Wallis never married. He was most domestic in his tastes and habits. He loved his home, his books and the society of his friends, whom he delighted to have about him, and who found him at all times the most charming of hosts and companions. The grief of his friends at his death was shared by the community at large. Certainly no instance can be recalled of any one not in high public station whose death has called forth so many tributes of respect and affection from the people of Maryland. The various public bodies and institutions with which he

had been identified while living,—the Trustees of the Peabody Institute, and the Maryland Historical Society, of both of which bodies he was President; the Regents of the University of Maryland, of which he was Provost, and others,—held meetings and took appropriate proceedings to testify to their sense of the loss which they, in common with the whole community, had sustained. Among these tributes, for which it would be impossible to afford space here, there are two, however, which may be thought to furnish an appropriate and fitting conclusion to this memorial sketch. One is the Minute of the Bench and Bar of Maryland, originally adopted at a Bar meeting in Baltimore, held immediately after Mr. Wallis's death, and subsequently ordered to be recorded among the proceedings of the Supreme Bench of that city, together with the remarks of the late Chief Judge Robinson, of the Court of Appeals of Maryland, on the occasion of the presentation of the same Minute to that Court at Annapolis.

The other tribute, which is of a more personal character, but none the less valuable and interesting on that account, is from the pen of Mr. Wallis's friend and physician, Dr. Samuel C. Chew, who attended him in his last illness and was with him when he died. It appears in the proceedings of the Trustees of the Peabody Institute on the occasion of Mr. Wallis's death.

The following is the "Memorial Minute" of the Bench and Bar as it appears in the 77th volume of the Reports of the Court of Appeals of Maryland:

"The death of Severn Teackle Wallis is an event which arrests the attention of every citizen of Maryland, and is recognized as a great public bereavement from one end of the Commonwealth to the other. Everywhere and by everybody it is felt that Maryland has lost her foremost citizen.

"For us who were his professional brethren, who knew, and, therefore, admired and honored him, it would suffice to add to the bare mention of his death, 'no praise can be equal to so great a name,' but, for the honor of the profession, it is fitting that we record our estimate of him as a lawyer and a man.

"He has closed, at the ripe age of seventy-seven, a professional career which, extending over more than half a century, is, in many respects, with-

out an example or a parallel in the annals of our Bar. Great men and lawyers the Maryland Bar has furnished heretofore, who have risen to the highest judicial positions in the land, and filled with honor the office of Attorney-General of the United States. Without obtaining any of these great rewards and dignities of the profession, Mr. Wallis nevertheless reached a height of professional eminence which entitles him to rank among the first and ablest of these distinguished men.

"But Mr. Wallis's especial greatness as a lawyer was that he was so much more than a lawyer. To the accurate and varied learning of the profession, he added the grace and culture of the scholar, and the charm of an eloquence which made him one of the foremost and most persuasive orators of our times. Above all, he brought to the practice of the profession, in all its relations, the loftiest standards of professional duty and honor. The purity of his life, and nobility and dignity of his character, his scorn of everything sordid, base or mean, the kindness of his heart, and the grace and charm of his manner, added to the wealth and abundance of his intellectual gifts and accomplishments, made him the finest type and model of what a great lawyer can be. As such, this Bar will ever cherish his memory, and the generous aspiration of future generations will find in his life and fame a perpetual incentive to noble endeavor.

"Mr. Wallis recognized and illustrated in the highest degree the obligations which the profession owes to the public, as the guardian and defender of its political rights, its civil and religious liberties. No better or more public-spirited citizen, no purer or more unselfish patriot ever lived in this community. In the darkest hour of civil strife, when the law was silent in the midst of the din of arms, he showed a courage and constancy as great as was ever displayed on the field of battle.

"In the liberality of his views and generosity of his heart, he strove to leave no duty, public or private, unfulfilled, and acknowledged no limit to his obligations except the lack of opportunity or want of physical strength. The universal sorrow with which the announcement of his death, although not unexpected, has been received, attests the appreciation by men of all classes, creeds and parties, of the nobility and usefulness of his life and their sense of the public loss occasioned by his death.

"*Resolved*, That in the death of SEVERN TEACKLE WALLIS the Bar of Maryland has lost its brightest ornament, his friends a cherished and revered companion, and the State its noblest citizen."

Chief Judge Robinson, on behalf of the Court of Appeals, responded as follows:

"Few men have died in Maryland whose death has been so universally and so sincerely lamented as that of Mr. Wallis. His brethren of the Bar and the Judges of the several Courts, the daily witnesses of his professional

life, and the press throughout the State, have all united in touching and affectionate tributes to his memory. Few men, if any, have ever better deserved such tributes. This spontaneous and reverent homage to his attainments and character as a lawyer, to his rare intellectual gifts and accomplishments, and to the purity of his private and public life, is the best evidence of the high place he held in the hearts of all who knew him. For more than a half century he has been a conspicuous member of this Court, and was of counsel in many of the most important cases before it. Here was the scene of many of his best efforts and highest achievements; and, though we cannot hope to add anything to what has been already so well and better said by others, yet it is eminently proper that we should give expression to our deep sense of the loss we have suffered, and mingle our own personal sorrow with the universal sorrow which his death has occasioned. Long before the oldest member here was even admitted to the Bar, he was by general consent recognized as one of its ablest leaders; and this, too, at a time when to win such a distinction "was to walk in the footsteps" and to be measured by the genius of that brilliant array of lawyers who have shed an unfading lustre and renown upon the Bar of Maryland. With such men as these he stood in the foremost rank, and throughout his long and successful career, he has ever been distinguished, not only for his eminent abilities as a lawyer, but for all those noble and knightly qualities which elevate the profession and make it worthy of one's best faculties and highest aspiration. He was not only a well-read and thoroughly trained lawyer, but he was also an accomplished Belles Lettres scholar. The law, it has been said, is a jealous mistress, and claims an undivided worship from those who aspire to its highest honors. To this rule, however, Mr. Wallis was a notable exception. He was fond of literary pursuits, and his mind was enriched with the fruits of a wide and liberal culture. And it is not too much to say that his published addresses and essays, for nobility of thought, elegance of expression and purity of style, will compare favorably with the best productions of ancient or modern time.

"This is not the time, however, or the occasion for a eulogy on his life and character. Less, however, we felt could not be said. His work is ended—nobly, worthily ended. His death has created a void difficult to measure, and more difficult to fill. And though he has passed away from us forever, the fruits of his work will still live, and the example of his life will be an inspiration to those who shall come after him, so long as integrity of life and conduct, and courageous fidelity to duty, are esteemed as virtues among men.

"The 'Memorial Minute' of the Bench and Bar, together with these proceedings, will be placed on the records of this Court."

At a special meeting, Monday, April 16, 1894, of the Board of Trustees of the Peabody Institute, called on the occasion of Mr. Wallis's death, Dr. Samuel C. Chew spoke as follows:

"*Mr. President:*—I shall not attempt any eulogy of our departed colleague and friend, for here and elsewhere the powers of language have been used to their uttermost to portray the nobility of his character and the graces and culture of his heart and mind. There are those present whose intellects have been trained largely in the same lines of study and thought in which his own attained its splendid development, and it has been their duty and pleasure to make record of what Severn Teackle Wallis was as a lawyer, a statesman and a true hearted patriot in the noblest sense of that word.

"These sides of his character and personality are known to many, but there is another side. I have thought sometimes that the relations between a patient and his physician may give the key to certain qualities of that patient's mental and spiritual nature which are not so clearly displayed to others. And so, without, I trust, violating the seal and the sacredness of those relations, I feel it right to say something of the qualities which were wrought in Mr. Wallis by all that he underwent through 'that long disease his life'—qualities which as one of the mysteries that human life is involved in, may become more and more increased and refined, until they attain, here or hereafter, to that perfectness which cometh through suffering.

"And, first, let me say that in those years during which I had what I account, and always shall account, the privilege and the benediction of ministering to him, I never heard from him one word of repining against that fate which had given him infirmity and disease as his portion in life. Rather did the effort to strive against their depressing influences bring an increase of his spiritual and mental powers, so that, like those of old, 'out of weakness he was made strong.' His place was with them

> "'Who doomed to go in company with pain,
> Turn their necessity to glorious gain.
> In face of it can exercise a power
> Which is our human nature's highest dower;
> Controls it and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
> Of its bad influence, and its good receives.'

"But he was much more than patient in his suffering. After giving the daily account of his troubles, and the answers to such questions as were necessary for his physician's guidance, he would become always, as those who saw him often will unite with me in testifying, as bright and buoyant as though pain had never touched him. Out of his own deep wisdom, out of the abundance of his poetic imagination, out of the exuberance of his wit and humor, and out of the copious literatures, English, Spanish, French

and Latin, with which his mind was saturated, he would bring forth such treasures, new and old, as made his conversation the most delightful of intellectual enjoyments.

"His was

> "'The cheerful heart, which all the muses love;
> The soaring spirit, which is their prime delight.'

"There are many memories crowded in my mind, which, if time allowed, I might evoke to show the tenor of his thoughts, especially during the last part of his life. But a few must suffice.

"Some weeks ago, as I was sitting by his bedside, the sunshine streaming through his chamber window, he said to me: 'How beautiful this world is!' and then repeated the lines:

> "'For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
> This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
> Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
> Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind.'

"And then, as though his ear so attuned to the melody of verse, took a delight in the beautiful alliteration, or, perhaps, as looking forward himself, he repeated, dwelling on the words,

> "'One longing, lingering look behind.'

"We who are here all know his deep and almost passionate love of flowers, and how, through the devotion of his friends, he was constantly surrounded by them, his room being often a very bower of roses. On Easter Day, three weeks ago, when I made my usual visit to him, I took him, at the request of one of his friends, some Easter lilies, and, though flowers in abundance were all about his room, these were the only lilies he had then received. A bright smile came over his face as he took them, uttering the lovely words:

> "'*Manibus date lilia plenis.*'

"For many years Mr. Wallis was accustomed to spend some hours of every day with Mr. Pizarro, a Spanish gentleman of intelligence and cultivation, who for a long time filled the position of Spanish Consul in this city, and from the opportunities thus afforded he was enabled to add to his knowledge of Spanish literature that perfect facility in speaking the language which, as has been said, would have caused any Spaniard to believe that the purest Castilian was his native tongue.

"Through Mr. Pizarro, too, he became imbued with a love of the Vulgate translation of the Bible, and often the melodious and sonorous lines of this version of the Psalms fell from his lips.

"As the end of his life drew near, he seemed to live more in contemplation of the unseen.

"There is an instinctive desire to know how a man of such high intellectual endowments regarded the issues of eternity when brought face to face with them.

"To such a question his own vigorous and beautiful lines give a partial answer, and show the tenor of his thoughts:

"'I would not that the dreams of old
Should veil again the weakened mind,
Nor mine their faith who idly hold
That to be wise we need be blind;
But when I see how darkly lie
The plainest things before mine eyes,
That with each turn of reason's wheel
Falsehood and truth both upward go,
I can but think that what I feel
Is best and most of what I know;
And that where'er our tents are cast,
Each hath an angel by his side,
From the first life-sigh to the last
His guardian, champion, friend and guide.'

"But I feel that here I must speak with guarded lips, for there are some utterances too sacred to be imparted or shared. And yet it can be no violation of rightful reserve to say that almost his latest words, faintly audible but still distinct, as the shadows closed around him, words which we may regard as the '*extremum munus morientis*,' were these, 'I am at peace.'

"He loved righteousness and hated iniquity. Perfect truthfulness and stainless integrity, and charity of hand and heart, boundless and overflowing to all, these were the traits which made up his character, and they are the traits of the servants of God.

"'*Pretiosa in conspectu Domini mors sanctorum Ejus.*'"

ADDRESSES.

LEISURE;

ITS MORAL AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

LEISURE.

WE have all read, many times, and there are few of us who have not dropped a tear, now and then, over that wonderful and painfully suggestive poem, "The Song of the Shirt." A brother-humorist of Hood's, whose praise is almost fame, has said of it, with truthful sympathy, that, "it may surely rank as a great act of charity to the world." You remember, of course, its wild, and touching burden—

> "Work, work, work!
> From weary chime to chime;
> Work, work, work!
> As prisoners work for crime."

And yet, how few there are who pause to fathom all the depths of the story which it tells! Our hearts are wrung, and our eyes fill, as we gaze upon the single picture which it paints, of toil and hopeless and forsaken wretchedness; and we forget that the woman who

> "Sits in unwomanly rags,
> Plying her needle and thread—"

is only the melancholy extreme, and unhappy but legitimate consummation, of a social and political philosophy which throws its universal shadow over the most prosperous devel-

opments of modern civilization. We lose sight, in our pity, of the fact that "work, work, work!" is the great moral and maxim of the age in which we live—going home, it is true, with cruellest severity, to the comfortless dwellings of humble and ill-paid toil, but laying its iron hand, nevertheless, upon the lives and the destinies of almost all classes of society. Is it not the theme of the books that men write for all of us, and of the teachings that are vouchsafed to us, for the practical guidance of life, at the domestic fireside, from the professor's chair and the chambers of legislation? There is no ditty of our childhood which rings a more familiar jingle in our ears, than that which warned us, amid our playthings, how

> "Satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do!"

Can we not all remember the traditionary wisdom of "Poor Richard's Almanac"—that precious volume of uninspired proverbs—whence we learned in our maturer boyhood, that money-getting was a secular religion—rather more important than the other, if anything—and were taught, by a sort of parody on the warnings of Scripture, that we should "work while it is called to-day, for we know not how much we may be hindered to-morrow?" Have we not pored over our treatises, more or less profound, and listened, more or less profitably, to our lectures upon Political Economy, to the edifying and elevating effect, that the great social end of man, and the only true policy of nations, is to produce as much as possible and consume as little—to get as much as we can for what we sell and pay as little as possible for what we buy—to starve our neighbor, in other words, and eat his substance

ourselves? Surely, after having thus ennobled selfishness into a science, it is simply sentimentalism in us to grieve, with gentle-hearted Hood,

> "That bread should be so dear,
> And flesh and blood so cheap!"

We should rather cry Glory to Adam Smith! and lose sight of the misery of mere men and women, in the progress and wealth of the nations.

One of the most popular and striking writers of the day, Mr. Carlyle—certainly a man of genius, though he has written a great deal which might not seem so novel or profound, I think, if it were done out of German into English—seems to have established, as the basis of his moral and philosophical system, that our purpose in this world is to do something; and that provided we are always doing, and in earnest, it makes no great matter what we do. The somewhat incongruous deductions which he draws from this fundamental idea, he calls the "Evangel," and sometimes the "Gospel, of Labor"; and it is this blessed message to humanity which, for the most part, he goes about proclaiming. I wonder it should never have occurred to so clever and acute a man, that such a "Gospel,"—if it means anything but words—is but a message to our race of the primeval curse of the Old Dispensation, unrelieved and unredeemed by any of the charities or covenants of the New. I know no parallel to it, in point of consolation, except the discourse of the ranting preacher to the gipsy, in one of Hood's novels:—"Woman," cried he, "behold, I bring you glad tidings! You are an accursed race!" I do not marvel that in pursuing such a system to its

legitimate conclusions, Mr. Carlyle should have blended in one picture, as heroes, the Founder of Christianity and the Prophet of Mecca.

But the economists and moral philosophers of our generation have not the "Evangel of Labor" altogether to themselves. The poets have been far too wise to allow the mere dealers in prose to monopolize so much available capital; and the most of the songs that are sung to us, now, have a perpetual refrain of "work, work, work"—very elevated and grand, and occasionally unintelligible, of course, as sublime things ought to be—but still "work!" It has been ascertained, beyond a doubt, as you are aware, that every human being has what is called a "mission;" and the result of the most profound and recent poetical investigation seems to be, that our "mission" is "work." There are shrewd suspicions afloat, it must be admitted, that mankind received some hints, and not of a congratulatory character, either, concerning this destiny of theirs, as far back as the times of "the gardener Adam and his wife"; but still the poets of the day insist on singing it, not merely as a truth, but as an attractive novelty. Mr. Tennyson, for instance, is full of it. Addressing himself to the world at large, he has no title more endearing than

"Men my brothers—men the workers!"

Of course, all the Tennysonians—and they are the great majority of bards—though they toil not, neither do they spin, in their peculiar vocation, but steal from the laureate, outright—are yet fuller of the toilsome mission of humanity than even their great prototype. Our own countryman, Mr. Longfellow, from whose delightful genius we might expect

something better and more original, has established for himself a perfect speciality in the regard of which I speak; and one would think, from the burden of his music, that the destiny of mankind is chiefly to do two things—"to labor and to wait," and "suffer and be strong"—a heroic destiny, to be sure, and well adapted to versification, but nevertheless not altogether refreshing in an experimental point of view.

While moralists and political economists thus combine to teach, and poets to sing, the sanctity of work, it would be quite unreasonable to expect that those who are called the "practical men" of the day should lag behind. I dare say you have all heard and read many discourses, in your time, concerning the dignity and nobility of labor. I myself have had the benefit of a great many; but I confess that the feeling which they have generally awakened, has been that of very profound disgust. The most of us understand, I am sure, from our own experience, the very unpleasant though indispensable relation between the sweat of our brows and our daily bread. Upon that point, we certainly need no prompting; but to go beyond that—to collect a crowd of weary and toil-worn men together, and talk to them about the elevation and grandeur of the burden which weighs them daily to the ground—"no blessed leisure for love or hope"—is to pass, in my poor judgment, into the region of unmitigated cant and twaddle. No man, I believe, who is chained by necessity, along with the rest of the galley-slaves of this earth, to his toiling oar, can acquire from his own experience, unless he be strangely constituted, or from his observation of other people, any very lofty idea of the dignity of labor in itself. Respecting, for one, as far as respect can go, the manhood which

treads the path of toil, however humble, to honorable independence—admiring, with heartiest admiration, the vigor and the constancy which hold men, through difficulty, sacrifice and pain, unswervingly close to the duties and responsibilities of social and domestic life—I still can but regard the absorbing labor which makes the sum total of most men's existence, as one vast pool of Lethe, into which high faculties and generous feelings, joyous susceptibilities and graceful tastes, noble and gentle aspirations and priceless hours, go down, and are drowned out of hope and memory forever! I make no exclusion of any calling whatever, in this respect. I mean none. One may be more intellectual than another. One may give play to higher faculties than another. One may develop more of the purer and better nature than another. But I mean to say, that the tendency of any exclusive calling or profession which a man pursues for his bread, or for money, after he has bread enough—an occupation in which he merges himself and his thoughts—which dawns on him with the morrow's daylight, as it folded its raven wings above him, when he sank to his needful rest—is a plague and a scourge to him—his descended share of the hereditary blight of his race—bear it with what resignation and cheerfulness he may. And when I hear men peddling rhetoric about its dignity and its nobility, I am lost in surprise that the patience of the world should abide such infinite imposition. I wonder how people bear to be taught, as philosophy—as the economy of individual and national life—that their noblest earthly purpose and occupation is to toil up a weary hill, from which, when they reach the summit, they behold nothing but a descent, perhaps precipitous and sudden, on the other side! And yet there is small cause

for wonder at such patience, when we look around and see and feel that the doctrines, thus promulgated and applauded, are the law which governs you, and me, and all of us; and that the whole mass of the society in which we live, and the nation of which we are citizens, are moving onward to the quickstep of that false and fatal music. Who that is well thought of, or desires to be, can afford to pause in the mighty onward movement of labor and, as we call it, progress? Who is allowed to stop? A man who will not mount the hurrying train, is left behind, in despised and despairing isolation. He who has once mounted, let him grow ever so weary or be ever so sated with travel and anxious for repose, finds no resting point at which to leave it, and cannot leap from it without peril of destruction. Onward, forward, like Mazeppa:

> "So fast they fly—away—away—
> That they can neither sigh nor pray."

Can this be life? the life of men and nations? the intended orbit of a world which rolled into existence amid the songs of the morning stars, and arched over whose advancing pathway is the beauty of the bow of promise? It cannot be. We are living under a false philosophy, and are beguiled by a false science and by specious but empty words. The theory of our social progress, in its relation to individuals, is a mere delusion. We have taken fever for high health, and intoxication for happiness. We are sacrificing ourselves to our work. We are bartering life for the appliances of living. "We are pulling down our houses," as has been said, "to build our monuments." We have begun, socially and nationally, to feel the consequences. Can we not tear ourselves awhile,

from this unresting idolatry of labor, and stand still to consider its effect upon ourselves, the human creatures who are the laborers?

There is nothing stranger, in the multitude of human inconsistencies and contrasts, than the difference between the ideal of life which men form to themselves, and the reality into which they are content to shape their actual existence and its practical ends and aims. Every one who looks to the future at all, sees before him—when he enters upon his career, be it high or humble—some fancied haven, into which he prays for favorable winds to carry him, and where he is quite resolved, in advance, if luck serves him, to drop his anchor and furl his sails,—ploughing the troubled seas no more. It may be some reasonable competence of fortune—some moderate and attainable gratification of ambition—some realization of a definite and cherished hope—but, still, every man starts life with it, and there are few who would not be more than satisfied to compromise with their destiny, off-hand, and treat the laborious purposes of existence as answered, could they lay their hands upon the prize at once, without the dust and the toil, the rivalry and strife of the race. Some restless and troubled spirits, of course, there are, to whom the struggle of the arena is worth more than the crown of the victor; but there are few who commence life with such feelings. It is the strife itself, for the most part, which kindles the hot blood. It is the continued debauch, which creates the growing and insatiable thirst—the excitement, which makes excitement itself its own reward. Nor is it merely in laying out the map of our own lives, that we fix upon some green and pleasant spot where we

would sit down and enjoy the shade. Not a novel—not a comedy—will win a reader or an audience twice, unless it gathers, at the end, all the good people with whose perplexities it has delighted us, under those vines and fig trees which grow to such luxuriance nowhere, as in the sunshine of fiction or the glow of the foot-lights. And, recollecting this, how odd it is, that when men come to work out, with their own hands, the problem of their destiny, there should be so few before whom the goal of their youth's aspirations and hopes does not recede, as the horizon—so few, who are willing to say to themselves, "We have travelled as far as we need; let us pitch our tents and be glad!" I speak not, of course, of those—unhappily too many—to whom life is of necessity a perpetual struggle, and who must fight its battles or sleep on the battle-field. I speak of those who have won a victory, or have compelled a truce, or have met no enemy—those on whom the gods have smiled. How few of such are willing to surrender themselves to the repose which is the reward, and, one would think, should be the object of the struggle! Doubtless, the phenomenon, strange as it is, has its place in the economy of Providence. Quaint, pious and pedantical George Herbert has his solution of the mystery. The blessing of repose, he tells us, was the only gift withheld from man by his Creator, when He gave to him all good things else:

> "Let him keep the rest"—He said—
> "But keep them with repining restlessnesse:
> Let him be rich and wearie, that at least,
> If goodnesse leade him not, yet wearinesse
> May tosse him to my breast."

It is, of course, not my business or purpose to deal with the question in this point of view.

A wise and true philosopher—one of the most able and enlightened thinkers and writers of the century, M. De Sismondi, has left, among his various and admirable works, some most attractive essays upon Political Economy. When I say they are attractive, it will be readily understood that they do not belong to the Adam Smith school, which, perhaps, accounts for their not having been translated, except partially, into our language. This is to be regretted, certainly, as there are none who need the lessons which they teach, one-half so much as those who speak the English tongue. I know no writings which develop, with anything like the simplicity, wisdom and beauty of these essays, the rational philosophy of what Political Economy should be, if it aspires to rise above the level of a merely abstract science. The fundamental principle upon which they rest is this—that the human creatures who are assembled in society are, all alike, the objects, and the true and only objects, of any economical science which deserves the name; that Political Economy, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, is but the science of accumulating wealth; while Political Economy, as it should be, is the science of so accumulating and distributing it, as best to promote the happiness and comfort of the men and women who produce it. The one is a system as abstract as the mathematics—the other is the philosophy of individual and social happiness. The one deals with the producer as a machine, or as a unit in a calculation. The other regards him as a creature of flesh and blood—of hopes, desires and capabilities—to whom there is a future as well as a present—

for whose enjoyment and development society was instituted. The object of the one is to cheapen the market—the object of the other is to economize human suffering and toil.

And it was no superficial intelligence, no wild and dreamy sentimentalism, by which this nobler theory of economical science was built up. Its author was, in his practical politics, a conservative liberal; in his theories, a philosophical republican. He had no leaning to socialistic vagaries—no hunger or thirst after novelties. Surpassed by no man of his generation, in the depth and comprehensiveness of his historical researches and knowledge, he has this peculiarity, in the essays to which I refer—that instead of reasoning from abstract principles to abstract conclusions, and dealing with men like the quantities in an algebraic equation, he rests every step of his logic on some recorded experience of mankind, and illustrates the fallacy of every error which he assails, by some historical development of its consequences. What, therefore, in the hands of other men, is but a barren theory of balancing and compensating or conflicting laws, is with him the science of practical humanity—of grand, and true and systematized philanthropy. In such a connexion, statistical details, and the phenomena of acquisition and production, are ennobled by their direct and beneficent relation to human development. Political Economy rises from the field of toil to the laborers who plough its furrows and reap its harvests—from things material to higher things—from territorial and commercial wealth, to the ease, improvement and enjoyment of the millions who dig its mines. So regarded, it enters into the wide range of human relations—of men as between themselves—of the rich to the rich, the poor to the poor, and the rich and the

poor to each other. It goes into men's houses, like a blessed charity, to kindle their hearth-fires and feed and clothe their children. It sweetens toil and nurses weakness. It comforts destitution, and has the oil and the wine of the Samaritan for the wayfarer whom the Scotch philosophers would leave to be stripped of his raiment, according to rule, by the thieves among whom he falls. It thus becomes, not a science merely, but a living, loving, human thing. And more especially—and in this it comes within the range of our discussion to-night—does it investigate the relation of man to his allotted labor—not as enquiring of how much labor each man may be capable, so as to swell an aggregate result for the community at large; but as determining the extent of the labor which it is necessary for each man to undergo, so as to provide for his wants and the fulfilment of his duties and responsibilities, and yet leave him something of time, and its precious and manifold uses, to himself.

Humanly speaking, and outside of those duties to others, which are the noblest part of every man's career and its obligations, I suppose I may assume that the man himself, his own development and his happiness, are the real objects of life. I may assume that we are sent into this world to enjoy ourselves—rationally, intellectually, virtuously, and as responsible beings, of course—but still to enjoy ourselves. In view of the glorious faculties, the keen and exquisite and countless sensibilities and susceptibilities, which bless our nature and would but torment if were they given us for nought, it would be sheer impiety to doubt the beneficent purpose for which they are bestowed. If such then be the truth, it is plain logic, that we waste our being, in proportion as we fling the oppor-

tunities for enjoying it away. And yet to most of us—not always from inclination, nor from perversity of our own, but from the very necessity of the system,—the social organization and habits which fetter us—what is the journey of life, but a race of steam and horse-power, care, haste, fatigue and dust? As Longfellow translates from old Manrique—

> "Our cradle is the starting place—
> Of life we run the onward race,
> And reach the goal."

Jockeyed and jockeying, we make it but a breathless trial of mere speed. Our thought is of onward motion; and the compendium of our life-system, for the most part, is, that we get over the ground and then—into it.

Let us prosecute, a little further, an inquiry which I started a moment ago. How many men do we know, each of us, who are willing, with moderate fortunes, to rest on them—to give up or turn aside from their trades or their professions—in order to cultivate their minds, to improve and elevate their tastes, to form themselves for the duties of that essential, but almost non-existent class among us—the men of intelligence and cultivated leisure? We have high authority for saying that "Wisdom . . . cometh by opportunity of leisure, and he that hath little business shall become wise." How many do we know, any of us, who, in the maturity of their faculties, are willing—we will not say to desert their career, but to pause in it merely—nay, even to slacken their pace, so that they may gather the fruit from the trees under which they pass—that they may have the opportunity of wisdom, of which the good man speaks?

How many will say—cheerfully, or at all—"the labor of half the day suffices, I will devote the other half to myself!" Few, sadly few! I grant you, that in the latter case the thing is not so easy, even where a man may have the will. We cannot remain part of a system and yet detach ourselves from it. If we are in the current, we cannot linger in the eddies. We must move on, or be left behind altogether. For this, the system is, in the main, responsible. But the other thing—the retirement of those who can afford to break off from a system which coerces them—ought not to be difficult, and is not, where the will exists. It is a matter of every day occurrence, in other countries—certainly on the continent of Europe. Men wind up their affairs, invest their money, accommodate their expenses to their means, and sit down to be happy, while there is yet enough of the vigor of life left to make enjoyment healthy and robust—while there is enough of taste, appreciation and thought remaining, to be cultivated and developed—to be made useful as well as graceful.

What an outburst of joyous freedom—what a dance upon broken manacles and chains sundered forever—what a hymn of gratitude and deliverance—is that inimitable essay of Charles Lamb's—"The Superannuated Man"—wherein he tells the story of a servitude of six-and-thirty years in a counting house, brought happily to an end! How he dwells, like a liberated prisoner, on the toils and privations of his prison-house—the infrequent holidays, which were over before he could determine how they were to be enjoyed—the Sundays which brought no relaxation—the week at Easter, which was gone before its leisure was tasted—the wood of his desk, which had entered into his soul! And then the tumultuous

gladness of his emancipation—the time that first, in all his life, he could call his own—the plans, the pleasures and the independence, upon a pension of two-thirds of a small salary!—"Had I a little son," he exclaims, in the rapture of his soul—"I would christen him Nothing to Do. He should do nothing." I am afraid that even in England, "Nothing to Do" would have had a hard time of it. With us, I am quite sure that his name would have interfered with his getting a situation. The humorist would have found it an unprofitable business to speak irreverently of the Evangel of Labor.

What is the course under our system and with our ideas? Take professional men, for instance. We toil on, and toil on, almost without exception, until waning mind and broken body refuse to toil longer. We preach sermons—argue causes—feel pulses—spur on our jaded faculties along the narrow pathway of our traditional and artificial meditations, until the spur is answered no more. And what is the effect of this upon ourselves and the society of which we form a part? Every man's pursuit, exclusively followed, draws a limited portion of humanity within the circle of its light, leaving all outside unseen and uncomprehended. We see what we look for, in this world, and not much else. Niagara is one spectacle to the artist or the poet, another to the geologist, and still another to the man with a water-mill. The physician lives in a world whose occupants are patients; and the human phenomena, therefore, which he chiefly notices, are of the class called symptoms. To the lawyer, humanity takes the aspect, for the most part, of wrong attempted or resisted. His contemplations are of the morbid subject, generally, like the

physician's. His occupations are of a sort which, it has been wisely said, may sharpen the edge, but are sure to narrow the blade, of the mind. So, too, the clergyman, in his turn, is apt to look at the world to which he ministers, only from the point of view of the transgressions which render such ministration needful. It is to him exclusively an abiding-place of sanctity and sin, and he is therefore apt to see more of both in it, than perhaps the facts will always justify. Thus it is with all callings by which men's lives and faculties are monopolized. Mr. Weller only exaggerated slightly, but in a perfectly natural direction, when he represented the undertakers as regarding mortality in the light of an institution intended for their benefit.

The subject bears further illustration. What a solemn speech is that jeering one of Hamlet's, when he sees the grave-digger knocking the "sconce" of his imaginary lawyer about with his "dirty shovel," and the learned man "will not tell him of his action of battery!" What a comment is the whole of it upon a life which has gone on in the exclusive pursuit of an engrossing, artificial and restricted line of thought—from which, in spite of us, the narrowing and hardening processes of professional education and exercise have shut out art and literature—putting the extinguisher upon poetry and fancy—making social enjoyment a hasty and exceptional pleasure—and all the more, in proportion to the success and reputation which have seemed to reward the struggle! How the nature becomes subdued, upon the one side,

"To what it works in—like the dyer's hand."

How false and partial and unhappy are the views which it adopts, upon the other, of human life and character! "It seems to you," said Sydney Smith, addressing a congregation of lawyers, "as if men were bound together by the relations of fraud and crime. Laws were not made for the quiet, the good and the just. You see and know little of them in your profession, and therefore you forget them. . . . The lawyer who tempted his Master, had heard of the sins of the woman at the feast, without knowing that she had poured her store of precious ointment on the feet of Jesus."

Take, now, the career of a successful physician—one who pursues that profession as an active calling—who surrenders his days and his nights to it, from youth to age—who foregoes social pleasures and the half of his domestic joys for it—who sees his children grow up, without that personal, parental contact which, more than all things else, is needful to form the young to usefulness and honor. What do you make of such a man—love and admire him as much as you may! He has discharged one class of duties, it is true. He has done much good, beyond a doubt. He has been useful in his generation, in the main, as an engineer of the human machine. But how has he discharged that trust, of all others the most imperative—the trust of his own gifts and faculties—the great trust of himself? He has given physic to society, as the mere lawyer has given it counsel. Has either of them given to it the broadly cultivated powers—the matured and ample intellect—the tastes and the time—which belong to it, and to which it has a right, from every man, according to his endowments and his opportunities? They have conferred upon the Republic a doctor and a lawyer,

instead of a man and a citizen. They have sacrificed to the thirst of gain, or the excitement of rivalry and a second-rate ambition, or the worship of a dominant idea, what they owed to society and themselves; or they have, themselves, been sacrificed by the vicious organization, the false principles, the insatiable exigencies of society. The higher their abilities and the purer and more conscientious their purposes and labors, the more perilous their exposure to the relentless demands of a system which drags into its vortex, first, whatever is best and noblest in intellect and heart.

Contemplate, again, a merchant—one who has surrendered himself from his early years to the pursuit of gain, or, if you please, to the less sordid but equally engrossing excitement which that pursuit engenders and feeds. What does he come to be, under our system? How does his occupation mould and develop him? If he is lucky and prudent, nay, perhaps, if he is either, he grows rich. We will assume that he does. He acquires power and influence, gains deference and respect—which money generally commands for all practical purposes, and especially among a commercial people. But what manner of man does he make of himself? Do you find him balancing his accounts, closing his books, retiring, even partially, from the busy scenes of excitement and acquisition, to bestow any portion of his yet vigorous years upon private life, upon social refinement and enjoyment, upon artistic tastes, or literary pleasures, or humanizing occupations—the thousand things that make men wiser and better, and civilize and ennoble nations? How unwillingly the hand gives up the ledger, even when it grows too weak to turn over the leaves? I know some examples—a few—and no one respects and honors

them more than I do—of men who, from conviction, have withdrawn themselves from the active pursuit of trade, while full of life, capacity, energy and prospect—content to garner the grain which they had gathered, though the harvest was not yet half cut. But the cases of such genuine manhood, such high moral independence, such appreciation of life and its true purposes, are painfully rare. You may find men enough, who desert the legitimate paths of commerce, to enter upon the more concentrated trade in money. You can lay your hands on merchants enough, who will give up the counting-room and the warehouse for the office—who will leave what is really generous and attractive in commerce—its large adventures, its liberal and manly competition—its broad calculations—its study of daily events and political mutations —the contemplation of national wants and foreign customs— of trade and its laws—agriculture and its vicissitudes—the changing seasons—the capricious winds, and the sea's perils. All these things, which are within the scope of commerce, when it is really a profession—you will find men enough to surrender. They will retire from these, into the narrower sphere of what they call employing capital—in other words, dealing in money or its representatives. Like stout Cortes— but with a far less manly purpose—they will sink their ships and then build brigantines. And what comes of such changes? Is it leisure—with its graces, accomplishments and usefulness to others? Not a whit. They have laid no foundation for such things, and have no taste or fitness for them when their season arrives. Is it social expansion—broad views—public spirit—great enterprise—noble example? Not at all—but increasing wealth—time devoted more passionately and exclu-

sively than ever, to its augmentation—busy intrigue, instead of generous rivalry—hungry appetite, instead of liberal largeness of soul. And this is what dooms communities to petty destinies: the fact that the machinery of large enterprise is worked by small hands, and directed by small capacities, for mean and narrow ends—the fact that the pursuit of gain, for its own sake and multiplication, and not for what it brings or for what it may foster or bless, is the exclusive moral and lesson of mercantile life, as of every other vigorous and active life that yearns and toils about us. Is such a doom irreversible, I pray you? Is it part of the unchangeable nature of things? Surely, history teaches no such lesson of despair. Surely, we learn, from the annals of our race, that it is not merely the pursuit of gain which corrupts—it is its exclusive pursuit. It is only the surrender of life, and heart, and hope to it, that transforms wealth from a blessing into a gilded calamity to men and nations.

In the Columbian Library, at Seville, I saw an old book on Cosmography, which had belonged to Christopher Columbus. It seemed to have been the text-book of his meditations, so full the margins were of notes in his handwriting. I noticed that he had not failed to mark, with most especial care, each passage in the ancient author, which told of spices, or of precious stones or metals, to be found upon the hills or through the valleys of the Indies. Indeed he had condensed such observations on some pages; and mountains all of gold, and islands strewn with pearls, were what he had prefigured as before him in his journey towards the setting sun. And yet, who dims the glory of that pure and lofty soul with one suspicion of a sordid thought? The wealth that made the

Indies precious, was but the embroidered raiment of his dreams, and moved him none the more to grovelling appetite, than did the golden fringes of the clouds, beneath which, evening after evening, he sailed into the darkness—Manhood and Hope, like the angels in the legend, standing through its watches by his helm!

So, in the good old times, when merchants were princes, and deserved to be, the increase of wealth seemed of itself to work an enlargement of men's ideas. There was a perpetually expanding purpose in its pursuit—a "large discourse, looking before and after." It had a past, on which it built, and a future, for which it labored grandly. Commerce was not, then, the speculation of to-day, or the hasty adventure of to-morrow—the short turn—the sharp bargain—the keen-scented thrift, snuffing news in advance of the mail. Glorious breezes filled its sails. The "lovesick winds" that wafted Cleopatra's barge, did not hover round more gorgeous canvas. Its freight was art, and literature, and civilization. The sea-weed, clinging now, like mourning drapery, along the marble walls of Venice, does but assert a rightful fellowship with splendor to whose triumphs the whole known sea was tributary. The pictures and the statues—the temples, the libraries, the palaces and gardens of Genoa and Pisa—of Florence, Bologna and Sienna—all tell the story of great thoughts and noble tastes, which gold and trade may nurture, when nobleness and greatness deal with them. Judged by such standards—making all allowances for change of time and circumstance—conceding on the one side all that it has done for freedom and intelligence—requiring from it, on the other, fulfilment of the obligations since imposed on it by all the grand discoveries

which science and genius have given it for handmaids—trade, as we find it now, is surely, in its spirit, far below the level of the high and intellectual calling which made itself so bright a name in history. I speak of its spirit and not of its material progress—of its influence on the men who pursue it, and not of its statistics. I am looking at the hand of the dyer, and not at the garish colors which flaunt from his door. The Son of Sirach has said, and I hope I may venture to say it after him, without offence, that "a merchant shall hardly keep himself from doing wrong, and a huckster shall not be free from sin." I waive the question as to whether the Hebrews, in the days when Ecclesiasticus was written, furnished the most advantageous models of mercantile deportment; for I am quite persuaded that the great moralist told a truth in this, which was intended for all time. And if it be so difficult for men, in the legitimate paths of commerce, to avoid its corrupting tendencies, I fear they hardly can improve their chances by entering the still narrower walks of what commonly is known as mercantile retirement. Does a man widen the scope of his faculties, think you, or improve the opportunities of competence or leisure, because he withdraws himself from actual trade, to look after letting his money out on interest? Does he enlarge the domain of his heart, or open new sources of human sympathy, by watching the fluctuations of the stock exchange or the loan-market? Does the old age of mercantile industry grow in dignity or reverence under such influences? Does it thus heighten its claims to sway the opinions, and rule the counsels, and fashion the tastes and habits—nay, form the very destiny—of this magnificent Republic? Has it not rather let itself out on usury, with its

capital, and made a sordid trade of its faculties and opportunities? There may be—undoubtedly there are—some characters so privileged, that they can walk through the daily temptations of any calling, without a stain on their raiment. There are, in all professions, men fortunately constituted, who can find leisure in the midst of absorbing employment, and expansion in the very pressure of the most contracting influences—to whom literature blossoms, a spontaneous wayside flower, along every path; and art, and taste, and fancy, and graceful and refining thought and occupation, come smiling and ministering, like a reaper's joyous children who troop around him in the harvest field. So, too, in the least liberal pursuits of trade, are men, who gather and are generous—who grasp and yet give—whose hearts grow with their fortunes, and whose intellects expand with their experience—men with whom labor seems compatible with leisure, and whose manly nature has the ring of a metal purer than their gold. But such is not the common experience of the world; and it were not wise to write philosophy altogether for the Happy Valley, whose soil is the salt of the earth. We must deal with the rule—though we be thankful for the exceptions.

In Holbein's Dance of Death—that marvellous series of grim portraitures—is painted the coming of the fatal messenger to men of every condition, as they are. He arrests the lawyer—an ill-favored varlet, you may be sure—and drags him away (in a direction happily not indicated), just as he is about to dispute the authority of the summons, and is producing the precedents to the contrary. He turns back the physician, who, with the cup of healing in his hand, is hastening to stay death's own career elsewhere. He comes behind

the merchant, who is weighing the golden proceeds of some venture, and flings a human bone into the opposing scale. The moral of these strange pictures is that of every-day experience and life. It goes beyond the plain one, which the vulgar eye sees in them. It is the folly—the absurdity—the wantonness—of dedicating life, and all of hopes and enjoyments that may be in it, to one absorbing, sole pursuit; the madness of wasting existence itself in the search after superfluous means of existence, instead of dedicating what suffices, when found, to the rational ends of our being.

It is of course impossible that all the baneful influences to which we have alluded, can operate upon the individuals who compose a nation, and yet fail to affect the national community itself. You cannot have the ocean at rest, when every separate wave in it is tossed as by a tempest. Thus there is, in the Republic of which we are citizens, the same feverish unrest which makes the citizens themselves build their houses of life upon quicksands—the same unwillingness, perhaps incapacity, to appreciate and quietly enjoy the blessings that are round about it. Of our actual greatness and future glory—of our expanding wealth, and territory and resources—the whole air is vocal with the tidings; but not a man, of those whom we call statesmen, lifts his voice to bid us pause and be happy in what we have: if we are free, to enjoy our freedom; if we are wise, to profit by our wisdom; if we are wealthy and powerful, to sit down in the sunshine of our wealth and power. With millions upon millions of acres, which we can neither cultivate nor enjoy, we are told that it is our policy to go searching after more. With peace and plenty laughing at our doors, we are made

to believe that we should welcome war, rather than not have the things we cannot need, which are far away from us. Has the age of political philosophers—of practical and honest public thinkers—died out altogether with us? Is there no one to tell us—with the voice of an authority which we will respect—that the true grandeur of nations is to be found in the development and happiness of the human creatures who live under their institutions; their true power in the virtue, independence and cultivation of their citizens; their own genuine and lofty mission, in their own example? For one, I had rather see the nation under whose flag I was born, compacted, for all time, within the limits where our fathers left it—with friendly and admiring nations growing up around it, enlightened by its example and blessed by its vicinity—its wealth brought home to be enjoyed, instead of being wasted in new conquests, or the search after something more—its intellect devoted to its own civilization, instead of being maddened by crusading enterprise and the discord of ambitions—I had rather see this, than witness, as its destiny, the most magnificent march of empire that ever trod human hearts beneath its feet. I had rather see what already is our own, made to blossom with the arts of peace and beauty, than to hear of a province conquered, daily, for pensions, pre-emption rights, and land warrants! I should hold one fruitful, joyous, civilizing and refining hour of national repose, more precious than the most prodigal decade of national aggrandizement.

There is, I am aware, a great deal of rhetoric on the other side of these views—a great deal of very obvious declamation, about ignoble ease, individual sloth and national stagnation.

But all this is merely a begging of the question in dispute. I deny that a life of repose—not of idleness, but of leisure and wholesome rest—is more ignoble or more unprofitable, in man or nation, than the throb and throe—the convulsive preternatural activity—of labor, without enjoyment and without end. I do not mean that rest which is typified by the Chinese hieroglyphic of happiness—an open mouth and a handful of rice. I mean the repose which is the parent of wise activity, and the restraint, as well as the substitute, of activity which is not wise. I mean the rest which is won and deserved by labor, and which sweetens and invigorates it, and furnishes its reward. Whence comes this doctrine, that life—to be anything—must be forever in motion? There is no process of physical development which does not need and depend upon repose. To all the green and beautiful things that deck the earth—the flowers that give it perfume, and the fruits and foliage that make it glad—there are needful the calm sunshine and the peaceful shade—the gentle rain and the yet gentler dew. Not a gem that flashes, but has been crystallized in the immovable stillness of the great earth's breast! It is impossible to look on the most wondrous scenes of physical grandeur, where the convulsions of nature have left their traces on mountain and valley, without feeling that the quiet centuries, gliding in between, have woven the tranquil vesture of their beauty. I know no difference from this in the laws of our moral and intellectual nature; and I believe that to be false philosophy and pernicious morality which denies to individuals, as it is misguided and perverse political economy which takes away from nations, their seasons of leisure and meditation—teaching them that

existence was meant to be nothing but a struggle, and that it stagnates and is worthless when its strife grows still.

But it is to be feared that the evils which we are considering are not so much the result of vice or conviction, as of instinct and constitution. They seem to have come to us from our Anglo-Saxon progenitors, and are perhaps a part of the penalty which we have to pay for our inherited share of the restless activity and predominance of the race. There is a charming little book by Emile Souvestre, well known in English as the "*Attic Philosopher*," a most delightful, genial picture of simple pleasures and moderate desires—of humble but serene enjoyment, and homely yet blessed charities and consolations. I do not, however, mention the volume merely to praise it—though it deserves all praise and gratitude—but in order to ask you whether you think the scenes of such a volume could be laid in any part of this vast continent, which toils and grows prosperous beneath the pressure of Anglo-Saxon energy and institutions. Can we conceive such a book to be the truthful story of a life led within the atmosphere of any great city of our confederation—a life of contentment, in the pettiest fortunes—reduced to the first and actual necessities, yet happy, contemplative, useful, independent, respected and self-respecting? Surely not. Such things are not the growth of the principles under which we live and move. They could never be developed under the influence of a social and political economy which inflames one-half the intelligent manhood of our country with the hot thirst of public life—which stigmatizes every man as a drone, whose existence does not burn, like a heated wheel, from the friction of ceaseless revolution. Their impossibility is a leading characteristic of

our especial race, more than of any other that has ever sweated beneath the sun. It has given to the great empire from which we chiefly draw our national descent—and to which we are indebted for those immortal institutions, dyspepsia and trial by jury—its place of honor among the mighty ones of the earth. It has swept the forests from half a hemisphere around us, and has filled it with a mighty, feverish, restless, pallid people—capable of everything but rational enjoyment and tranquil happiness.

Is there a nation, think you, save ours, on the face of the civilized earth, that has no national amusements except politics and steamboat excursions?—no manly, simple, common sports, which win crowds on holidays to robust and honest exercise and joy?—no links between boyhood and manhood, in the remembrances of common and innocent pleasure? We have, of course, the exotic enjoyments of music and the drama—though in but a modified degree, since a large part of the community are too good, and a very large part too busy, or too bad, to take genuine and healthy interest in them. But these have come to us—such as they are. They are not our own. We have, in fact, no national holidays, save of a political complexion; and the sports of those days are fierce excitements rather, of which the less that is said the better. I do not mention Thanksgiving, because its principal secular occupation is dinner, and that is too much of an unprofitable pleasure, we all know, to be permitted to occupy much of our valuable time.

Consider another significant fact. Ours is a government entirely popular—in its practice even more so than in its theory. The people control it—it does their will—and every aspirant to power must kiss the hem of their garment, and

does so. Yet is it not strange that scarcely anywhere—through the whole extent of the country—is there a public walk, for the luxury and health of the people, to be found? You may spend millions on improving the trade of a town—on railroads and canals, to bring merchandize and people to it and carry them away from it—but legislators can scarcely be found, except here and there, willing to take the responsibility of expending a few thousands on the people themselves—on the commonest provision for their enjoying the free air, and sitting and walking with their wives and children round them, in comfort, underneath the blessed open skies. And why is this? Why is not even a bid made for popularity, by doing what ought to be so popular? Simply because, as I have said over and over, our thought and our policy, and our legislation, are of the trades we drive and not of the human creatures that drive them. Because we are looking—constituents and representatives alike—to the money we make, and not to ourselves, the poor slaves that make it. Because, like the youth in the Eastern story, when we go down into the magician's cave, and busy ourselves with the treasures there, the door of the cavern closes behind us on the beautiful things of earth and heaven. Why should we provide means of enjoyment, for the leisure of people who have no leisure? Has not Poor Richard said that "leisure is time for doing something useful?"

> "Get all you can, and what you get hold,
> Is the stone that will turn all your lead into gold!"

How can a man waste time, which is so profitable, in the mere unbending of his heart and mind—the paltry refresh-

ment of his weary body? The true cause—disguise it as you will—of the absence of those occupations which dignify, and those relaxations which improve and gladden leisure, is that there is no leisure to be improved, gladdened or dignified. We realize no time but the present, and that only, in the sense of what Hood so aptly calls,

"The present tense of toil!"

But after, and in embarrassing connection with this enumeration of the evils to be modified or cured—comes always the perplexing question—what is the cure? It is not easy to change the habits of a people—to call a halt upon the march which, they have been taught, is their allotted journey from the arms of the mother that bore them, to the bosom of the universal mother. But, nevertheless, there is a point at which all revolutions begin; and those beginnings are often so small, that no man who has at heart the good of his species should falter or despair at finding them apparently insignificant or hopeless. It is not from the sons of toil, in the accepted sense of the word, that a commencement is to be looked for, when the burden of that toil is to be lightened. It is not by the less educated portion of the community, or the less refined, that a change is to be wrought in favor of that leisure which gives scope for education, and the opportunity for refinement. The revolution is to commence at the summit, and not at the base of society; and it is a farce to say that because this is a republic, society has no base and no summit. The subordination of wealth to matured intelligence, cultivated taste, social accomplishments and virtues, and all those qualities and gifts which make one man superior

to another—in spite of the Declaration of Independence—and one citizen worthier and more valuable to his country than another—can only be the result of a movement among the more favored classes themselves. If it comes from those who are less fortunate, it will incur, and may deserve, the reproach of envy and hatred; and it must necessarily provoke antagonism, and lose its influence and effect, by taking the shape of a class-revolution. It is only the successful who can, without suspicion, cry aloud against the excesses and perils of success. It is only those who are favored with occupation, or are above the need of it, who can, without suspicion, ask a truce in favor of the claims and blessings of leisure and repose. It is perfectly vain and idle to expect that the millions, who are toiling up the hill, will pause, unless those who have ascended it before them will come down and meet them, as brothers, on the way. If those to whom Providence has vouchsafed education and liberal studies, and refining and intellectual occupation, will cast them all into the furnace (to vary Macaulay's admirable illustration), so that out of their gold may be made a calf, which they are content to adore—how can those with humbler opportunities and lower cultivation be expected to lift themselves into a loftier and purer worship? Upon those who have won the victories of life—to much or little purpose—are the responsibilities which belong to their position. Men are not worthy to be the leaders of society, if they are not willing to undertake its guidance, and enlighten it by their example. One single private life, made noticeable by honorable effort and elevated tone—dignified, in its labors, by fidelity and moderation, and in its leisure, by cultivation and true refinement—is, in itself

and its attendant courtesies and charities, a noble republican institution. It is among the noblest, and worth a Senateful of demagogues and wranglers. When I see a man like George Peabody—a man of plain intellect and moderate education—who is willing to take away from the acquisitions of successful trade, what would make the fortunes of a hundred men of reasonable desires, and dedicate it to the advancement of knowledge and the cultivation of refining and liberal pursuits and tastes, among a people with whom he has ceased to dwell, except in the recollections of early industry and struggle—I recognize a spirit which tends to make men satisfied with the inequalities of fortune—which is alive to the true ends and purposes of labor—which gives as well as takes—which sees, in the very trophies of success, the high incumbent duties and the noble pleasure of a stewardship for others. And yet, one such man—in himself—in his life and the example which it gives—is worth tenfold more to a community, than all the beneficence of which his heart may make him prodigal. And in that sense, the humblest of us may be benefactors to society. We have all one gift, at least, we can bestow on it—one Institute we can found—ourselves—cultivated, refined, developed, to the extent of our susceptibilities and faculties. And to this we come back, at last—that the only political or moral economy, whose lessons are other than a snare, is that which makes the vast workings of trade, and business, and profession—the struggles, inequalities and toils of life—subservient to individual development and happiness.

Let us then endeavor, practically, to divest ourselves of the unworthy idea, that we were made to be the slaves of our

callings and not their masters. Let us strive—each in his allotted sphere, and with his influence, much or little—to live down the false philosophy which makes unrest and labor the only attributes of human duty, and spurns, as ignoble, tranquillity and contemplation. If ever a country needed the existence and services of a class whose habits and influence should counteract the feverish tendency of the whole race to excitement and the frenzy of gain and competition, ours is that one. We must cease worshipping men who are merely rich, as heroes. We must cease to regard all life as stagnant, except that whose waters are a whirlpool. We must learn to consider the season of toil as but the seed-time of rest. We must quench something of our thirst for public life and its excitements. We must recreate private life as a social institution, hedged around by the sanctities that belong to it and make it reverend. Men must teach their children that the private station, if honorably filled, is indeed the post of honor. Public men must be taught, by public opinion—in the shape, if need be, of public scorn—that to elevate the people, and not to flatter or corrupt them, is the road of successful ambition. Our moralists must cease their crusades against innocent amusements, and allow cakes and ale to other people, though they insist on being virtuous themselves. Our economists must spike the guns which they keep always levelled at the leisure that ventures to dwell or show itself where there is not a sign over the door. Those who work, in their turn, must forego their jealousy of those who rest. Those who have not enough, or who believe that they have not, or intend to get more whether they have enough or not, must learn that it is bad sense, as well as bad taste and bad manners, to sneer at

the refining occupations and modest desires of those who are willing to go upon the retired list, though with but half-pay. The social manifestations of wealth, too, must be something more than fine mansions, equipages and upholstery. Its pride, its pleasures, and its distinguishing characteristics must lie less in these. It must set itself to work to acquire or develop tastes, as well as to buy the products of taste. It must honor, and strive to appreciate, art, as well as encourage artists—which though an excellent, is a very different thing. It must read books, as well as collect them in Gothic or Elizabethan book-cases. It must live in its houses, and open its doors, in sympathy and not in ostentation, to all who deserve to enter, and must make them welcome to the elevating influences which should dwell within. It must widen the social platform, so that all who are worthy may have room to stand on it. Men must be taught, by its encouragements, that their social position depends upon what they are—not upon what they have—that they can be poor and yet be prized. There must be an end of the humiliating and degrading doctrine—practically the maxim of the land—that all things worthy of struggle and ambition are like the mistletoe of the Druid, to be gathered only with a golden sickle. Thus, and not otherwise, can men be induced to turn aside, from their business and its gains, to themselves. Thus, alone, can they be tempted to cultivate the leisure which makes them men, instead of sacrificing what is best in them to the toil which makes them only rich.

Is this Utopia? It may be—yet, if it be, republicanism is Utopia likewise—for this, in its essence and its details, is neither more nor less than practical republicanism, rescued

from the manipulations of the theorist and the unclean hands of the demagogue, and brought back to its legitimate and simple purpose—the advancement of human happiness. If it is not capable of condescending to so commonplace a destiny—if it is

> ——"too bright and good
> For human nature's daily food"—

if all its paraphernalia of principles and institutions can bring us nothing better, as their consummation, than a national life of turmoil and excitement, to grow powerful, and an individual life of toil and sacrifice, to grow rich—it has fooled the world, and us especially, with a pretended mission, and should be listened to no more. Better bid it—with Bardolph's cozeners—"set spurs and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses," in search of "the solidarity of the peoples," or some similar Will of the Wisp! I confess that I have a better opinion of it; and it is because I have, that I have ventured on so earnest an appeal, in its behalf—as I understand it.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

TO THE

GRADUATING CLASS

OF THE

SCHOOL OF MEDICINE

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND,

DELIVERED AT THE

HOLLIDAY STREET THEATRE, BALTIMORE,

MARCH 3D, 1869.

VALEDICTORY.

Gentlemen of the Graduating Class:

YOUR Faculty has seen fit, on the present occasion, as the distinguished Provost has informed you, to depart from the long-established custom which would have given you the pleasure of receiving, from the lips of one of its own members, the cordial welcome and God-speed which I am commissioned to offer you. Had I not been educated in the doctrine of implicit faith and passive obedience, where my medical advisers are concerned, I might have ventured to doubt whether it was altogether fair, in the last hour of your immediate connexion with the University, to deprive you of the benefit of those wise counsels which none could give you half so well as the experienced, able and accomplished men in whose name I have the honor to address you. Certain it is, I should have shrunk, with unaffected self-distrust, from the attempt to represent them, had they not relieved me from the duty to do more than speak for them a few kind, parting words.

Although a member of a different profession from yours, I fancy, Gentlemen, that my experience and observation of the struggles, temptations and disappointments of that to which

I belong, have given me a reasonable comprehension of the difficulties which beset your path. Upon the other hand, I have so often witnessed at the Bar the triumphs of industry, energy and fidelity to duty over the same obstacles, that I feel justified in promising the rewards of your own elevated calling, to those of you who dedicate yourselves to it manfully, as it deserves.

And here, let us understand each other, once for all. When I speak of professional success and the rewards of professional ability and effort, I do not mean—for I should hold it an insult to your aspirations to present you—only the grosser and more tangible results which take the shape of popularity and pay. No sensible man despises or pretends to overlook these, of course. The atmosphere of human life, bright as it may be with the rosiest visions, still rests upon the ground. Love, even, we have high authority for saying—though I receive it with indignant doubt—will sometimes fly out at the window when poverty but peeps in at the door. Among the most fanciful of medical theories, I believe I am safe in supposing, there are none which affect to dispense altogether with the process of nutrition. And then, too, the love of applause is so perpetual a spur—to speak, perhaps, more appropriately—so pleasing a stimulant, to the noblest natures; it is so mixed up with our highest and purest and most genial impulses, that to discourage it would be like blunting our sense of the good and the beautiful, or blotting out any other of those fine, great instincts which are the celestial leaven of humanity. Whether the thirst after a reputation which we shall enjoy in life, or the craving for a name which shall live after us, be the more effectual incentive to the things which

make men great, I am not here to discuss. It is a question which the debating-societies have left unsettled; and I suppose, after all, that its solution depends, in a great degree, upon the mental and moral organization of individuals. There is to almost every one, and there should be to all, a charm in the visible tributes of public admiration and respect. When, therefore, the world crowds around a man, burning myrrh and frankincense, he naturally enjoys the present swinging of the censers, a good deal more than the prospect of their smoking, ever so devoutly, at his funeral. The honors which come home, like fruits and flowers in season, while taste and appetite are fresh and the senses yet rejoice in fragrance and beauty, are apt to win even the loftiest and greatest from lone dreams of palms and bay trees, which shall be watered in centuries to come. When we think, for instance, of Raphael, in the full splendor of his triumphs and his fame, the friend of Popes and Cardinals and Princes, beloved of women, envied and adored by men—the very "centre of a world's desire"—we feel that we should scarcely marvel if, amid such fascinations, he forgot the beckoning angels of his youth. And yet, when we remember Raphael, dead in the chamber where he painted, with the fresh canvass of the Transfiguration radiant above his bier and making its mortality immortal, we wonder how any creature with a soul, could barter the prescience, nay, even the mere dream, of such a glory, for any other thing that life could give.

Do not, I pray you, think that I am leading you away to cloud-land. It is one of the sad mistakes of our generation, that to be practical you must descend; and the lower you descend the more practical you become. There is a growing

contempt for everything that cannot be measured or counted; and the busy men, whose mission upon earth is to have irons in the fire, have a sort of notion that the world has grown too old and wise to let sentiment be a hindrance to results. Society says to the moralist, as Scrooge said to Marley's Ghost, "Don't be hard upon me! Don't be flowery, Jacob!" But, unless we have made up our minds, conclusively and in despair, that we must take the *facilis descensus*, without thought of where it leads, it is clear that some one must look upward and point upward. Ignoble practices and doctrines must be confronted by nobler teachings from some quarter; and it seems to me the special obligation of those whose studies and vocation are intellectual, and consequently elevating in themselves, to set the example of a loftier standard in both purpose and pursuit. When, therefore, I address gentlemen, like you, just entering, with the vigor and enthusiasm of fresh manhood, upon an honorable and—if you will it—an eminent career, I feel that the most truly practical things that I can say to you are those which lift your minds and hearts up to the very highest reach of thought and duty. I do not, of course, invite you to listen to sad moralities out of Rasselas, nor to beautiful sentiments such as those which our acquaintance, Mr. Surface, has so often uttered on these boards. Yet, I conceive that I but point the moral of your scientific education in the venerable University with whose benison you now go forth, when I warn you against the seductions which would lead you from the true and ennobling aims of your profession, in search of those rewards which only gratify vanity or purchase ease. Lament it as we may, it cannot be honestly denied that in our country, in the days

in which we live, the chief temptation with which young men of ability and ambition have to struggle, is that which places wealth and notoriety before them as the sufficient ends of practical life. Whether it be the natural and necessary effect of our system of government as administered, or of bad seed planted early somewhere in our political and social soil, or of circumstances and influences which have misdirected our national career, it boots not to inquire. It is enough for us to know and recognize the fact, that to live upon the common breath—the *popularis aura*—is every day judged more and more the worthiest life; and to put money in the purse is held, yet more and more, its highest, chief concern. The reputation of excellence has grown to be taken for as good a thing as excellence itself, and the influence and power which come from accumulated wealth are esteemed better than the virtues and the culture which would give it dignity and grace. It is not worth that makes the man, but what the man is worth. Of course, there are many patriots who will say that this is unpatriotic, and crowds of successful and rising people who will laugh at it as mere "theory," which they regard as synonymous with nonsense. But, Gentlemen, we are under no obligation—we have no right—to deny what we see, because others will not use their eyes, or are blind; nor can we accept as our standard of morals, the precepts and practice of those who have none. It is, therefore, with the most urgent entreaty that I appeal to you, for your own sakes—for the sake of the science you profess and the society you may adorn—to remember and cherish the dignity of your calling, and your own respect as its ministers, amid the seductions to which its prosecution is especially exposed.

I need not tell you what your calling signifies, nor what is tributary to it. It sweeps, in its high scope, the whole sphere of physical and moral science. It leads you into all the recesses and arcana of nature. It is a pursuit, the zest of which is forever heightened and freshened by new discovery, and which perpetually opens new vistas of curious, or delightful, or sublime speculation. It ranges from the contemplation of the mightiest elemental forces, through the most simple and the most intricate developments of primordial law, down to the study of the minutest atoms which only the microscope sees floating in the viewless air. And yet, comprehensive as it is, it has none of the coldness or the barrenness of abstraction about it. You can grasp its results as with your hand—nay, as you would grasp the hand of a friend, for they are as full of substantial sympathy as of thought. Like the Chaldean, it watches, with its guarded flocks around it, and warms the young lambs in its bosom, while its gaze is on the stars. All the fruits of its grand ventures come back with it to visit the abodes and comfort the afflictions of men. Surely its functions are a worship in themselves, and its priesthood should enter its temple with heads uncovered and uplifted hearts. Of course, its highest places are above the common reach. But all its places, when honorably filled, are places of honor, be they high or low. And even the most humble of them are a sort of mystery to the world at large. Men, for the most part, take your profession upon trust, and their very confidence puts you upon honor to deal fairly with them. At the same time it offers you the temptation to be false, if you will. You may deceive society, if you choose, and get money and reputation by cheating it, if you are clever and

dishonest. Know you ever so little, you will know more than the most of those who put faith in you; and you will generally have the advantage which he who knows anything, always has over him who knows less. You may be impostors and mountebanks, and know yourselves and be known to your brethren to be such, and yet prosper like sages, through the credulity of those who are more ignorant than you.

In the profession to which I belong there is, of course, some room for the same sort of imposture. But, for the most part, you have much the advantage of us in the opportunities for quackery. There is the sanction of an old, and therefore, I suppose we must presume, authentic story, for fearing that the earth covers up much of your evil behavior. The Roman populace gave countenance, on a memorable occasion, to this scandalous idea, for when the good Adrian VI was gathered to his fathers, you remember they adorned the house of his physician with garlands, and inscribed on it: "To the deliverer of his country!" In Spain, where the physician still carries the gold-headed cane which used to be the wand of your office, he never attends the funerals of his patients. There is a sort of popular superstition, that he would be reversing Scripture and following his works. The misdeeds of our profession, on the contrary, rest mainly on the earth's surface, and an autopsy is commonly a matter of course. We are confronted in the discharge of our most important duties by astute and zealous rivals, weighed by impartial judges and observant juries, under the challenge of public scrutiny. What we do most privately is open always to the suspicions and the questioning of adverse interests. Nobody thinks of going to the apothecary's to criticise your

prescriptions, after your patient has set out on the "*iter tenebricosum;*" but there is a lively solicitude, generally, concerning the last will and testament which we have prepared for him. The mourners often go about the streets which lead to the recording-offices, when they would hardly

> "Visit at new graves
> In tender pilgrimage"—

as poor Hood sighs.

Nor does the difference end here. Your relation is necessarily personal and domestic, as well as professional, towards those whom you advise. We are often, doubtless, the private counsellors, the family advisers of our clients, but we are most generally introduced to that professional occupation through the doors of interest. Your duty, on the other hand, leads you to men's confidence through their tenderest solicitudes and their affections. They look to you for succor, hope and consolation. You see them in physical suffering, or broken by the anguish which springs from love and sympathy. You know the secrets of families, their sorrows, their troubles, their weaknesses. If not confessors, you are oftentimes confidants, constantly spectators, of what the world knows not. The trust, therefore, which is reposed in you is not only sacred, but blind, and the greater, in proportion, is the baseness of being false to it. And by this, of course, I do not mean the vulgar baseness of betraying confidence, for on that point no gentleman of any profession can need counsel. I refer to the falsehood which is involved in dealing with those who have absolute faith in you, so that you shall pass with them for what you are not; so that you shall attain the popularity

which comes from pleasing and pretending, instead of that which springs from toiling and deserving. I know very well that necessity is turbulent and lawless. I know the heart-sickness of hope deferred—the "fever of vain longing." I know how tempting is that royal road which leads to success, though it may not lead to science. I fully understand how hard it is for a poor man to go on delving in the mine, in search of the true metal, when he can gather surface-earth by handfuls, and sell it readily for gold. I am familiar with the snares which are set by the lax morals and the follies of society for self-love, for cupidity, for sloth, for weakness, and I appreciate the intellectual and moral force which it requires to keep your feet from them all. But, Gentlemen, the capacity to withstand those temptations and overcome those difficulties is the test of your ability to rise above the dead level of your calling. It is that which will determine whether you are fit for what you undertake to-day—whether your names will be heard among your fellows and remembered, or be counted, unknown, by the dozen, for oblivion.

All cannot be great men, as I have said already, in your profession or in any. The range of excellence and usefulness, however, is happily immense, upon this side of greatness. There are lesser heights, quite high enough for rational ambition—too high for anything but toil and courage to attain. Fortunate are they who can reach even these, after years of patient and conscientious struggle. Without patience and without struggle, let no man fool himself into the hope of treading them. The world, outside, has but a limited idea, and even a more limited appreciation, of what it costs, in heart and brain, to earn a well-deserved professional superiority.

The ready faculties, the quick resource, the knowledge, accurate and copious, which comes at call; the self-reliance which has grown from self-distrust and mastered it; the ease which springs from difficulties habitually fought and overcome; all these appear so simple to the common thought, that it mistakes them for a happy inspiration. It fancies, I dare say, for instance, that your venerable Professor of Surgery has become what he is—one of the foremost men of all his time—mainly by the cheap and lucky accident of genius. Gentlemen, I have entreated you not to impose upon the world—let me beg you not to let the world cheat you. Let not its folly or its flattery—its untaught or depreciating estimate of what it takes to make a man of science—bewilder or seduce you. You can be charlatans, readily; quacks, with all the ease in the world. You can be puffed into prominence by politics or fashion, and "pull wires," as it is called, to your advantage, when you will, if you do not object to soiling your hands. But, if you cherish the profession to which you belong, for what is noble in its aims and elevating in its pursuit; if you have taken up, in good earnest, the following after truth; if you love science for its own sake, and are its disciples because you love it; you have the work of a lifetime before you, and he trifles with your intelligence and your manhood who tells you otherwise.

I am aware that I am probably addressing some whose ambition is moderate, and whose expectations will be fully met, if they are able to secure to themselves a comfortable support from their profession and a respectable position in its ranks. I should be very sorry were I understood as meaning to depreciate that large and honorable class—the men of mod-

erate professional ability and attainments—or to exclude them from the scope of the reasoning which I have endeavored to present. So far am I from this, that I regard them as specially within its purview. Something is always conceded to the eccentricities of genius. Men whose abilities and skill are so great as to make them necessary to society, can generally deal with it on their own terms. Much is pardoned to those whom we cannot do without. We take them, as the lawyers say, *cum onere*—with all their imperfections on their heads. With mediocrity, no matter how respectable, there are fewer compromises. The market is full of it, and this lessens the demand and cheapens the commodity. Apart therefore from the obligation of professional truthfulness and integrity, which is as binding on the humble as on the exalted, there is the additional inducement embodied in the somewhat low-toned moral proposition, that "honesty is the best policy." And there is still another consideration which is worthier. The less gifted members of your profession have to deal, as a general rule, with a lower grade of intelligence in their patients, and are less conspicuously placed before the public scrutiny than their more fortunate brethren. The temptation to imposture is therefore the greater with them; first, because it is easier, and then because it is less readily found out. Besides, it saves an infinite amount of trouble. When I picture to myself, for example, a country physician, who is expected to carry science and medicine to everybody's door, as King Alfred is reputed to have carried justice; whose saddle-bags are looked to, by half a legislative district, as containing

> "All simples that have virtue
> Under the moon;"

I must frankly admit his title to be classed among the uncrowned martyrs. I cannot wonder if, with the weakness of humanity, he should give up the studies for which he scarce has time, nor if the enthusiasm which once warmed him should be jaded into empiricism and routine. But, if it be so, it is simply because he is not made of the right stuff. It is because he was born into a world where difficulties surge breast-high, without the pluck to overcome them. He has gone to sleep, like Christian, in the arbor on the hill-side. He was called but not chosen. Least of all men could he do without the moral supports which prop up failing endeavor; least of all could he forego the high resolves which may be so engrafted on a feeble nature as to bring heroism out of sheer irresolution.

I use the proud word, heroism, in its proudest sense. Your calling has its battles, which demand the courage of the tented field, without the war-cry to inflame it; without the drum-beat, or the banners, or the fanfare of the trumpets. I am not thinking of its walks amid the pestilence; its midnight visitation of the dens of sin and crime; its calm defiance of the sun and storms that slay. Nor do I mean the prowess of the iron nerve, which, in the very face of the Destroyer, can parry, with unshaken hand, his dart as it descends. It is the silent, endless, unseen toil of which I speak; the stern forgetfulness or sacrifice of self; the sleepless vigilance; the tranquil energy; the patience which repines not; the zeal for truth and knowledge, which has all the passionate vigor of enthusiasm, without its restlessness or fluctuation. A man who has these qualities is of heroic stature, call him what you may. In your profession there is no one truly great who is

not, more or less, endowed with them. And if there be a profession which should elicit and develop them, it is yours. In that of which I am an humble member there is undoubtedly more of the stimulus which comes from personal collision and triumph. Its contests are dramatic. Its excitements stir the blood. Its successes, sometimes, have the glow and flush of victory in downright strife. It has all that is animating and ennobling in the grapple of mind with mind, the rivalry of skill, experience and courage, wrestling with courage, experience and skill. But the triumph dies almost with the struggle; and the reputation of the lawyer who has led his Bar for half a lifetime, is as transitory, nearly, as the echoes of his voice. He contributes little or nothing to the stock of human knowledge. He has given himself to the study and application of a science—if indeed it be a science—which as often deals with artificial principles and dogmas as with great, abiding truths. In grasping at the philosophy of jurisprudence, he is fettered, even in this day and generation, by precedents of scholastic absurdity which date back before the Wars of the Roses, and by statutes the very records of which were lost before the Reformation. The scientific aim and effort of his professional life is simply to show that "thus it is written." The legacy which he is able to leave behind him to society is therefore rarely better, in his best estate, than a tradition of high faculties, fearlessly and honestly dedicated to justice and duty. Even the triumphs of oratory—once the perpetual grace and honor of the forum—can now rarely come to him. The pressure of business and the fashion of the time have limited discussion in the courts, and stripped its forms almost to nakedness. As, in the British Parliament,

the orator has made way for the debater, so, at the bar, the practical statement has superseded the oratorical display. The glory of old days has fled from us, in this, and eloquence has gone—to Congress.

Of course you understand me, in speaking of professional inducements and rewards, in this connexion, as referring to those only which belong to the Bar in its legitimate, exclusive sphere. I am discussing the lawyer, as distinguished from the politician on the one hand, and the law-giver on the other. The politician finds his opportunities in the profession, and may make it his base of prosperous operations; but his rewards and, let us trust, his aims and responsibilities, are outside of it. The law-giver may rise from the profession to his loftier vocation, but the two are not the same; and even if they were, his opportunities of greatness—always far apart among the centuries—must soon be parcelled out, as the world goes, between the pockets of the lobby and the passions of the mob.

It is your fortune, Gentlemen, that of the laws you study the hand of man writes none and alters none. Blindness may read them not, or foolishness misread; but immemorial Nature is made up of them, and while it lives they cannot perish or be shorn of their dominion. A great light of your profession and of literature—the author of *Religio Medici*—speaks to us of Nature, as "that universal and public manuscript that lies expanded unto the eyes of all." How few of those who study it most closely, can translate its mystic language—how often the wisest may be dazzled by its illuminated pages, or lost in the great depths of its abounding lore—you may learn from the records of human error, which,

alas! tell the completest story of human wisdom. But you have the consolation of knowing, while you strive to read, that truth is there before your eyes, and that at last they may be kindled to discern it. The humblest patient hand may cleanse at least some little portion of the mighty palimpsest, and feel its pulses burn with joy and reverence as the live word comes flashing out at last. If you are animated by the love of science and your kind, one truth, thus brought to light, is in itself a victory and crown. If you are yearning in your souls for praise, you hear its voice made musical by gratitude. If you desire to be remembered when your dust is as that of the Pharaohs, you have written your names upon a tablet as imperishable as their pyramids. Think you that the name of Harvey will die while men's hearts beat—or the theology of murdered Servetus live as long as his explorations of nature? No, Gentlemen, your profession has this in it, that its progress goes step by step with the progress of humanity, and that every truth which it rears up by the way-side shall stand there as a memorial forever.

You must, nevertheless, admit, I think, that Medicine has now and then set up some things which were not altogether truths, but which it fought for quite as earnestly as if they were. In this, I grant it only shares the common weakness of all faiths and of all sciences. King Saladin was quite as true a knight as Richard, and struck for Paynimrie as bravely, and almost as cruelly, as did the Lion-hearted for the Cross. The learned philosophers who ascertained that nature had no fancy for a vacuum, were quite as proud of knowing her likes and dislikes, as others were, who followed them, of teaching she had neither. So when leech-craft

anointed the dagger, instead of the wound, it was at least as well satisfied with itself as when it first used chloroform. John Aubrey, who was a Fellow of the Royal Society, doubtless published his recipe for curing an ague by wearing a "spell" around the neck, with as honest and fine a dogmatism, as a member of the Faculty, fifty years ago, could have blended with the praises of calomel and bark. Your reading has disclosed to you the rise, establishment and tyranny of countless scientific dynasties, which turned out to be lines of only pasteboard kings at last. The bones of theories, once honored, now forgotten or disgraced,

> "Unburied remain,
> Inglorious on the plain,"

over which Medicine has marched to where it is. I bring these things before you because they should—as with enlightened men of course they theoretically do—suggest that manly opening of the mind to fresh ideas, that ready audience to novel thoughts, which do not always practically go with scientific eminence. Hard as it is to learn, it seems still harder to unlearn; and even men whose intellectual habits verge on rashness, will sometimes shrink, affrighted, from the innovation which assails their own accepted fallacies.

I remember to have heard an admirable lecture delivered, on the opening of the session of 1833, in the hall of your own University, by Professor Dunglison, one of the many eminent and world-known men who have adorned its annals. At the close of the same session I listened to the address pronounced, at the annual commencement, by the same eloquent and learned gentleman. They were both printed, and I have

preserved them both. Their genial author, I rejoice to learn, still lives, but in the list of the graduating class, which is attached to them, among names now known and honored in your profession, I see those of many—some of them my personal acquaintances—who have long passed

"To where, beyond these voices, there is peace."

The period which has intervened, though not a short one in the life-time of a man, is brief indeed in the annals of a science; and in reviewing those scarcely remembered but delightful papers, I could not help smiling at the fact that the writer, versed as he was in all the learning of his day, should so soon be proved to have illustrated, in them, the fulness and the vanity of science. One lecture was a curious record of the follies and superstitions of medical history. Contrasting with them, in a few general phrases, the wonders of the new philosophy, it concluded with the triumphant question—can limits be set to the intellect of man? The other, filling up the outlines of the first, developed at some length the leading discoveries and methods by which modern Medicine was speeding toward its destiny. And then, as if to check the too audacious march of speculation, the lecturer besought his hearers to avoid adopting, as "science in earnest," what he called the "vagaries" of the transcendental anatomists, whose eccentricities he styled "philosophy in sport." Especially, he warned their "sober minds" against the theories of the great zoölogist Lamarck, concerning the variations of organs and of species. He spoke of those opinions as "fantastic and in some respects revolting," and wild as the dreams of Monboddo and Rousseau! To those who are familiar—and what edu-

cated man is not to some extent acquainted?—with what Darwin writes, and more than half the scientific world accepts, as to the origin of species and their transmutation, how strange appears to-day, this holy horror of Lamarck's original, bold thought! Not strange, because it shows how theories which terrified the timid good and wise, glide harmlessly, at last, into the rudiments of science; but strange, indeed, as showing how an able and progressive teacher, fresh from a study and exposure of the errors and failures of the past, could yet be blind to his own lessons, and feel and think, in spite of them, as if the era of fallibility had passed. But so it is with all of us. We fill our lockers with the charts of other men's shipwrecks, and yet are stranded in shallows of our own, which we take to be the bottom of the sea.

It is told of the Caliph Vathek, that when, standing on the summit of his magic tower, he saw the mountains far below, like little shells, and the cities no larger than beehives, at his feet, he would straightway have adored himself, had he not beheld the planets rolling at their old immeasurable height, above him. He was a seeker after knowledge only that it might feed his vanity; and his craving to unveil the Infinite was but the impious lust of his pride. He did not therefore sink under the sense of his own littleness, but rather took consolation from reflecting that at least the men beneath him would believe him great. We will hope that the race of such philosophers has departed with the genii. Happily for you, Gentlemen, the world is fast ridding itself of the stupendous folly which so long proclaimed divorce between the researches of science and the worship of God.

It was indeed a strange, irreverent thought—no matter from what honest reverence it sprang—that the study of the laws which order and inform the works of the Creator could stiffen the knees of the creatures to whose wonder it disclosed them. I remember—it was but a little while ago—the shock which seemed to paralyze the public sense, when his theory of physical development was promulgated by the author of the Vestiges of Creation. Devout, wise men appeared to feel that it assailed the attributes of Providence, to seek the germ of all the growth and changes of the universe in one great seed, that grew and fructified until it filled the void of chaos. But piety, which only shuddered at the outset, began, at last, to think, and thinking, it discovered that perhaps the theory which traced the universal plan, through all the ages, back to one simple, grand expression of God's will, was not the meanest, though it might be an erroneous conception of His wisdom or His power. Dread not in your profession, then, I pray you, to doubt, to test, to scrutinize, to judge. The honest, manly exercise of faculties is truest gratitude to Him who gave them. Responsibility of course belongs to their misuse, but rests as heavily on him who will not or who dares not use them. Truth only comes from seeking. Being divine, it has no dread of questioning. What is to be, must often rise upon the ruins of what is; and reverence but plays the part of superstition, when it teaches us to worship falsehood rather than lay rude hands upon its mask.

No one knows better, Gentlemen, than I, how poorly these mere commonplaces stand instead of what you might have heard to-day. Thrown hastily together, in weary and brief intervals of labor, they scarcely half express even my cordial,

earnest wishes for your welfare. Should they but lead you—higher thoughts apart—to estimate the real value, in the toil-some life before you, of manly self-respect and mental integrity and independence, you will not think so ill, I hope, hereafter, of their simple homely counsels.

And now I bid you, in the name of these your friends and teachers, a welcome to the noble duties you have undertaken, and a God-speed in your efforts to discharge them. They could not speak to you, as I can, of the bright example they have set you, nor call on you to win the honors they have won. But cherishing, as you will cherish, the Alma Mater with whose laurels you are crowned; loving her fame as part of yours, and adding yours in turn to hers; you will not soon forget, I am persuaded, the honored, kindly hands whose impulse sends you forth. Life is not always like a Roman city, to reach whose gates the traveller passed through a street of tombs; nay, to be local in our similes, it is not even like our Druid Hill, where we must seek the fountains and the pleasure-houses far down a ghastly avenue of urns. As you begin its journey joyously—think gladly also, sometimes, of the friends who cheer you on your way.

DISCOURSE

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

GEORGE PEABODY,

DELIVERED IN

THE HALL OF THE PEABODY INSTITUTE,

Baltimore, February 18, 1870,

AND REPEATED, FEBRUARY 25TH, BEFORE THE

SENATE AND HOUSE OF DELEGATES OF MARYLAND,

ON THEIR INVITATION.

GEORGE PEABODY.

ON the 12th of February, thirteen years ago, the Founder of this Institute committed to the hands of his selected agents the noble gift, which, under his accumulating bounty, has since swollen to more than four times its original amount. Upon the same day, year after year, the Trustees whom he so honored have been wont to render him an account of their stewardship, and renew to him the expression of their reverent affection and gratitude. Some months after our last annual address to him, we shared with our fellow-citizens the pleasure of seeing him again among us in person, full, not only of increasing sympathy with the purposes of this Foundation, but of abounding munificence to serve them. Although the hand of disease was then heavy upon him, there was, we thought, reason for the hope that he might be spared for many years, to see the growth of the good seed which he had planted in so many places. We especially looked forward to the return of our anniversary, that we might testify, by some public and appropriate recognition, our sense of his untiring bounty and his cordial personal confidence and kindness. But—blessed as his work on earth was, it had been accomplished, and a higher reward was near him than even an old

age, beloved of God and man. We shall never look upon his kindly face again, nor shall his lips speak charity and wisdom, any more, to us. The thousands of little children who were gathered round him, as about a father's knees, when he graced the dedication of this building with his presence, will tell to their own children how the eyes of the good man filled and his kind voice faltered, as he uttered the last touching and tender words of counsel, which were among his worthiest gifts to them. But his venerable form they must remember, now, among the pleasant visions of childhood, which fleeted away too soon. He is of the past, to them as to us; and though public sorrow and private affection may mourn over his departure, there is surely no one to repine at the thought, that he has passed over the great gulf, fixed, of old time, between the rich man and Abraham's bosom.

I am here, upon the invitation of my associates in the Trust which Mr. Peabody created in Baltimore, to say something of his life and character. We had selected, as an appropriate occasion, the anniversary to which I have alluded. The change which brings us together to-day, instead, not only gives us the pleasure of welcoming friends and co-laborers from a distance, who could not otherwise have joined us in these offices, but enables us, "with double pomp of sadness," on the birth-day of our Founder, to lay our tribute on his tomb. I regret, unaffectedly, that the duty which has been assigned to me was not committed, as I wished, to other hands, for there are those among my brethren, far better fitted to perform it, whose age and long and intimate acquaintance with Mr. Peabody would have given to eulogy the weight and the force of personal knowledge and testimony. Except,

however, as an expression of our own and the public feeling and the doing of a duty as well as a labor of love, it would seem almost idle for the best of us to say a word at this moment. The press of the civilized world has already exhausted on the subject all the acuteness of analysis and all the fulness of appreciation and sympathy. Eloquence has poured out upon it the whole wealth of pathos and illustration. Even governments have found heart in it for tenderness and reverence, and

"Nations swell the funeral cry."

In the annals of our race, there is no record of funeral honors, to an uncrowned man, such as have been rendered to George Peabody. The story which comes nearest to what we have beheld, is told by the grandest historian of Rome and is lighted by the finest touches of his genius. It follows the widow of Germanicus across the wintry seas, as she bore, from Antioch to Rome, the ashes of her hero. We can almost see the people crowding to the walls and house-tops, and thronging the sea-coast, as with slow oars the silent galleys came. The voice of lamentation seems to echo round us, as it rose from all the multitude, when Agrippina landed with her precious burden, and her sobbing children followed. The urn is borne to the Imperial City on the shoulders of centurions and tribunes. Crowds hasten from afar and weep, in mourning garments, by the road-sides. Funereal altars smoke with victims as the sad array goes by, and spices and perfumes and costly raiment are flung into the flames as offerings. The City streets—now still as death, now loud with bursting sorrow—are thronged with Rome's whole peo-

ple, and when, at last, the ashes are at rest in the Augustan Mausoleum, a wail goes up, such as before had never swept along those marble ways. The tale which Tacitus has told us of these splendid obsequies, comes to us, with redoubled grandeur, through "the corridors of time," and yet its incidents are almost tame to what ourselves have witnessed. The stately ship which bore, across the waves, the corpse of him we honor, is a marvel that Rome never dreamed of—the proudest convoy that ever guarded human ashes. The ocean which she traversed is an empire, over which the eagles of Germanicus knew no dominion. The mighty engines and instruments of war which welcomed her, were far beyond the prophecy of oracle or thought of Sibyl. Beside the unseen power which dragged the funeral-car and cleft the waters with its burden, in mastery of the winds, the might of legions is simple insignificance, and it seems like trifling to tell of galleys, centurions and tribunes. Nor is there, in the mourning of the populace of Rome over one of its broken idols, a type even of the noble sorrow which has united men of all nations and opinions in their tribute to our lamented dead. And who shall speak of Heathen temple or Imperial tomb, in the same breath with the great Abbey Minster, where he slept awhile amid the monuments and memories of statesmen and warriors, philosophers and poets, philanthropists and kings—where more of the dust of what was genius and greatness is gathered, than ever lay under roof or stone? There is something which almost bewilders the imagination, in the thought, that on the day and at the hour when our own bells were tolling his death-knell and people stopped to listen, in the streets, the requiem

of the Danvers boy was pealing through aisle and cloister, thousands of miles away, where funeral song had rung and censers smoked, whole centuries before men knew the Continent which was his birthplace. It seems as if the dirge of to-day were a reverberation from the ages. And when we reflect how simple the career was, which closed amid all these honors; how little their subject had to do with the things which commonly stir men's bosoms and win the shouts of wonder and applause, in life or after it; that he was not great, as men judge greatness; that every badge and trophy of his exceeding triumph was won by an unconscious and an unstained hand: I confess it seems to me that the grand, spontaneous tributes which have been paid to him, have beggared the resources, while they have filled the measure, of panegyric.

We are not required to forget, nor do we disparage the living or the dead by remembering, that something of this may be due to the peculiar relations existing, at the moment, between the countries which divided Mr. Peabody's bounty and affections. A becoming spirit of manly conciliation, on the one side, and an equally becoming temper and pride of nationality, upon the other, have no doubt had their share in these unprecedented demonstrations. But there is nothing in this which detracts from the sincerity or impairs the significance of the homage that either has rendered. It is a new epoch in the history of governments, when the cavils of diplomacy and the mutterings of discord are hushed, even for an hour, by the spell of a good man's memory; and it were folly to dispute his place among his kind, whose death so touched the hearts of two great nations, that either could call unto the other to join hands with it across his grave.

But while these things, as I have said, appear to render eulogy idle, they are equally potent, in making just appreciation difficult. Through so much that dazzles, it is not easy to look, steadily and calmly, at the simple life and story which had so bright an ending. The quiet, systematic habits, the delving industry, the thrifty shrewdness and world-wisdom, the unsentimental benevolence, of the plain, practical merchant and banker who walked among us, like others in his calling, are hard to deal with, fairly, at this epic stage of his renown. It seems like belittling the subject to consider it in the mere light of its realities. Indeed it requires an effort, at such a time, for the coldest thinker to divest himself of that enthusiasm whose natural expression is extravagance; and nothing but a sense of the great wrong which exaggeration would do to a memory so far above it, could persuade a man of ordinary impulse that it is proper to moderate his words. Nor is it only the contagion of the hour of homage which it is difficult to escape. There is something splendid and attractive in generosity, in all its forms; and when its scope embraces the larger needs of humanity, and its resources are almost as ample as its scope, it carries feeling and imagination away captive. We surround the life and the memory of the "cheerful giver" with a halo such as glitters only around consecrated heads. The wonder of the crowd is almost worship; and men deem it half a sacrilege to seek, in merely human qualities, "the conjuration and the mighty magic" which seem so far beyond humanity. And yet, to do this only is our duty here to-day. We have come to recognize and study, in the common light, the traits of the man and citizen, George Peabody; to consider and teach, if we

can, the moral of his simple, unheroic life. We are to look at him, as he moved and had his daily being,—as if his features did not live in bronze and no minute-gun had ever told his burial to the sea. Nay, it is our business to take from the record of his career all that tends to impair and falsify its lesson, by making men despair of rising to his level. Here, above all other places; with the sound of his own sturdy teachings scarce dull upon our ears; with his simplicity and modesty—his good fellowship and plain dealing—fresh in our remembrance and affection; with all things round about us full of what he was and of all he claimed or cared to be; we should insult his memory by attempting to add an inch to his stature. And indeed there is small need of fancy in dealing with his story, for scarce anything in fiction is more strange than the actual prose of it. The child of poor parents and humble hopes—a grocer's boy at eleven, the assistant of a country shop-keeper at sixteen—he had reached but middle-life when he was able so to deal with the resources of the great money-centre of the world, as to prop, with his integrity and credit, the financial decadence of whole commonwealths. Pausing even at that point of his career—a period to which in Maryland our gratitude so frequently recurs—is it not more wonderful than the legend which delighted our childhood, the tale of Whittington, citizen and mercer, thrice Lord Mayor of London? Was it not quite as easy, beforehand, for our stripling to imagine that he heard, across the waters, an invitation from Bow Bells to him, as to conceive that his statue would be raised in London streets while yet he lived, and be unveiled, with words of reverence and honor, by the heir-apparent of

that mighty empire, surrounded by its best and noblest? Add to this what I have before described, and it seems as if another night had been added to the Thousand and One.

But, as I have said, our business is not with the wonders. It is with the mind, the heart, the will, the character which wrought them. These were the only genii of this story. They, and they only, did what was done, and neither ring nor lamp had any part in it. "No man," Carlyle tells us, "becomes a saint in his sleep;" and there is no greater fallacy than the popular notion which so often attributes success, in great things, to luck. There are people, it is true, who stumble into prosperity and get place and power, by what, to mortal eye, seems chance. Reputation and the honors and profits which follow it are now and then wafted to a man, like thistle-down, for no better visible reason than that he happens to be out in the same wind with them. The crowd attach themselves often, and cling with devotion, to some singularly favored person, as burrs do to his clothing, simply, as it would appear, because he walks among them. But what seems does not necessarily represent what is; and a man must be hard to convince, if, after having used a microscope once, he be not satisfied for life, that things exist and are comprehensible though he may neither see nor understand them himself. What therefore may appear to be exceptions to the general truth, that great results do not spring from insufficient causes, are commonly found to be strictly within it. In the course of any long life-time, the logic of cause and effect is apt to vindicate itself. In this busy, stirring, jostling, interested modern society of ours, where scarcely any one occupies a pedestal—or even an humbler place—but some one else goes

anxiously to work to dislodge him and get there in his stead, we seldom find respect or deference, love or admiration, long yielded to a brother, unless there be that in him which commands them. The world may dally with its impostors and its charlatans—its trumpery great men, sham heroes and mock saints and sages—for a little while, but they finally go down, for the most part, into the receptacle—the huge Noah's Ark—of its spurned and worthless playthings. The winds of time and contest blow away the chaff, at last, from the great grain-floor of humanity—a blessed fact, by the by, which reconciles us to many tempests. Hemisphere does not cry aloud to hemisphere about common people. Nations do not mourn over men who deserve no tears. There was then something in George Peabody, or about him, that called for the homage which has been rendered him. What was it?

Not his intellect, certainly—for neither in capacity nor cultivation was he above the grade of thousands of clever men, both here and in England, in his own and kindred callings. He had not genius to dazzle, or invention to create. He had made no discovery in science, or even in finance. He knew little of art, and had contributed nothing to the stock of what is denominated "human knowledge." Statesman he was not—nay, not even politician. He had never worn spur on battle-field: had never filled office, or wielded power, or sought to be any man's master but his own. There was not, I repeat, a single element in him or circumstance in his career, of those which enter into the common estimate of greatness. Neither did riches win his name for him. He was no monopolist, no miracle, of wealth: for enormous private fortunes are now constantly acquired, in half such a life-time as

his, and the great marts of the world have men far richer than he, whose accumulations have been gathered just as honestly, just as fortunately, and with quite as much sagacity as his. Nor does he stand alone in the appropriation of large means to the good of mankind. The number of rich men whose testaments dispense the hoards of a life-time in works of usefulness, is very large. The past has left us many well-known and abiding monuments of such beneficence. True, there is a smack of death-bed repentance, as well as bounty, in these gifts; a confession, at best, of intentions good but reluctant and long smothered by human infirmity. We cannot help feeling that they sometimes are very much, in kind and motive, like the *obolus* which used to be placed between the lips of the dead, to pay for their safe ferrying across the infernal waters. But still, they clothe the naked, feed the hungry, comfort the sick, educate the poor—relieve, in all sorts of ways, the necessities and afflictions of humanity—and those who dispense them deserve well of their race. Though the good works which "blossom in their dust," might have yielded more fragrance under the culture of their hands, they are good works notwithstanding, and should be remembered with charity not less than gratitude—as they commonly are. But the liberality of rich men is not always posthumous; and in the mere fact of giving and giving largely, in his life-time, Mr. Peabody was by no means singular. The world is full, I was going to say—though that perhaps is stating the case too strongly—of people who habitually give. They certainly are no rarity in it. Most of us give freely, to those we love—to our own flesh and blood, at all events. They who do not, belong, I think, to the class whom Burns charac-

terizes as, "the real hardened wicked," and it is wholesome to persuade ourselves that they are likewise "to a few restricked." When Thackeray says, somewhere, that he never saw a fine boy, but he felt like giving him a guinea, he does not, I am sure, exaggerate the natural impulse of every healthy and manly heart. There are many to whom this sort of impulse is a general, spontaneous, and often fatal rule of life. Some indeed—and a large class—give because they cannot help it. Giving, with them, is almost a pleasure of sense. It is the natural expression of a feeling, as weeping and sighing are with others. It is at once the voice and the tear of their sympathy. The heart sends its quickened pulsation directly to the hand, which only fetters could keep from the purse-strings. And this, too frequently, without check of prudence, or choice of object, or thought of to-morrow. We are apt to admire and indeed to love these people; for, to the common apprehension, the pleasure and advantage of keeping money are so striking, that to part with it, freely, passes for a sacrifice. And yet, obviously, they may be just as self-indulgent, in their way, as their next-door neighbor, whose heart is always in his burglar-proof safe and his hand never, except to increase or count his store. It may be their pleasure to scatter, as it is his to save; and they may consult nothing better than their pleasure, as he pursues nothing better than his. Sir Thomas Browne calls their's "but moral charity, and an act that oweth more to passion than reason." And he adds, in the same strain, that "He who relieves another, upon the bare suggestion and bowels of pity, doth not this so much for his sake, as for his own; for by compassion we make other's misery our own, and so by relieving

them we relieve ourselves also." Happily, the common heart is not quite so ingenious or so analytical as this; but contents itself with feeling, that though the bountiful and the miser may be selfish, in their several ways, the one selfishness is still a better thing than the other. Indeed there is almost always something, in these heedless natures, which redeems the sin of their improvidence and self-indulgence; and although, when waste makes want, they have often to eat husks in sorrow, and wait on those who are to them but swine, we cannot help thinking, sometimes, that they belong to that class of prodigals for whom a fatted calf will be killed, one day, when they will eat and drink, and be as merry as the hundreds they have fed in their time. To this kind of givers, our experience must add that other and familiar class, who part with money readily, because they are incapacitated, by nature, from feeling its value. I say feeling—because the processes of the heart are so much quicker than those of the head, that it profits a man very little, in these matters, only to understand and know. The battle is generally lost, in such case, before the reserves come up. But how many people, especially women, are we not acquainted with—every one of us here,—whose whole existence is a mission of beneficence; who know and feel the worth of money, and yet spend it on others without stint; with whom the poor, as Béranger has it, are harvesters, not gleaners; whose hands are as open as the prodigal's and yet never waste; in whom the love of giving is so chastened by the love of the Great Giver, that they dispense their bounty as His alms, and make of charity a very worship? These however are the silent and humble Samaritans of the highways and by-ways, who, for the most part, are only fol-

lowed by individual gratitude or personal affection. They do not amass fortunes, or make testaments, or have statues erected to them. The great world knows little about them and, as a whole, cares little; for though they are no trifling element in its economy, they seem so, to the thoughtless, in the broad scope of an economy so large.

If I am right then in supposing that the secret of Mr. Peabody's fame is not to be found in the mere fact of his having given, and given freely, in his life-time, to good objects, where else are we to look for it? Not, surely, in the magnitude of his benefactions. It were shame to judge him by a standard so vulgar and unworthy. It would not only be to scandalize his memory, but to throw away the whole moral and lesson of his life. The homage which is rendered to the givers of great gifts, merely because their gifts are great, is but parcel of that deification and worship of wealth, which is the opprobrium of our times. When this comes in the shape of a tribute to the dead, it is, of course, comparatively free from the personal servility, the self-abasing deference, the mean genuflections, which pay court to the living rich. But it is the same ignoble thing, in its motive and essence, though the sables be wrapped around it, and what men knelt to before may have become as the dust in which they knelt. And just as royalty succeeding is studious and exigent of pomp and splendor, in the obsequies of royalty dead, so, and for the same reason, wealth surviving exaggerates the dignity of wealth departed; and those who adore and would propitiate the one, crowd to canonize and glorify the other. To deal in such a spirit with the man whose birth-day we commemorate, would be to degrade ourselves and crush him, basely, like

Tarpeia, with the weight of his own gold. It is the very fact that a million more or a million less would have counted but as a farthing, either way, in the just estimate of his purposes and character, which makes the rare nobility and worth of his example. Without the millions we might perhaps have had less of the pageant, but we should have had none the less of the man. Eleven years ago, it came within the province of the present speaker, on a public and interesting occasion, to illustrate the theme before him by an allusion to Mr. Peabody, who had then taken but the earliest steps in the career of his open beneficence. You will pardon, I hope, the repetition of what was then said, because it puts in a few words precisely the idea which I desire, at this moment, to express; and having been written in advance of the later and more famous charities of our Founder, it will show that those who knew and respected him, then, esteemed the source from which his good deeds sprang, far more for itself than for its fruits. The language then used, was the following:

"When I see a man like George Peabody—a man of plain intellect and moderate education—who is willing to take away from the acquisitions of successful trade, what would make the fortunes of a hundred men of reasonable desires, and dedicate it to the advancement of knowledge and the cultivation of refining and liberal pursuits and tastes, among a people with whom he has ceased to dwell, except in the recollections of early industry and struggle—I recognize a spirit which tends to make men satisfied with the inequalities of fortune—which is alive to the true ends and purposes of labor—which gives as well as takes—which sees, in the very trophies of success, the high incumbent duties and the noble

pleasure of a stewardship for others. And yet, one such man—in himself—in his life and the example which it gives—is worth tenfold more to a community, than all the beneficence of which his heart may make him prodigal."

Feeling and believing this, I should be false to my own conception of the honorable duty assigned to me, if I did not protest against regarding what is called the "princeliness" of Mr. Peabody's munificence, as other than an element entirely subordinate, in any just and manly appreciation of his character. And indeed, after all, I must own that the large bounty of ordinary rich men does not impress me, always, as it seems to strike many others. Liberality is a relative thing; and, obviously, what is generous and whole-souled in one person, viewed in its relation to his means and his own wants, may, in the same relation, be niggardly or narrow in another. The good that giving does may be the test of its value, but certainly is not of its merit. That is best determined, humanly speaking, by what it costs the giver to give. I do not mean what it ought not to cost—the agony which miserly reluctance suffers, in parting with a fragment of its hoard, under the torture of entreaty or the dread of shame or death; but that cheerful, conscious and deliberate self-sacrifice, which renders the mite of the widow more precious, a thousand fold, than the gold and frankincense and myrrh of the Magi. I speak of self-sacrifice, for (with a single and melancholy qualification which I shall presently consider) it is hard to understand how there can be much merit in the simple act of giving to others what we do not ourselves need. On the contrary, it is difficult to conceive what greater pleasure a rich man could possibly have in his wealth, than that of pouring out its superabundance in

works of kindliness and charity. It is not meant by this to set up a very high standard. I am not talking of disciples, who are to part with all that they possess and follow their Master. It is not a question of surrendering one single reasonable, or even luxurious, personal gratification. I speak of superabundance merely—of that which is over and above what the owner, in any reasonable way, can expend upon himself, his comforts, his tastes, his luxuries, nay, if you please, the vices of his station. But—all these things reserved and cared for—and treating the disposition of the surplus as a selfish gratification merely, and as nothing higher or better, it seems, I repeat, incomprehensible to a genial—I need not say a generous—nature, that a man can possibly get greater happiness out of it than must come from dispensing it in kindness. Gonzalo De Córdova, of Spain, the Great Captain, was one of those who held this faith. "Never stint your hand"—he said to his steward—"there is no mode of enjoying one's property like giving it away." It is true the illustrious soldier may have occasionally treated as his property what did not precisely belong to him; but his preaching was none the worse for this, because his practice with his own came nobly up to it. Going a little more deeply too into the vanities as well as the virtues which this discussion involves, Lord Lytton says, with great point, in one of his more serious works, that "Charity is a feeling dear to the pride of the human heart. It is an aristocratic emotion . . . the easiest virtue to practice." There is no doubt that in the sense in which he speaks of charity, the observation is as just as it is clever. If a rich man covets respect and influence; if he desires to attract sympathy and hear himself praised; to be

looked up to, flattered, followed and caressed in life, and have an epitaph, after it, like a player's good report—deserving none of these things, the while—there is no cheaper or more certain means of securing them all, than a few judicious investments of his abundance in what ought to be charity. When he purchases, at the same time, by the same outlay, the pleasure of doing good and the incense of gratitude, one cannot feel that the cross which he has taken up is a very heavy one, or that he walks upon celestial heights above the hearts of common men.

If I am right then, in assuming that the lesson of our Founder's life lies not in that he gave, or gave before he died, or gave superbly—nor, indeed in all these things combined—what is there left that teaches it? We must turn back upon the life itself, to give us answer.

Mr. Peabody was not a man of gushing sensibilities, nor did he belong, in any sense, to that class who are free with money because they do not know or feel its value. Indeed there were few of his contemporaries, in whom this latter element of generosity was less developed. He knew all about money, and valued it at its full, current worth. He knew it, as a man knows a friend and ought to know an enemy. That his nature was genuinely kind, all who were near him would have known—as well as they know it now—if he had died a bankrupt. His face, alone, told that part of his story, for his smile was of the sort men cannot counterfeit—

> "His eyes,
> An outdoor sign of all the good within,
> Smiled with his lips."

But his sympathies, nevertheless, were not coined, at sight of need, into money. He began life with none of it to give, or even to keep. He was very poor. What he gained, he toiled for, and it came painfully and slowly. He said the prayer for his daily bread, as we are told none but a poor man's child can say it, and he was willing to do anything honest and manly to turn the penny that he needed. Even after he had been established for some time in the District of Columbia, and his prospects had very much improved, I learn from a venerable friend, Mr. Peabody's senior (whose memory, like the rest of his fine faculties, appears only to brighten with age), that he offered to forward packages to Baltimore, and appealed to the public for their patronage. As he had no capital, his enterprise could have been but a small one, probably involving nothing but his personal attention; and I allude to it, merely to show that he was not only content, at that time, but anxious, to earn small sums in a small way. Naturally too, he was no doubt equally disposed to keep what he earned. Overboard at sea and compelled to sink or swim, it was not strange that he should feel the importance of making his own raft sea-worthy, before he pushed away a plank that he could hold. Besides, he was eminently a man of thrift. He came into the world with it, and he drew it in from the atmosphere into which he was born. He liked to make, and to save, and to increase his store, and he liked the store itself, after it was increased—the more the better. Money-making was a pleasure to him, as well as an instinct of his nature. Clearly, these circumstances were not favorable to the development, in him, of Gonzalo De Cordova's doctrine. He was a man of the busiest industry too, and had no fancy for drones—

thinking possibly, as we are all apt to think, when prosperous, or when health and energy and strength are bounding in us, that no man need want who will work. Besides, he was full of system and fond of detail, two mighty curbs upon the imagination. Under all these influences he pursued, as he began, a saving, painstaking, careful life, and when he had become rich, these characteristics had grown with his fortune. His case was precisely the reverse of that described in the Castilian proverb, which says—"The money of the Sacristan comes singing and goes singing." His habits therefore continued, as they always had been, simple and frugal. His desires had not grown with his ability to indulge them, nor had his tastes. Neither had the pride of purse entered, with its seven other devils, into his robust and downright nature. He was the same man that he had always been—only richer. And when still greater wealth came to him, by the rapid processes of speculation, it had no power to dazzle him or make him giddy. He looked after it, invested it carefully and closely, increased it to the best of his ability, and enjoyed, as keenly as his fellows, the pleasure which these processes always bring to men who deal in money, and have that knack of handling it to profit, which is born in some, like poetry, but cannot be learned. Nor was he at all ashamed, so long as he remained in business, to promote its success by all honorable means. On the contrary, he took pains to do this. He was glad to make friends, and to see them grow into customers. He was as thrifty, in fine—as decided and constant in his business-purposes, and as close and systematic in promoting them—after he had become a great financial power, as when he ate his bread in the sweat of his face. Now and

then he seemed to forget all this. It were more accurate, to say that he pushed it aside, in the presence of higher considerations. When his patriotism or his national pride was touched, he did not let it stand for a moment in the way of his remembering and doing what became him, with a largeness of purpose and freedom of hand which showed that the manhood of his nature was still fresh and true. He threw into his labors for the restoration of the credit of Maryland, his soul as well as his fortune, and refused any compensation but the pleasure and the pride of the great good which he had assisted in consummating. He stood in the stead of his whole country, to save her from the shame of official neglect and meanness, when the Great Exhibition assembled the nations together. He speeded the brave enterprise of Kane on its mission of science and humanity, with a liberality and in a spirit of which there is reason to believe the whole story has never been told. Yet, all the while, he, himself, remained as of old, modest, moderate, economical and thrifty—living in lodgings, without retinue or luxury—not unwilling to save a farthing, if it came in his way—willing to go out of his way rather than waste or even lose one. He would still have his bargain, about the small thing as well as the great; and he would make men stand to their bargains and give him, in the way of business, the fraction that belonged to him. Imposition he resented and resisted, no matter how minute its form, and he would protect himself from it, if he had to cavil for his ninth part of a hair. A friend who knew him well and had his confidence, has told me, that one day, in London, after an interview in which they had discussed together his latest and most bounteous charities—when he was dispensing

millions with a stroke of his pen,—Mr. Peabody refused to take a cab, and insisted on walking, because the cabman they had called wanted more than his lawful fare. Thus, beneath the surface of his munificence, his large public sympathies, his generous patriotism, flowed on the old current of thrift, economy, closeness and money-loving. Perhaps, rather, the two streams ran side by side in the same bed, like the united waters of the Arve and Rhone—one earthy and bearing the stain of the earth, the other bright with the hue of the sky.

But there came a time, at last, when this busy, accumulating life, with its seemingly inconsistent traits and phases, was to be rounded into its final development and true expression. The elements of character which appeared so much in contrast with each other as scarcely to be reconciled, were to be shown working all the while harmoniously together. The man of calculation and acquisition—almost of greed, if you please—with all the habits and temptations which are commonly inseparable from the career of such, was of a sudden to rise up superior to them all, as if he had never known them—a head and shoulders higher than his seeming self. The man whose practical life had been mainly dedicated to saving, was to consecrate the rest of it to giving. The man who loved money and had lived in pursuit of it, was to reach that point—almost unattainable by humanity—at which he was to feel and say: "I have enough!" Such phenomena are developments, not changes. If Mr. Peabody's whole heart had been in money during the long years when he was "gathering gear," he could never, in his old age, have shaken off the golden fetters. The result showed which had been master and which servant, all the while. The fruit proved

the tree. And yet the fruit had in it much taste of the soil in which the tree grew. The system, the care, the prudence, which had gathered and preserved his wealth, were developed as well in its appropriation. In fact he made benevolence his business and dealt with it as such. Its merely sympathetic guise did not seem to attract him. At all events he did not yield greatly to its attraction. He did not grasp at the near pleasure which comes from the contact of present charity with present suffering. For his kindred he provided with generosity, yet without prodigality. His aims were wider and his sight went farther than would have been consistent with bestowing his wealth on individuals, no matter how much he prized them. He had not mounted upon a high hill, without having his horizon expanded. He saw humanity in the distance as well as beside him, and saw it was the same humanity, far off as near. Yet his extended vision rested where the mists began. It did not seek to penetrate the realms of unreality. He was not misled by any dream of reforming the world. The consciousness of being able to do something for mankind, and the desire to do all that he could, did not betray him into the folly of supposing that he could do everything. He was as far from being a schemer as if he had not the means of scheming. He was not imaginative, much less fanciful. He knew that wealth is the great lever of the world and that his hand was on it, but he had no notion that, with it, he could change the course of the planet. He had seen enough of what is commonly called "philanthropy," in his generation, and had no taste for it. Probably he had heard of Robespierre's early philippic against capital punishment, and knew the value of specula-

tive benevolence. He therefore did not lend himself or his money to the schemes of those excellent but somewhat self-engrossed and not very useful people, who think that society is like Pandora's box, with its great good at the bottom, and that the true way of getting at this, is to turn the whole upside down. The solitary blow, as far as I have seen, which malice has aimed at his memory, has come from a "humanitarian" quarter—as if to demonstrate the justness of his appreciation. Looking at human nature in the light of his own experience, and valuing most highly in it that healthy, vigorous, independence which was his own peculiar trait, he thought he could help his fellow-creatures best, by teaching them to help themselves. He likewise thought that, on the whole, more good was to be done by striking the evils of humanity at their root, than by providing for a few of their victims. These were the simple principles which guided the application of his bounty. He persuaded himself that cleanliness, industry and thrift are preventives of disease and poverty; that the vices which fester in the squalid den have no place in the decent and cheerful home—so, instead of founding hospitals and almshouses for London vagrants and paupers, he offered the attraction of cheap and comfortable dwellings to those who are willing to work. He believed that education, refining occupations, cultivated tastes, the study and the love of art and science are, next to religion, the great safeguards and purifiers of society, and accordingly he founded institutes, libraries, professorships, boards of education, to diffuse and encourage them among his countrymen. In all this, he followed the bent of his life—investing instead of spending. Nor did he follow the example of some founders,

who retain control over their foundations and deceive themselves into the belief that they are administering, what they are only unable to give up the pleasure of handling. He placed all that he gave in the hands of others—absolutely and without reserve. It was his honest and deliberate judgment that the best use he could make of the grain he had garnered was to turn it into seed, not food. So he chose his ground and planted, in the faith that future seed-time and oft-returning harvest would vindicate his choice, under His blessing who sends down the early and the latter rain.

Was this, it has been asked, as loving a use of his wealth, as if he had flung it into the palms of the needy? In one sense, of course, it was not. In another and a loftier one, it was far more so. If Mr. Peabody had dedicated his fortune and remaining years to personal alms-giving, and had sent out to the lanes and hedges for the weary and the wretched: if he had chosen for his almoners the institutions and associations which deal, from day to day with every-day suffering and sorrow, he would, no doubt, have swept a softer and a gentler chord of sympathy. We are flesh to each other, though we be spirits before God; and the sweet

> "music, to whose tone
> The common pulse of man keeps time,"

answers most tenderly the touch of a warm, human hand. Who can have read Lamb's exquisite "Complaint of the Decay of Beggars," without feeling that the very shifts and impostures of poverty have all the pathos of a tribute to the daily kindliness and goodness which walk among the poor? With his fortune and his purposes of good, if Mr. Peabody

had chosen, he might have had crowds follow him, as kings were followed when men thought their touch would heal. And few men, with his heart, and no man, with less high resolves than his, could have resisted so egregious a temptation. Nor, indeed, would it have been necessary he should do so, if all men were prepared, as he was, to give according to their means. It is the lack of such a disposition, in the mass of us, which calls on wise benevolence to stay its hand, and concentrate and organize its charities. If we were, to one another, all that we are commanded and ought to be, large fortunes would rarely be gathered and eleemosynary foundations would be superfluous. If every man did really look upon his neighbor as his brother, or love him as himself, the circle of charity would belt a happy world, and every private life would be an institution of beneficence. Why this great scheme of Christianity is not wrought out yet, or when it will be, we may not know. Society therefore must deal with its problems as it finds them, and think for to-morrow as well as for to-day. In fact, the very application of large private wealth to present purposes of charity, has its ill effects as well as good. There is a class of moral and most respectable people, who pay with absolute punctuality all the debts that can be recovered from them by law, but who do not recognize, with equal alacrity, the obligation of any others. They think they have done all that they are called to do, in behalf of education and charity, when they have paid the taxes levied for schools and almshouses. They are typified by Jeremy Taylor's "man of ordinary piety," whom he likens to "Gideon's fleece, wet in its own locks, but it could not water a poor man's garden." To these

worthy citizens, the benevolence of others appears only to come in aid of municipal contribution; and the larger its abundance the greater the justification they find in it for their unwillingness to give to any but the public collector, or to give to him any more than they cannot help. Why should they trouble themselves to take in the poor estrays of humanity, when there is room enough for them in the common pound which the public or some one else has provided? It is not worth while for society to shut its eyes to these and kindred considerations, and the wise and good who undertake to be its benefactors, must act for the world as it is, and subordinate sentiment to prudence and duty. They must look to the future and mankind, not less than to the present and the individual. And it is in this sense that their charity is the noblest of all, because it is the largest of all in its scope. It goes even beyond the love which has been beautifully described, as "not a spasm but a life." It imitates, with reverence, as far as man may imitate, the workings of that Supreme Beneficence, which guides by large rules the universal plan of its goodness. Nor does it recognize the less its relation to humanity. The human sympathy which wins a blessing from the way-side beggar is none the less heartfelt and human, surely, because it is expanded in purpose and through time, and is directed and informed by system and intelligence.

And here a thought presents itself, on which I cannot pause to dwell, but which appears not altogether barren of suggestion. Enormous capital is one of the phenomena—perhaps the mightiest engine—of our civilization. Vast fortunes are in many hands, private as well as corporate, and vastness is

the characteristic of all enterprises, good and bad. Side by side with this increase in wealth and the number of those who control it, is another phenomenon, almost as singular under the circumstances. I mean the great and general diffusion of competence and comfort, among the multitudes who are not rich—among those who labor with their hands, as well as those of more liberal pursuits. In this state of society, and regarding, comprehensively, the interests as well as the resources of the community at large, it is well worth considering whether the field of benevolence proper to be cultivated by the very rich, is not precisely that which Mr. Peabody selected, leaving the more personal and minor charities to minor fortunes. The distribution seems a wise one, if benevolence be not ashamed to learn from greed. If concentration of capital, which is power, has been found to serve the purposes of gain, it cannot less promote the nobler industries of loving-kindness.

But whether the disposition which Mr. Peabody made of his wealth was more or less genial or wise, has nothing to do with the spirit in which he parted with it. He dedicated it to ends which he honestly thought good. He directed it wisely, according to his best wisdom. Whether he was right, or was mistaken, in his modes or his ends, his riches at all events went away from himself. In the ripe maturity of a yet vigorous life and the unembarrassed control of a colossal fortune; at an age when the love of money is apt to seize upon those who have loved it least, and becomes the very existence of those who have always loved it; when, if men pause from struggling, it is to enjoy in tranquility the fruits of struggle; honored, respected, with every avenue accessible

to his ambition which popularity could open and every prize at his command which wealth could buy—(and what can it not buy?)—he deliberately converted his remaining years into a season of stewardship and surrendered himself to his kind. In the simple and touching language of the epitaph which commemorates the founder of the Charity Hospital at Seville: "He gave to them whatever he had." There is no record, that I know, of any man who, in like case, did likewise. Monarchs, it is true, have abdicated thrones, in the fulness of power. But, for the most part, it was a retirement from self in one form, into self in another. Satiety of pomp and pleasure—repentance of misdeeds—a weariness of strife and longing for repose—made them fling down their sceptres in the reaction of despair. The jaded soul yearned for deliverance and rushed into the shades for refuge. Those who have followed Charles into the cloisters of Yuste, will remember how the phantoms of empire still haunted the devotee at the altar. But the love of money is more absorbing and more abiding than even the love of power. Avarice may not always be a worse passion than ambition, but it is a lower one. Its poison may not be the deadliest to the moral nature, but it is as deadly as any, and is the most penetrating and pervading of all. Ambition is consistent with the noblest and most generous aims. Sometimes indeed 'tis but their splendid herald. Avarice is selfish only, and its selfishness is all meanness. It not only panders to self, but to all the basenesses of self-seeking. It dwarfs the intellect, chokes every generous impulse, rots every seed of human feeling, tolerates no passion even, that is not, like itself, a lust. It breaks, in fine, all links but one, and that the foulest, between

the miser and his species. What avarice is, the pursuit of money tends to. The monks of St. Francis expressed a great truth (though in what Bacon calls a "friarly" way) when they warned Rienzi that money was not to be trusted. "The purse of our Lord," they told him, "was committed to Judas. If it had been meant as a good thing, it would have been entrusted to St. Peter." Dealing with money—thinking of it, turning it over—as an exclusive occupation, men become as if under a demoniacal possession. And no fiend more fearful ever entered human soul, than the vice which turns hopes and affections, desires and aspirations, all, into self. How grandly Tennyson has taught us, lately, in "The Holy Grail," that all the heroism which ever sought earthly good or heavenly reward is powerless to win them, unless self be immolated on the altar.

> "Galahad, when he heard of Merlin's doom,
> Cried 'If I lose myself, I save myself.'"

Search the annals of men who have honored and blessed their race; look through the daily walks of lofty and of common life, of public service and of private toil; go round the circles of domestic love and happiness; and, everywhere, you find that the secret of one man's being held better than another, and more loved and worthy of love than another; the mainspring of men's permanent influence and real power over other men and crowds of men; is their capacity to withdraw themselves from self—to bestow heart and soul upon something outside of themselves; upon some other living creature; on friends, or country, or on all the creatures of God. Analyse every good thing we do, from great to small,

and that will turn out to be its essence. Self-sacrifice, in all its shapes, is made up of it. It speaks in a child's confession of a fault, and it flushed the cheek of Curtius as he leapt into the gulf. Patriotism is vapid hypocrisy, and the battle-field murder, without it. The divine blood which the Knights of Arthur sought after, with their swords and prayers, was shed as a type of it and to be a lesson of it, from on high, forever. And it is to this especial virtue, the root of all virtues and of all true manhood, that money-hunting and money-handling are essentially hostile and perpetually fatal. The hand goes on grasping and holding fast, till it parts with all power but that of grasping and holding. The heart and the muscles, alike, lose every function but that of contracting. When old Strahan, the printer, recalled to Dr. Johnson a remark of his, that "there are few ways in which a man can be more innocently employed than in getting money," he added, and with entire unconsciousness of the force of what he was saying, that "the more one thinks of this, the juster it will appear." Johnson, whose experience in money-getting certainly entitled his opinion to great weight, and who fully appreciated the justice of his own observations, appeared to think so too. And, in fact, it is the thinking of it which perverts the judgment and corrupts the heart. The more one thinks of it, the more he yields to it, and the less he is able to think of anything besides. Thus is it that we see, so often, the large designs, the long-considered plans, of men whose natures in themselves are kindly, made futile—sometimes simply despicable—by their incapacity to loose their hold upon the merest superfluities of fortune. Thus is it, that benevolence so often sinks into that "painted sepulchre of alms," a testa-

mentary bequest, and only the relaxation of the dying moment can open the clutching fingers.

It is this which I promised to consider, when I spoke, a little while ago, of the single and melancholy circumstance which made it otherwise than strange that rich men did not find, in giving, the highest pleasure and privilege of wealth. And it is because George Peabody was above all this: because he made himself a rich man, from poverty, without being corrupted by great riches; because the soil of his nature was so generous, that the very root of all evil sprang up to immeasurable good in it—it is for this that the world reverences him to-day. Not merely for the good he did, since that depended on his means and opportunities, and must depend, to a great extent, upon others hereafter—not for the magnitude of his offerings, for his wealth was but the platform which lifted his virtues into sight—but because he furnished an example, never known in the world before, of a man who united all the love of money, which makes men richest and most men meanest, with all the scorn of its dominion which burns in the noblest soul. To live a life of painful and painstaking acquisition: to wrestle with covetousness, while climbing from early destitution to the height of what a covetous heart could desire; and then to put his foot upon his gains and their temptations, like a gladiator on a wild beast vanquished—this is the spectacle which has made the world's amphitheatre tumultuous. Nor is the shout for the moment only, to be lost in the common noise. So long as men shall wrestle in the same arena and other men look on, it shall ring in the ears of the wrestlers and nerve them to win their fight. There is no death in victories like this, for such deeds of our

better nature partake of its own immortality. Men wonder, after long centuries, at the Diocletians and the Amuraths, who flung away the purple when it was the only symbol of power; and now that money is king over kings, they must remember, with greater admiration, the rich man who discrowned himself. In proportion to their admiration are the greatness and the lesson of his example.

And let us not forget how much the simple dignity of that example has added to its lustre. We are familiar with the honors which were tendered to Mr. Peabody—the tributes of national gratitude and popular affection and respect, which crowded, as it were, around him, in his later day. He knew their value fully—no man better. He knew it too well to be indifferent to them and he was too much a man to affect indifference. He felt that the kind, the almost affectionate words which the Queen of Great Britain addressed to him, were not merely the generous utterance of her own womanly and gentle thought, but expressed the feeling and opinion of a great and manly people, whose applause is almost fame. He cherished the sympathy and praise of his own country, as a man listens to the blessing of his mother. He loved approbation, like most men who deserve it, and its expression was the more welcome to him, because he knew it was deserved. Yet he was shaken from his poise by neither praise, nor gratitude, nor honors. He was unchanged, as if his right hand had not heard of the doings of his left. He passed under the arches, without a thrill or a gesture of triumph, and his life, after, was as his life before. In all that he has made us proud to remember, we can remember nothing more proudly than this.

To such a life there could be but a fitting close:

> "His twelve, long sunny hours
> Bright to the edge of darkness; then the calm
> Repose of twilight and a crown of stars!"

Having thus given, imperfectly I know, but to the best of my ability and with all the fulness which the occasion will permit, my honest though humble judgment of the life and character of Mr. Peabody and the great moral taught by his career—having striven, above all things, to speak of him nothing but the truth—I should feel that my duty was discharged, if I stood anywhere save where I am. But here, in Baltimore, upon the soil of Maryland, in the presence of so many of her citizens and their official representatives assembled in his honor; surrounded, on his birth-day, by his old companions, by the memories of his devotion and the tokens of his bounty; I feel that there is something more, which should not go unsaid. I care not to speak of the resources he placed at our disposal for the education and improvement of our people, nor even of the signal service he rendered to the State in the days of her financial weakness and humiliation. What we owe him, for these things, need not be told. Our sense of their value is written in grateful words on our Legislative records; and they are part of our history, as they will be of our remembrance, for ever. But the good-will which prompted them, and which cannot be measured, should not pass unacknowledged to-day. We are proud of that confidence in the rectitude of our people, which made him our champion, before the world, when some of the best and wisest among ourselves had fallen

away from their faith in our honor. We rejoice, for his sake not less than for our own, to have proved that his confidence was just—to have aided him in vindicating the lofty principle of his life, that to think well of mankind is wisdom. We recall, with tenderness, the attachment he felt for our City, as "the home of his early business, and the scene of his youthful exertions." We give him back the sympathies which distance and time could not weaken in his bosom nor prosperity efface. We cherish the feeling that he was one of ourselves—that if he had given away his heart, as dying kings give theirs, he would have sent it to be buried among us. We cling to his fame and his example as part of our own heritage, and to the brotherhood which was between us, as even dearer than his fame.

But other considerations, belonging to this place and this occasion, press upon me yet more engrossingly than these. There is an Eastern story, of a man who could bear a thousand pounds weight, but a single hard word was too heavy for him; and there are times when to hush that word and say a single one of kindness, is the grandest act and the richest gift of charity. Upon this very spot—it seems but yesterday, though years and death have come between—I heard Mr. Peabody pour out his heart, on the occasion to which I alluded in my opening. How what he said affected others, they knew best, but thinking and believing of him, truly, all that I have sought to say, I own that I have felt and said it twice as warmly, in memory of that day. He had lived among us, a Northern man among a Southern people, loving and beloved. He had left us happy and united—he returned to find us sullen and divided. The wounds of our then recent

civil strife were yet unhealed. Political antagonisms, social resentments, personal and even domestic animosities, were still rankling, and it was next to impossible for any man to speak, without offence to some one whom he cared for, of what brooded so ominously over the hearts of so many. But Mr. Peabody felt that his opportunity was great for good, and that opportunity made duty. He took the chances of offence, and spoke what was in him, like a man. While he proclaimed that his sympathies had been always with the Union and his hopes with the success of its armies, he dared to proclaim, at the same time, his respect for the integrity and manhood of the vanquished. He traced and recognized, with the philosophy of truth and kindness, the influence of birth and education on opinion. He braved the censure of zealots, on the one side, by dealing with the convictions of the South as error, he braved it equally, upon the other, by a manly protest against confounding such error with crime.

"Never, therefore," he said, "during the war or since, have I permitted the contest, or any passions engendered by it, to interfere with the social relations and warm friendships which I had formed for a very large number of the people of the South. . . . And now, after the lapse of these eventful years, I am more deeply, more earnestly, more painfully convinced than ever, of our need of mutual forbearance and conciliation, of Christian charity and forgiveness, of united effort to bind up the fresh and broken wounds of the nation."

I know of more than one estrangement which those noble words of his reconciled. I know of more than one bosom, in which they dried the waters of bitterness—more than one

fountain of tears, long sealed, which they opened. Time will be, when men shall wonder that such counsels could ever have been needed, and more will be the marvel that even passion did not blush to deny them welcome. Here, where he uttered them, and standing almost in his presence, I do them grateful reverence. And when I think how the charity from which they sprang went out into the desolate places of war; how it poured its treasures into kindly and trusted hands, that they might minister to the higher needs of our crushed and helpless kindred; I seem to see a light around the good man's image, more radiant, tenfold, than the sunbeam which flashed across the Abbey to his pall. These crowning acts of his whole life—its

"bright consummate flower—"

gave all that was needed, of fulness, to its lesson, and all that could be added, of greatness and beauty, to his example. He had taught us that brilliant qualities of intellect or character are not indispensable to make men useful or honored, and that the real benefactors of their kind are not they at the sound of whose name the world stands still. He had shown how the humble and the poor may lift themselves among the great ones of the earth, by industry, integrity and independence, and how the rich may keep above their riches, by clinging to the treasure of their souls. He had taught how the simple dignity of manhood may rise superior to rank and station, and that all the grandeur of power lies only in its uses. He had ennobled wealth by his touch, as knights give knighthood, and established as the canon of its primogeniture that humanity is its first-born. It was only left for him to show

to his own brethren, that men may love their country without intolerance, may fight her battles without hate, and be conquerors without revenge.

The blessing of the peace-makers be upon him and his memory!

ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE

THE LAW CLASS

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND,

AT THE

Annual Commencement of the Law Department,

JUNE 15TH, 1872.

ADDRESS.

THE Faculty of Law, gentlemen, have done me the honor to request that I should vary, upon this occasion, the routine of my official intervention, and—not exactly deliver you an oration, as I see is announced—but address you more at length than would otherwise have been my province. I should have yielded to their wishes with less reluctance, had my engagements permitted me to command the time for more careful thought and preparation. Indeed, agreeable as is the duty, in itself, to one whose sympathies are warmly with the struggles and aspirations of youth, I should hardly have undertaken to discharge it, but for the assurance of that indulgent consideration from my professional brethren, which only men who are themselves over-tasked can fully feel to be the right of their over-tasked fellows. When the career upon which you are just entering shall begin to be near its close, you will be more fortunate than they who have preceded you, if your recollections of the best efforts of your lives shall not be clouded by the painful consciousness that you were able to give to them but divided faculties and the weariness of a jaded brain.

Before I go farther, gentlemen, you must permit me to congratulate you upon your good fortune, and the good judg-

ment of your advisers, in the selection of the means which you have chosen for elementary professional instruction. I do not say this as matter of form, nor by way of compliment to the able and accomplished teachers of whose learning and labors you have enjoyed the fruits. Professional opinion has been very much divided as to the advantage of university-instruction, by way of lectures, to students of law. My own experience and observation, I confess, have not inclined me towards that system, if pursued with any approach to exclusiveness. In England, the sentiment and custom of the profession have hitherto been strongly against it, and, even now, the effort to make it compulsory there is resisted by some of the ablest and broadest intellects of the Bar. Even those of the laity, who are in the habit of rallying us upon that "glorious uncertainty," which they seem to think belongs to the law, as contradistinguished from the rest of human things, would be surprised to know the extent of the conflict which exists on this point, among those who are best qualified to judge. In a recent debate in the House of Commons, upon certain resolutions of Sir Roundell Palmer, relating to the establishment of a school of Law in London, this diversity of opinion was almost amusingly developed. The learned and eminent author of the resolutions used strong language in regard to the existing system of office-education. I doubt whether he would have made it less strong, if his experience had extended to this country as well as to his own. He said it is, "in truth a hand-to-mouth system, under which everybody is left to pick up his own instruction in law, as well as he can, entirely with a view to practice, and by doing it in that manner, with the assistance of those who are themselves

engaged in practice, it is impossible that any foundation of a scientific knowledge of the law can be laid, however desirable it may be; and, as a matter of fact, it is not." He then spoke of the law itself, in terms any thing but respectful. "There is no doubt," he said, "that the body of our law contains many most excellent things, yet it is, on the whole, a very unmethodical and undigested mass." He went further, and drew a distinction between "the technicalities of the English law, or that sort of law which people study in England and practice in the English Courts," and "the law as a system and a science." He thought that the simplification of the law depended upon its scientific teaching; and that such teaching and the formation of scientific and enlightened lawyers by it, were best to be secured by the establishment of a great legal University, with lectures and scholarships, and with examiners whose certificate should be essential to admission.

The project was opposed by no less distinguished a leader (among others) than the Attorney General, Sir John Coleridge. He professed to agree with the learned mover, in principle, but, as is usual in such case in our Craft, (if I may be permitted to say so,) he differed the more widely on that account, from Sir Roundell, in applying it. He said that "to teach English law by lectures was a pure delusion. It could be learned by practice only, and that"—he was irreverent enough to add—"on account of its unscientific system." He hoped "to see the day when the scandal of unscientific law would be removed by a Code," but, without a Code, he insisted that "it is utterly impracticable to teach the law, as it stands, without practically demonstrating it in the Courts."

The resolutions were negatived by the House, though not altogether on grounds which preclude their principle from being, to some extent, hereafter adopted. I have referred to the debate, chiefly because it shows how much more sharply than perhaps you are aware, the line is drawn, among leading professional thinkers, between the advocates of office-routine and those who favor University-instruction. The conflict of these extreme opinions seems to justify to my own judgment the middle view which it has for many years approved. I mean the superiority of the double system, of which it has been our effort to give you the advantage, under the auspices of the University of Maryland. You have had, on the one hand, the benefit of a thoroughly practical office-education, with daily attendance on the Courts, and, upon the other, you have been carefully and systematically trained by your Professors in legal principles and reasoning. The tendency of the office to sharpen, contract and render technical, has been met and counteracted by that larger exercise of thought, which expands the intellect and weds analysis to generalization. The Regents of the University are pleased to be able, from the report of your teachers, to express their gratification at the diligence and success with which you have labored to improve the opportunities afforded you. It is but just for us to recognize the promise of usefulness and honor which your opening career has given.

You of course understand your present position, and know what lies before you, too well to be discouraged by the suggestion that your labors, thus far, have brought you but to the beginning of your fitness for the task you have undertaken. The future is to be for you not only an enduring struggle for

success, but a perpetual effort to deserve it. You not only cannot stand still where you now are in knowledge, but there will be no point in your career, protracted and fortunate as it may be, at which you can safely rest, in the conviction that you have learned enough and need labor no more. On the contrary, you will find the horizon expanding and receding as you advance; and, long as your day may be, the darkness will come on while it is yet far away from you. Experience of course gives confidence, and the long exercise of his powers enables every man of sense to form a reasonable calculation of his own strength and reasonably to trust it. So, too, increasing knowledge, and familiarity with the use of it, beget a proper and healthful self-reliance and self-possession as we grow older; but it is only fools who become self-sufficient with age. To the eye that has been trained in seeking after truth and wisdom, the distance that lies behind us is always less than that which is left to travel. With a life-long task then before you, it becomes you to consider well how you shall undertake it best. No man, of course, is able to make his life a logical process, and deduce results from his plans and calculations, like conclusions from premises; but it is still possible for us, in the main, to give a general direction to our course by following out some general ideas and principles. The greatest soldier, it is true, will often find that his campaign depends as much upon his enemy as on himself. His best plans quite as frequently will come to nought, but still, a campaign without a plan is not very apt to end in a *Te Deum*. If you would not find yourselves astray in a dark wood like Dante, when you are "midway upon the journey" of your lives, you must endeavor, now that the responsibilities

of manhood are opening upon you, to form some definite understanding of what you have to do, and what your own qualifications are for doing it. Concerning the latter branch of the subject, mistakes are, I fear, as natural and as inevitable to you as to the rest of us. With respect to the former, we are all in the habit of making a good many more than are necessary. We are much under the dominion of phrases, which appear to mean a good deal, but really mean very little, if any thing. We accept a great many things as axioms, which are only platitudes. We pin our faith to the traditions of "unlanterned nights," (as Lamb calls them,) the darkness of which, heaven be praised, has long since departed. In all this, I suppose we differ but little from the rest of the world, for it is sad to think—nay, what a bloody lining there is sometimes to the thought—how much the fate of individuals and the fortunes of society and nations are made to hang upon words, which are passionately taken to be things.

Assuredly there is no one who has less disposition than myself to undervalue the profession to which I am proud to belong. Least of all would I desire to lessen its attraction or its value in your eyes, at a moment when you are looking forward to its honors and rewards, in the first fulness of that generous enthusiasm which is the brightest and most winning of the traits of youth. But to understand what your calling really is—to take the true measure of its importance and its dignity—is only to be just to yourselves and to it. There are many illusions which we ought never to part with so long as we can persuade them to linger, but those which distort to us the practical objects and purposes of our lives belong to a different class.

It is the fashion among us to speak of the law as a science, and I cannot tell how many clever and ingenious young men I have myself known, whose first experience of their profession, in its practical working and application, was made one of painful disappointment, and almost disgust, by this exaggeration. Jurisprudence is a science, certainly, and the noblest of all sciences, in so far as it applies to the regulation of human conduct that Eternal Law which "is laid up in the bosom of God." But, Gentlemen, I pray you consider the distance between jurisprudence, so understood, and the common law of England as patched from the civil law and supplemented by the Maryland Code! Doubtless, the common law, in some of its titles and divisions, may justly be regarded as eminently scientific. But to call it, as a whole and with all its modifications, a science, or the exposition of a science, is really to trifle and delude. The rhetoricians who liken it to a great river, which has brought down upon its bosom all the treasures of the realms of time through which it has rolled, seem to forget that great rivers bring down many things which are not treasures. They forget the waters, turbid with ooze and slime—the worthless spoil of devastated fields and homesteads ruined—the floating rottenness and waste of ancient forests and primeval plains—the rafts that cumber the surface, and the sands and stranded trunks that lie in wait beneath for shipwrecks. I fear that the simile, thus qualified, may be juster than it seemed at first; and I gave you, a moment ago, the exact language of some of the learned and able lawyers who participated in the recent debate in the House of Commons, in order that I might not seem to be speaking with presumption, or to be alone and

without authority, in saying what some might regard as unduly derogatory to the system on which our profession is grafted. Some uneasy suspicions in the same direction must have crossed your own minds, I am sure, during your studies, in spite of the reverence you naturally felt for the mysteries into which you were about to be initiated. The separation of Law from Equity must have stricken a rude blow at your notions of juridical philosophy. When you were first taught that a document with a scrawl to it was a "sealed instrument," and of "higher dignity," as such, than a paper identical with it, save as to the hieroglyphic in question, your previous ideas of dignity must have been very much shaken. But when you went further and learned that this dignity was no "insubstantial pageant;" that it dispensed with proof of consideration; that it sanctified a promise otherwise worthless; that it implied priority of satisfaction, in certain cases, and gave the happy possessor of the treasure four times as long to have the luxury of suing as if the mystic sign were away, you must have had some droll misgivings that your science, like that of human nature, belonged to the class commonly called occult. When you learned that an estate in land for ninety-nine years, renewable for ever, subject to the annual rent of a barley-corn, was not only a lesser estate than one for somebody else's life, or your own, but was of no higher respectability than a chattel, and passed to the executor instead of the heir, you must have had some difficulty in realizing that you were not the victims of a puzzle. When you were gravely taught by learned men —who were bound to teach it, whatever they might think of it—that statutes derogatory of the common law must be

strictly construed, so as to alter the law as little as possible; in other words, that reformatory legislation must be prevented, as far as practicable, from working the reform intended; it must have cost you some time and thought, to understand upon what theory of longevity such a canon of interpretation could have survived until your time. Nor could the reasons on which these anomalies are found have bewildered you much less than the anomalies themselves. It is difficult to be reconciled to the absurd and antiquated distinctions between the law of real and the law of personal property, as administered to-day, and the rights and remedies thereon dependent, by being told that personal estate, in contemplation of law, is a trifling and "transient commodity," of which, according to Blackstone, our heroic Anglo-Saxon ancestors "entertained a very low and contemptuous opinion." Such an opinion was doubtless reasonable enough, in the days of King John, when a wealthy Hebrew, on a gridiron, was their only banking institution, or even at the more advanced and enlightened date, when Mr. Solicitor Coke knelt before his virgin mistress, and her majesty's first pair of silk stockings had no better carpet to be displayed on than a handful of rushes; but it is hardly respectable, as a scientific basis of right, in these days of coupon-bonds and aggregated capital. It would be ludicrous, if it were not mortifying, to see the most enlightened Courts compelled every day, by this descended nonsense, to hold that the same words, in the same paper, from the hands and mind of the same man, and expressing, at the same moment, the same purpose and intention, convey precisely opposite meanings when applied to real and personal estate. Of a truth, Lord Coke spake

wisely to King James, when he said that the reason of the law is not "natural reason." It might perhaps require wisdom beyond Lord Coke's to show why it should not be.

In presenting these familiar illustrations of the sort of science you are called on to expound, I do not seek merely to make merry over the imperfections of our nursing mother. It becomes you to recognize and understand the defects of the system in whose service you are about to be enlisted, so that you may do your part towards leaving it better than you find it. You should enter your profession with no blind reverence for its superstitions, but with a manly and rational respect, forbidding you to confound its absurdities with its wisdom or to suppose that its anachronisms are of its essence. *Nolumus mutare* may have been a wise resolve, before Runnymede, but one may be permitted to believe that times have changed since then. We invite you therefore to a rational worship, and not to make fetiches of ancient stocks and stones.

There is another delusion in regard to your profession, which presents itself on the romantic side. I mean the notion that lawyers are a sort of Round Table Knights, whose duty and custom it is to sally forth, at all times, championing the right and redressing the wrong. There is a popular impression that even if this be not the case, it ought to be. Large numbers of benevolent people, who would deliberate long and seriously before employing you, themselves, to protect the widow and the orphan, are full of the charity which would expect the poorest of you to do it at his own expense. Doubtless such persons are somewhat kept in countenance by the frequent and foolish claim to that species of chivalry, which is made in our behalf. To the practical mind, the difficulty

of providing sustenance for man and horse has always been a stumbling-block in the way of knight-errantry, and in our case it is as formidable an obstacle as in any other. And alas! even when Sir Tristram or Sir Lancelot girds on his armor, with a righteous zeal, and goes out in pursuit of the oppressor, is not Sir Pelleas or Sir Percevale retained for the knave, and does not one of them sit mounted at his gate, with his very best lance in rest? Nay, if Lancelot and Tristram, themselves, had been spoken to in time, are there not many chances that they would have been upon the other side? They would perhaps have thought better of the oppressor, in that event; for we see much more clearly through the glass, when we are inside the house, than when we look in from without. The time has never been, I glory in saying, when the right has fallen to the ground for the lack of a lawyer to defend it, at any and every cost, whether of liberty, or life, or toil, or fortune. But the honor belongs altogether to the noble men who do these good works. It is an honor which they reflect on the profession—not honor borrowed from it. They are brave men, who in any other condition or calling would have stood up for the weak against the strong—devoted men, who would have felt, anywhere, that the charities of life are the chiefest of its duties and its pleasures. All that they owe to their profession is the opportunity which it affords them—the learning, the discipline and the experience which make their energy efficient—the countenance and sympathy which uphold their hands.

Germane to this subject is another professional pretension, which it seems to me that candor does not justify—at all events, in the broad sense in which it is generally urged. I

refer to the claim, so commonly set up on behalf of the Bar, that the world is indebted to it for free institutions and their preservation. Here, again, I am persuaded that the glory belongs to individuals and not to the profession. What the Barons of England crushed with their gauntleted hands, were but the long contrived devices of lawyers, who had pandered to usurpation. Hume speaks but the truth, when he tells us that the great rights established and consecrated by Magna Charta had to struggle long "with the chicanery of lawyers, supported by the influence of power." Go over the whole history of English freedom, and ever against the illustrious champions in whose fame we rejoice, you will find a herd arrayed, of "vile prerogative fellows"—equally the offspring of your profession and full of its learning and intellect—who wrought all night, like Penelope, to unravel the shroud which genius and courage had woven, all day, for tyranny. Turn back a quarter of a century before the day when Lord Coke became immortal as the framer of the Petition of Right, and you will blush to see him, as Solicitor General of "that thrice noble and vertuous Queen Elizabeth, of ever blessed memory," and Speaker of her faithful Commons, engineering her subsidy-bills through the House, like a slave, and laying the lives of himself and his fellows "prostrate at her feet to be commanded." You remember, how, even in his old age, in the Preface to the First Institute, he chatters about her "roseal beauty"—but that is nothing to the adulation with which Mr. Speaker grovelled before her, and told her how "under her happy government, they lived upon honey, and sucked upon every sweet flower." For himself, he assured her that he was but a *corpus opacum*, in the absence of her "bright

shining wisdom." He must have been more opaque than he said, if her thrice virtuous Majesty did not see through all that.

But why should we go back to the Tudors for proof that the learning and ability of your profession are not always with right and liberty against power? Young as you are, the annals of your own times and your own land are full of the sad story of professional subserviency, cowardice and prostitution. It is part of the history which you have been compelled to read. It is bound up with the law which you have had to study. You cannot escape it in the judgments of tribunals, alas! too many and too high. You must sigh over it, in the altered Constitution of your country.

And this brings me to another and like theme—the traditional and glorified image of the advocate—not in his capacity of legislator and popular leader, but in his place at the bar, vindicating the rights of the citizen against the power and the malice of rulers. I touch this illusion with reluctance, for I have not forgotten the kindling of the imagination at the eloquence of Curran or of Erskine, which lights and warms the hopes and the ambition of early and generous manhood. I know how the pulse quickens, and the heart swells—how the very soul rises up, with the dream and the longing, that some day or other the time may come, when we too shall have our chance of fighting that glorious fight, and fighting it to win or die. I know how even the dull brain persuades itself that great thoughts might be struck from it by the collisions of such a conflict, and the torpid tongue feels as if, in such an hour, it too might be cloven and aflame. Thanks to our better nature for such dreams and such ambitions, which lift us on their wings above all that is sordid and mean! And yet

I fear that, like too many of the creatures of enthusiasm, they fade away, because they are dreams only. We are stirred, as with a trumpet, by the words of the great English advocates whom we revere, but we forget the eminent crown-counsel, our brethren likewise, whose story, good or bad, is a part of the record of our profession, and who fought for the wrong as our champions for the right. We forget Raleigh, when we remember Coke, but history has a better memory, and the strident voice of Mr. Attorney as he shouts to his victim—"thou spider of hell!"—will float on its echoes in shame forever. Nor, strange as it may seem, can we expect in this country the same opportunities of distinction which arose in England in so many cases now historical. Indeed, even there they can seldom again occur, popularized as British institutions have become. What we are still pleased to call a republican system, here, is approaching nearer, day by day, to a pure democracy. We cannot all meet in one place, as they did in the classic times, and legislate and adjudicate by simple outcry. But we are endeavoring to approach that happy condition, as nearly as our territory and population will allow, and every department of government is expected practically to represent the will of the majority, even if it be but a majority of one. What is expected in that way, we know, from experience, generally happens after a while; and it may be regarded as established doctrine, that constitutions should (or at all events will) interpose no permanent obstacle to its happening. In ordinary times, when passion is asleep and fellow-countrymen are content to make money out of each other and be fraternal and happy, the majority do not desire to oppress the minority, except perhaps in the way of business.

There is then no room for championship, because there are no victims, and all goes "merry as a marriage bell." In such times, we roam in the Elysian fields of democracy and justly call them blessed—little thinking how near we are to another and a different place in the Plutonian realm. But let strife come, and bitterness and blood, and there is no despot like a majority enthroned. A mob in its wrath is the wildest of wild beasts, and it is none the less savage, when its ferocity is formalized into law, and it rends its victims with the cold, hard hands of what it calls its justice. There is no place for the advocate then. His eloquence is a vain breath, and his courage, at best, but a noble insignificance. The divinest of divine rights is against him, and the very "Palladium" itself is a part of the enraged divinity. The voice of the people—is it not the voice of God? And is not the majority the people?

Having felt it my duty to say thus much to you of what may perhaps have been in some regards discouraging, I rejoice that we can still welcome you to a profession which, stripped of all false pretences and exaggerations, is worthy your best faculties, your highest qualities, your complete and earnest self-dedication and devotion. Its influences are as wide as society. Its duties are arduous, elevated, delicate and responsible. Its honors and rewards, when fairly sought and earned, may fill the measure of a great ambition. You cannot be too wise, too learned, or too virtuous for it. You can make all knowledge tributary to it, and yet not transcend its compass. With the common midnight oil of its lamp you may burn the most precious perfumes, and yet not waste them. On the other hand, I am bound to say that it is a calling which you can readily degrade, degrading your-

selves along with it. Instead of an honorable and liberal profession, you may convert it, with fatal ease, into a sordid trade, which no talent can dignify, no eminence can make other than corrupting and corrupt.

You must bear in mind that although yours is a learned profession, it is an eminently practical one—living and moving and never standing still. Its archæology therefore belongs to its literature, rather than its life. You have no time to waste on its quaint pedantries and scholastic riddles. *Petere fontes quam sectari rivulos* is a very good maxim, but it must not be too literally followed. It is well to know the heads of the streams and what is to be found there, but you cannot afford to sit angling, with *Piscator* and *Venator*, by the water-side, and meditating under the willows. You are to be men of active thought—not antiquarians. You must keep your every-day faculties bright for every day use, and train them to keep pace with every day's progress. More than any other quality or condition of mind, your profession demands that enlightened practical sagacity which is known as common sense. Do not misunderstand me. Your merely practical men are useful, doubtless, and often successful, in their way. But they are, for the most part, little and contracted—excellent and worthy drudges if they are good men—almost inevitably pettifoggers, unless under remarkable moral restraint. When, therefore, I exalt common sense, I do not speak of the small sense of that class of people. I mean the large assimilative faculty, which digests the learning of the profession into solid and useful food—which extracts substantial knowledge from study, and not theories or speculations—which makes the intellect capacious and healthy, cleaning it wholly

of cobwebs and crotchets. It has been otherwise forcibly described as "rectitude of understanding." All cannot possess it in its highest, or indeed in a high degree, but all should strive to cultivate it and develop it. Without it, you may go on studying more and more and knowing less and less, every day, for all useful purposes, until your minds become as crowded and confused as the last edition of a popular and much-edited text-book.

But although what I have just said is universally true in our profession, it is still proper to observe, that we are apt to generalize too much in speaking of the faculties and qualities which it demands—as if all its departments required the same gifts. This is as far as possible from being true. In this country, and notably in this State, the organization of the profession is so imperfect, and there is so little distribution of its various functions, that almost every lawyer is compelled to prepare himself, well or ill, for the labors of every department. It is only in very exceptional cases, and where there is great good fortune as well as peculiar ability and adaptation, that a Maryland lawyer is able to choose his own path altogether—unless indeed he selects the humblest. This is a great evil, of course, and our community, until of late, has been too small to justify us in attempting to remove it. It not only prevents that concentration of thought and pursuit which is necessary to the highest excellence, but renders burdensome, almost beyond endurance, the toil of an ordinarily successful career. In the absence of a proper professional classification, the wisest thing you can do is to endeavor to classify yourselves—to find out what you are best fitted for, and devote yourselves to it. How many of

our brethren do we not daily see, who waste, in the struggles of the trial-table, for which they are wholly unfit, abilities which would yield them reputation, in the quiet of chambers? How many, whose tact and cleverness would give them name and place at the bar, are digging and delving, in hopeless drudgery, perhaps self-imposed? Of course, it is not the easiest thing in the world for a man to measure his own abilities fairly, and there is nothing about which the public is more apt to differ from us than the estimate we place upon ourselves. There is some consolation, it is true, in knowing that the public judgment is not always very enlightened or discriminating. It sometimes assigns us places for which even we ourselves know that we are wholly unfit. Indeed it is often surprising to see how men will deliberately select blind guides, who lead them into the ditch, and into how many ditches some men will consent to be led. It is one of the hardest trials, for young men of real ability, to have to witness such exhibitions, yet you will have to witness them and be patient. The best use that you can make of the inevitable season of hope deferred, is to study yourselves: to find out, by honest, manly self-examination, what you are best fitted for, so that, when you see your opportunity, you may know it and seize it. I do not mean that you should yield to the temptation of subsiding into what is easiest, any more than that you should commit the folly of aspiring to what is beyond your reach. Earnest and continued effort will often develop into great effectiveness, powers of which men were hardly conscious at the beginning—just as conspicuous failure will demonstrate the delusion under which they have exaggerated their abilities. But, be assured that

nothing worse can happen to any man, young or old, in the matter of which I speak, than to persuade himself that he is an admirable Crichton and can develop himself into anything he pleases to be. In such case, he is apt to be developed into nothing but a warning to others.

After what has been told you of the scope and dignity of your profession, it will perhaps seem paradoxical in me to say, that some of the highest intellectual and moral qualities which you possess may perhaps partially disqualify you for success, and especially as advocates. Nevertheless, it is true, and to feel it is another of the most trying experiences through which young men of merit can pass. Although the scheme of our calling has been framed with great wisdom for the attainment of truth and justice, it is nevertheless an artificial scheme, and hence is much misunderstood. No one has described it better than Sydney Smith—no one so well, to my knowledge. In his remarkable sermon, entitled "The Lawyer that Tempted Christ," he says that, "Justice is found experimentally to be most effectually promoted by the opposite efforts of practised and ingenious men, presenting, to the selection of an impartial judge, the best arguments for the establishment and explanation of truth. It becomes, then, under such an arrangement, the decided duty of an advocate to use all the arguments in his power to defend the cause he has adopted, and leave the effects of those arguments to the judgment of others." Thus it will be seen that our function, as advocates, is one of persuasion rather than of demonstration—to illustrate, discuss, convince, not to ordain or to establish. We deal, forensically, with arguments concerning truth, rather than with truths. Now, although many ingenious men are undoubtedly deluded

and misled by their own ingenuity, I fancy that he discusses truth best—he presents the views and arguments most ably, by which others are to arrive at it—who has sought after it most earnestly, and understands it best himself. While, therefore, it is undoubtedly the fact, as the wise preacher adds, that this practice of an advocate is not without danger to the individual, however useful it may be for the administration of public justice, I am sure that it is compatible with the highest sense of truth and the manliest respect for it. I am confident that the intellects and the principles which are safest from danger because of it, are those of the ablest and best and most successful advocates. Nevertheless, there are minds and characters of high order, which are not plastic enough to adapt themselves to it. There are many men whose consciences are no tenderer than those of their fellows, but whose minds are so constituted that they cannot reason, except in the direction of their own convictions or conclusions. There are others, whose instincts embarrass them in doing this, even when they are satisfied that it is their duty to do it. An observation recently made, in a leading English periodical, concerning the late Earl of Elgin, will fully illustrate my meaning. "He would have failed utterly as a professional advocate," the writer states, "from his inability, even for the sake of argument, to look at one side of a question only and close his eyes to the other. His intellectual and moral constitution rendered it impossible for him to see a truth and conceal it." This is a portrait of a wise and great character, or of an extremely impracticable one, according to circumstances. Such traits may give us a great moralist or a mere dogmatist—an enlightened judge or a perpetual doubter and dissenter.

With large and vigorous intellect—great energy and wisdom, and an instinctive perception of truth and right—men of that stamp may lead the thought and mould the temper of a century. With more limited faculties and a less ample nature, they are apt to stand in the world's way—the victims of their own scruples and the chief disciples of their own opinions. When an ordinary man is so sure of himself as to exclude from the possible categories of truth all that does not seem true to him, his intellect is at least in no great danger of suffering from over-expansion.

But, whatever be the gifts of this class of minds, they are certainly not those of the advocate. It may be a compliment to them to say this; but for us who are considering the elements of professional success, it is sufficient to know that they will find their idiosyncrasies an obstacle—none the less perplexing, perhaps, from being worthy of respect. They lose sight of the fact that the questions they are discussing are often new and therefore speculative; that the truths involved, most commonly, are purely artificial. They will accordingly hesitate—or scorn, if you please—to address arguments to the judgment of others, which do not convince their own. They will shrink from advancing theories which they feel or suspect to be fallacious. They will restrain suggestions, perhaps conclusive to others, because they would not themselves adopt them. Now, there might be some reason why counsel should be silent, when they think themselves in the wrong, if they were always in the right when they believed themselves to be so. Unhappily, this is not the case. I will not speak of juries—for their ways are too much in the depths of the sea—but the Courts are constantly teaching us the vanity

of our conclusions—overruling us, when we are most firmly persuaded of success, and then kindly refusing to share our doubts, when we are half-persuaded they are insurmountable. If, therefore, we have nothing to urge on their consideration but our own convictions, we are fighting a one-sided battle and asserting our infallibility at the cost of our clients. I have known causes lost by capable men, for no other reason than that they were too fully convinced of the conclusiveness of a favorite point, to feel the necessity of urging others equally obvious. They forgot that it was their business to convince other people and not themselves merely, and that all minds are not alike.

You may perhaps make another discovery, early in your practice, quite as disheartening as the fact which we have just been considering. You may find that the tastes and the accomplishments which nature and education have given you will not always hasten—nay, possibly, may retard—your advancement. A young man of high culture and self-respect must shrink, in spite of him, from many of the first lessons of his experience. He will find himself expected, yet utterly unable, to welcome and embrace things which repel and disgust him. He will be ashamed to surrender himself to the tawdry and threadbare commonplaces and conventionalities which enter so largely into a certain department of forensic discussion. He will almost envy the dulness which is unconscious of its self-exposure, and the ignorance which runs on, because it does not know when it has run out. He will wonder, painfully, whether he can ever descend to the charlatanism and the fustian which he hears applauded to the echo, if not by the judicious who grieve, yet at least by the ground-

lings who pay. He may sit—happy is he who does not remember those weary and repining days—he may sit, idle and poor, while incompetence and audacity advertise themselves and prosper, till he feels almost ready to curse, in his despair, the very excellences which were the goal and the ambition of his youth.

Nor am I sure that you will always find, even among the elders of your calling, that encouragement and countenance, in this regard, which might be expected from the leaders of a liberal profession. It is not to be disguised that there is a superstition still haunting the bar of this country—though in England it has nearly disappeared and on the Continent never existed—that a man cannot know much law, who knows much of anything else. There are many able and successful lawyers who devoutly believe of the law, as certain Mahommedan sectaries of the Koran, that there is nothing written outside of it which is good, and it is therefore sinful to read any thing which is not in it. You will of course rarely hear this proposition so nakedly or frankly stated; but you will assuredly have to meet and overcome, as best you may, a quiet and perpetual, and doubtless a sincere disparagement of your professional ability, proportionate to the culture and accomplishments with which you may be able to adorn it. I trust that you will have the manliness to succumb to no such prejudices, but will take your part, as enlightened and educated gentlemen, in relegating them to the barbarism from which they are descended. It may be that Lord Bolingbroke spoke rather in excess, when he recorded his opinion, that "unless men prepare themselves for this profession by climbing what Lord Bacon calls the vantage grounds, Law is scarce worthy

a place among the learned professions—it degenerates into the practice of the grovelling arts of chicane." His Lordship perhaps attributed, as was his wont, too exclusive a control to merely intellectual restraints. A greater than he has told us, with a wiser and more courtly moderation, what every man among us who strives to know himself, must know to be the unexaggerated truth. "He was bred to the law," says Mr. Burke, in speaking of Mr. Grenville, "which is, in my opinion, one of the first and noblest of human sciences—a science which does more to quicken and invigorate the understanding than all other kinds of learning put together; but it is not apt, except in persons very happily born, to open and liberalize the mind precisely in the same proportion." And it is because the study and the practice of your profession thus tend to narrow and not to liberalize the understanding, that you must keep it broad and liberal, if you can, by wider and less artificial thought. You shall soon cease to know Hercules by his foot, if it be kept cramped and bandaged like a Chinese woman's. No, gentlemen! Your profession calls upon you for no sacrifice of your best gifts and powers. There is room for all of them within it, unless pedantry has the making of its pale. There is scope in it for Fancy and her nobler sister Imagination. There is room for all literature, all science and every liberal art. There is field for Wit and for Humor, for Taste and Grace—for all that is splendid in the mastery of Eloquence—all that can influence the human mind and penetrate and control the human heart. History has no record of an advocate whose genius and culture were above his office; and it is in part the fault of just such prejudice as I am combating, that we have so

few in the country, to-day, who approach the level of its real greatness.

There is a consolation in reflecting, that when you are called to overcome difficulties such as have been alluded to, and others like them, you are required to do no more than your brethren have done before you. I have seen a charming French *vaudeville*, the whole point of which is in the contrast between two lovers, one of whom loses all his ardor as soon as he meets with an obstruction, while the other grows as cold as Plato the very moment that obstacles disappear. The devotion of the most ardent worshippers of jurisprudence is hardly passionate enough to develop such vivid contrasts in our professional drama; but, in the main, the men who win the favors of our "jealous mistress," are they whom difficulties only brace to resolution. Given a certain amount of good sense, force, and education, and—accident apart—the rest is matter of perseverance, industry and courage. It may not be to-day, nor to-morrow—it perhaps may never be. We witness too many shipwrecks, to dare foretell a prosperous voyage for every gallant bark that we "see from the beach when the morning is shining." Still, we have the happiness to know, that sooner or later, and with reasonable certainty, success generally comes when it is deserved—though it oftentimes may come when it is not.

But, gentlemen, what is success in your profession? Upon the answer which you give that question, in your hearts and minds, will depend all of the career in which this is your first step before the world. If success means to you only business, and business, according to the clever sarcasm of Dumas, means to you only "other people's money," you are

wasting your time with professors and diplomas. You can attain the ends of such an enterprise, by shorter processes and simpler ways than any taught in universities. Do not imagine that I can so far forget my duty as to perplex you with cant and sentimentalism on an occasion like this, instead of practical and healthy counsel. I know that you are beginning the serious task of your lives—your struggle for a place among your fellows, and for bread. I recognize pecuniary reward as not only fit to be within your professional purposes and just contemplation, as a right and a possession, but as a means of that personal independence which is the most "glorious privilege" of manhood. When my Lord Chief Justice Montagu said, at his installation, "I have no need to be corrupt, neither in action nor affection, for I have estate sufficient," he spoke, if in no higher spirit, at least as a man of sense and of the world, who knew and acknowledged the weakness of our nature and the supports which it needs, at the best. It is no part of my purpose, therefore, to disparage, in the slightest degree, the manly and reasonable pursuit of professional emolument. It is your right, as I have said, and you should insist on it, whenever it is a question of mere right, and higher considerations do not make it your pleasure or duty to resign it. You will find strange notions on the subject in the community. Gentlemen, in other walks of life, your own contemporaries, entering upon their vocations side by side with you—your superiors in no regard certainly, not even in the moneyed capital with which they begin their career—will measure your labors and efforts, years hence, by a scale which it would cause them great indignation to have applied to their own daily commercial transac-

tions. They will earn, in an hour, by a single effort of mercantile sagacity, or a single act of mercantile trust, what would pay you, richly, for a half year's income, and yet wonder at the exorbitance of your comparatively moderate demands, for the most devoted and successful exertion of the highest professional ability. Some men seem to think that only money ought to breed money, and cannot understand that the investment of character as high as theirs, in a calling infinitely more laborious than theirs, requiring ten-fold the learning and faculties which are needed in theirs, ought to yield at least as large return as theirs, when the harvest-sun is on the grain. They are almost like the Arab, whom Dr. Hogg, the companion of Lamartine in the East, had cured of a serious malady. As soon as the patient grew strong enough to walk, he called on his physician for a present, and was lofty and indignant when refused. "I had hoped," he said, "to find you more disposed to show your gratitude to God, for having made you wise enough to cure such dreadful diseases." It is astonishing how many persons think that virtue and knowledge are their own sufficient reward, when they would otherwise have to pay the reward themselves. If, then, fees come honestly and fairly in—fill your skull-caps with them, if you have any, like my Lord Keeper Guilford, and temper your exultation, if need be, as he did, by reading Littleton's Tenures every Christmas.

What is to be shunned and deprecated is not that. It is the surrender and subordination of your profession and yourselves to gain—the abandonment of your dignity and freedom to mere money-making and the base arts which are almost inseparable from such degradation of a liberal calling. It

is a common thing to say that ours is a specially money-loving age. I doubt whether this is true—whether men are at all worse in that regard, to-day, than they have always been, since the root of all evil was planted. In one of the recently opened houses in Pompeii, a mosaic pavement has been found, in the centre of which, in large letters, is the motto, "*Salve Lucrum.*" Such a profession of faith, on the part of the luxurious Roman whom the ashes of Vesuvius overwhelmed with his lucre, was only a superfluous and ostentatious piece of candor. Perhaps, like Lord Byron, he desired to be taken for something worse than he was. But he scarcely loved money any more than a robber baron or a Lombard usurer, or any less than a Wall Street financier or a lender on "approved collaterals." The curse of our times is not the mere love of acquisition, nor of money as a treasure and possession, but the self-prostration of society before it, as a dignity, a principality and a power. The Roman was content to print his text on the stones, and tread it beneath his feet in the revel. In our times, we reverence the wisdom which, in Poor Richard's Almanack, expanded it into a gospel and founded on it a religion, whose first and great commandments are multiplication and addition. And it is because money is, thus, not merely the object of a common human lust among us, but of a homage as degrading as that of the Castilian courtiers to the crowned and sceptred corpse of Pedro's leman—that no friend can say God-speed to you, without a word of warning. Down in the abyss of such a worship may sink talents, learning, promise. In it may be lost, without hope, every aspiration that is noble, every principle that is pure, every quality that is

generous and high. Against its demoralizing propagandism there can be no stronger bulwark, humanly speaking, than the resistance and example of a learned and intellectual profession, powerful from its numbers and its influence; intimate and controlling in its necessary connection with every variety of human affairs; trained to vigorous and independent thought and downright, public and effective speech. If it but dares assert its dignity and character, there is no social agent which has half its power to curb and to reform society. If it is true to itself in speech and counsel; if it has courage and integrity enough to spurn association with fraud and wrong, in every shape, and to expose and denounce them wherever they appear, it can control whole classes of society, whom the preacher will not reach and to whom moralists are a jest. If, on the other hand, it is capable of nothing better than to sell itself—to adopt every man's cause, and help or defend every man's contrivance, who pays—it is a social nuisance and deserves to be despised. Better "to lie in cold obstruction and to rot," than to be part or parcel of it.

I speak plainly,—not because so to speak is virtuous, or seems to be, but because your profession is growing in discredit, and I fear deservedly, and because its regeneration must come from within and not from without. You cannot look to the public to reform professional morals, for, unfortunately, whatever want of principle exists in our ranks is but a supply created by the public demand. As long as we are willing to touch pitch, the community, though it sneer at us, will keep our hands defiled, to its profit at least as much as ours. I pray you then to bear in mind, even in your lightest day-dreams—in the framing of every plan and the nursing

of every hope—that while learning and intellectual versatility and power are the thews and sinews of your calling, integrity of purpose and of conduct is its living soul. Its every relation, properly considered, involves confidence and implies frankness, fidelity and honor. You owe these last, not merely to the clients who trust you, but to the tribunals, the public, your brethren and, above all, yourselves. You should be as far above the charlatanry and imposture which deceive and mislead, as the coarser dishonesty which plunders or lets plunder. Nay, it is your business, not only to make honor the guide of your own conduct, but to make no terms with dishonor. The demoralization of the hour comes far less from the sins which are committed, than from the slipshod acquiescence by which honest men condone them. I know that it is the fashion to call plain speech "invidious;" and of course any man who goes crying aloud, like Cassandra, will probably be listened to no more than she, let him speak what truth he may. But there are times when for a gentleman to be silent is to forego a duty, because it is unpleasant, and to compromise himself by unmanly toleration. He must take the consequences of the accustomed slur—that he sets himself up to be better than other people. Lord Bacon did undoubtedly himself take bribes, the while he exhorted Mr. Justice Hutton to keep his hands "clean and uncorrupt from gifts." But still there are such things, in fact, as honesty and dishonesty, and a professional man's position is not encouraging, if he cannot say, without presumption or Pharisaism, that there are some people than whom he claims to be better.

And now, gentlemen, a very few words to you as workingmen. You have dedicated yourselves to a pursuit which, in

its best estate, entails on you a life of toil. Whether or not it shall be the toil of drudgery, unrelieved and unending, depends in a measure on yourselves, and on what you shall do for yourselves in this your season of freshness and strength. Your first and most manifest necessity is to become thoroughly grounded, so far as your talents may permit, in the principles which are the true learning of the law. Simplification, the happy result of all sound analysis, should be the prime object of your labors. The more you rid your minds of non-essentials, the nearer you will bring them to the knowledge which avails. You are enlisted in an army where the knowledge which does not avail belongs to the *impedimenta*, and must be sent to the rear. You will need to be not only thoroughly informed, but ready, and this last you can never be, unless you have what you ought to know stored away within easy reach, and unless, when you reach it, you can grasp it. "No attorney," exclaimed Lord Tenterden, from the Bench, "is bound to know all the law. God forbid that it should be imagined that an attorney or counsel, or even a Judge, is bound to know all the law." Yet there is not a mendicancy more pitiful on earth, than that of a lawyer in active practice, who has to beg, every day, from his books, the bread of his daily need. But let me entreat you to have it ever present before you, that the great end and effort of your labors should be to learn to think. You may pile such a mountain of other men's thoughts upon your minds that, though they were Titans, they could not turn under it. Until a second Omar shall rise up, in the order of Providence, to burn your books, or the Courts shall agree, a little more generally, to prefer a reason, now and then, to a report from some "far countree,"

you will of course have to wander much in the labyrinth of cases. But, I charge you, wander there with cautious feet, and do not delude yourselves with the conceit that case-hunting is study or case-knowledge learning. You must keep side by side, as I have said, with the progress of the law, but a single shelf of your libraries will measure the most of that progress which is real.

In the preparation of your causes, put no trust in genius or inspiration. If a man ever has a great success without working his best for it, it is rarely more than once in a life-time—like marrying for love. Be careful, nevertheless, to shun over-preparation, which is a grievous impediment to thought and argument. It is painful to see how many causes, which ought to be won, are lost, by being conscientiously studied and tried to death.

Next to self-possession and self-control, the working quality which will stand you most in stead, is clearness of mind and speech. Whether the stream be deep or shallow, it matters little what golden sands lie in the bed, if men cannot be made to see them. Clearness of statement can hardly be without clearness and directness of thought. This last, perhaps, is commonly a gift of nature, but there are few good minds, in which discipline and use will not breed a habit of it. It is not given, as we know, to all men, to be eloquent, or great, or very wise, but he whose mind goes straight to its own purpose and conclusions, and can light the minds of other men along its processes, as with the light of perfect day, has, as an advocate, as little reason as the best to rail at fortune.

While nothing can be more unworthy of your calling than the arts of sycophancy, there can be nothing worthier of it

than respectful courtesy to those who seek your counsel, and kindly sympathy beyond the formal line of duty to them as your clients. To be consulted as oracles and looked up to from afar, is very pleasant, undoubtedly, to men of a certain character; but, in the end, they generally find themselves with a small congregation of worshippers, while around the more genial of their brethren there gather every year, fresh troops of friends. And, after all, what is human life, at its proudest, without human sympathies?

On your personal intercourse with your brethren must to a great extent depend the degree of satisfaction which will attend your labors, whatever be their course or your success. The antagonisms and the inevitable partisanship of the profession render it necessary for you to be ever on your guard, lest you trench upon the rights and feelings of your fellows. There can be no severer test, of both temper and manners, than the trial-table, and few are so happily endowed as to be superior always to its provocations and temptations. That the best of us profit, as we should, by its lessons of forbearance and self-restraint, it would be rash indeed to say; but when you shall have felt, as few escape, the mortification which is inseparable from the consciousness of having neglected them, you will understand how impossible it is for you to heed them too much. To the Courts before which you appear your first duty is deference and respect. There can be no two things more different than discourtesy and proper independence, in your dealings with them. A right-minded and right-hearted judge is always at a disadvantage in a collision with counsel. The very superiority of his position makes it doubly his duty and inclination to

forbear, and he hesitates to strike, lest the judge should be moved by the resentment of the man. I need not say how ungenerous it is to forget this and so forget yourselves. If you would have, with the Bench and with the Bar, the legitimate influence which is one of the most attractive of professional rewards, you must give as well as take. You must yield respect if you would receive respect. You must be courteous, considerate and liberal, if you would have courtesy, liberality and consideration. Above all, you must deserve confidence if you would enjoy it; and, believe me, no weight of intellect, no copiousness of learning, will commend you or your cause one-half so strongly as a life of stainless rectitude, of kindly offices, of manly frankness and of lofty purpose.

ADDRESS

AT THE UNVEILING OF THE STATUE OF

CHIEF JUSTICE TANEY,

Delivered in the Senate Chamber, at Annapolis,

DECEMBER 10TH, 1872.

ROGER BROOKE TANEY.

REPORT AND ADDRESS OF THE CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE.

YOUR EXCELLENCY:

BY an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland passed at the Session of 1867, the sum of five thousand dollars was appropriated for "the building or erecting a suitable monument over the remains of the late Chief Justice ROGER B. TANEY, on some suitable site in the State House yard, or in the State House itself," and Messrs. G. Frederick Maddox, of St. Mary's county, Chas. E. Trail and Hugh McAleer, of Frederick county, James T. Earle, of Queen Anne's county, Henry Williams, of Calvert county, and George M. Gill and S. T. Wallis, of Baltimore city, were appointed a committee to carry into effect the provisions of the statute. Upon the organization of the committee, it was found to be their unanimous desire that the execution of the proposed work should be entrusted to the distinguished sculptor, Mr. William H. Rinehart, a native and citizen of Maryland, for many years a resident of Rome. The amount appropriated being wholly insufficient, not only

to compensate the labors of so eminent an artist, but even to meet the necessary cost of a monument at all worthy of the State and the occasion, the committee entertained serious doubts of their ability to discharge their duties satisfactorily, without further legislative provision. From this embarrassment they were happily relieved by the liberality and public spirit of the artist himself, who responded to their invitation by a prompt and unconditional acceptance of the commission. It is gratifying to the committee to make official acknowledgment of their obligations to Mr. Rinehart, for the cheerful readiness with which he not only undertook the work, but volunteered to be content with the honor of the commission as it stood, and the pride and pleasure of uniting with his fellow-citizens in their tribute to the illustrious dead. The committee, of course, did not feel that it became them so far to tax the generosity of any individual citizen, and particularly one to whom the State already owed so much, for the reflected honor of his well-earned reputation. They, nevertheless, requested Mr. Rinehart to prepare them such design as seemed to him appropriate, and the model of the present statue was accordingly sent forward, while the General Assembly of 1870 was in session. The engagement of Mr. Rinehart and the plan of his work were so acceptable to the members of both Houses, that an additional appropriation of ten thousand dollars was at once made for the completion of the monument, according to his design, and under the direction of the original committee. It would be ungracious not to recognize the liberal and most becoming spirit in which this legislative action was taken, and its perfect accord with the deep and spontaneous feeling which had welcomed the first appropriation.

The Legislature of 1867, as appears by the Act of that date, had contemplated the removal of the remains of Chief Justice Taney to the Capital of the State, and the erection of the monument above them. The suggestion, in itself, was eminently appropriate, for many reasons. It was here that, as a student, he had laid the deep and broad foundations of his professional learning and success. In the chamber where we meet to-day, to do him honor—and to whose historical associations this scene will add another, not the least—he sat, for years, a Senator of Maryland, the peer of the distinguished men who sat around him, when no legislative body in the Union surpassed that Senate in dignity, ability, or moral elevation. In the Chamber there, above us, where the honorable Judges, who join us in this tribute to his memory, uphold the ancient credit of the State's Appellate Bench, at the zenith of his reputation as advocate and counsel and in the very ripeness of his powers, he shone, the leader of the bar of Maryland, its actual not less than its official head. And those were days too, when to lead it was to walk in the footsteps of Pinkney and be measured by the measure of his genius. If, therefore, he had slept beneath this dome, or in its shadow, it would have been with the dwelling-places of his fame about him, surrounded by the olden and consecrated memories of the State, which was but a revolted colony when he was born.

But the wishes of the Chief Justice himself, upon that subject, had been too strong and were too sacred, to be violated by his children, even for the gratification of the public desire. The quiet town of Frederick, the theatre of his earlier professional distinction, was hallowed to him by the

grave of his mother; and when he left it, in mid life, for larger spheres of usefulness and honor, he exacted the pledge, from those who loved him, that he should be laid beside her when he died. Nor was this the outbreak of fresh grief or transient sentiment or feeling.—Through all his life of toil and struggle, ambition, reward and disappointment, it was his dearest longing; and there is something inexpressibly touching in the warmer and more anxious hope with which the world-worn man clung fast to it, as the period drew nearer for its consummation. The literature of the English tongue has nothing that exceeds in mournful tenderness and grace the expression which he gave to it, in a letter written but a little while before the pledge of friendship was redeemed. Such a feeling—so devoted, and cherished for so long—it would have been next to sacrilege to disregard; and the Legislature of 1870 respected it accordingly by withdrawing from the appropriation of their predecessors and their own all but the one condition, which required the monument to be erected where it stands. The final selection of that locality, with its exposure, rendered it expedient that the statue should be cast in bronze, and the Legislature, therefore, so directed.

With the erection of the monument, the prescribed duties of the committee which I have the honor to represent were substantially ended, but in view of the time which must elapse before another session of the General Assembly, they have deemed it due to the dignity of the occasion respectfully to invite the official intervention of your Excellency, in delivering the finished work to the people of the State. It would have been a pleasure to them, if they could have

felt at liberty to anticipate the wishes of the Legislature, or have ventured to ask that your Excellency would gratify your own, by authorizing a more formal celebration than this quiet homestead gathering.

As a few moments will disclose to us, the artist has chosen to present us his illustrious subject in his robes of office, as we saw him when he sat in judgment. The stature is heroic, but, with that exception, the traits of nature are not altered or disguised. The weight of years that bent the venerable form has not been lightened, and the lines of care, and suffering, and thought, are as life traced them. But, unless the master's hand has lost its cunning, we shall see not merely the lineaments we knew, but traces of the soul which illuminated and informed them. The figure has been treated by the artist in the spirit of that noble and absolute simplicity which is the type of the highest order of greatness, and is therefore its grandest, though its most difficult expression, in art. The sculptor deals easily enough with subjects which admit of ornament and illustration, or address the passions or the fancy. The graces he can lend his work—the smiles with which it wins us—the beautiful or joyous images or thoughts with which he can surround it—each is to us an open leaf of the fair poem which he writes in bronze or marble. Like the chorus of a drama, they tell, even for the worst of poets, far more than half his story. Another task indeed it is, to embody in a single image the expression of a great historic life, so that standing severe and apart, it shall be its own interpreter, forever, to the generations of men.

The pathway of a great judge does not lead through the realms of fancy. Neither in reality nor in retrospect is there

much of the flush of imagination upon it or about it. With such a career Art cannot deal, nor History, as with those brilliant lives, which dazzle while they last and are seen only through a halo when they are over. The warrior, the orator, the poet—each in his way—is linked with the imagination or enthusiasm of mankind; and so the broken sword, the unstrung lyre, the shattered column with its cypress wreaths, all have their voices for the common heart. But the atmosphere of pure intellect and dispassionate virtue, serene although it be, is far too cold for ordinary sympathies to live in. The high ministers of human justice are segregated from their fellows, by their very function, which shuts out favor and affection. Fidelity to the obligation which withdraws them from the daily interests and passions and almost from the converse of society, is the patent of their nobility in their great office. The loftier the nature, the more complete its isolation, to the general eye—the fewer the throbs which answer to its pulses.—Such men may be cherished and beloved, in the personal and near relations which are the dearest blessing of all lives. They may be venerated and revered, so that all heads shall be bowed and uncovered when they pass. But they go, when life closes, into the chamber of heroes fated to dwell afar off, only in the memories and minds of men.

When the great citizen whose image is beside us walked, in his daily walk, amid our reverence, the simple beauty of his private life was all before us. We can recall his kindly smile, his open hand, his gracious, gentle speech. The elders of our generation will remember how his stormy nature was subdued, by duty and religion, to the temperance, humility

and patience which we knew. All of us saw and wondered how domestic sorrows, the toils and trials of his station, old age, infirmity of body, ingratitude, injustice, persecution, still left his intellect unclouded, his courage unsubdued, his fortitude unshaken, his calm and lofty resignation and endurance descending to no murmur nor resentment. These things the sculptor is not called to tell to those who shall come after us. The pen of the biographer has worthily recorded them, and just posterity will read what he has written. The image of the Magistrate and Ruler, as the world was wont to see him, is all that the chisel bequeaths to immortality—his image, as History shall see it, when, ashamed of the passions of our day, she shall be once more reconciled with Truth. With this noblest of the tasks of Art, only genius may deal fitly—yet genius has dealt with it, and its difficulties, overcome, are the glory and the triumph of genius.

Thus, then, to-day, sir, the State of Maryland, with grateful reverence and pride, commemorates a life, than which few greater, and none loftier or purer, shall dignify the annals of our country. It was a life coeval with her own, and a part of her own, and she honors what she knew. It was a life of patriotism, of duty, and of sacrifice; a life whose aim and effort, altogether, were to be, and do, and bear, and not to seem. The monument her people rear to it is scarcely less her monument than his to whom it rises. What changes shall roll round it with the rolling seasons; whether it shall survive the free institutions of which Taney was the worshipper and champion, or shall see them grow in stability, security and splendor; whether it shall witness the development and beneficent expansion of the constitutional system

which it was the labor of his life and love to understand and to administer, or shall behold it,

> "Like a circle in the water,
> Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
> Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to naught"—

are questions which men will answer to themselves, according to their hopes or fears—according to their trust, it may be, in the Mercy and Providence of God. But Maryland has done her part for good, in this at least, that she has made imperishable record, for posterity, of the great example of her son. She has builded as it were a shrine to those high civic qualities and public virtues, without which, in their rulers, republics are a sham, and freedom cannot long abide among a people.

It was, I was about to say, the sad mischance—but, in a higher though more painful sense, the privilege and fortune—of Chief Justice Taney, to fill his place in times of revolution and unparalleled convulsion—when blood boiled in the veins of brethren, till it was red upon a million hands. In such a crisis, no man so conspicuous as he, and yet so bound to shun the rancor of the strife, could hope for freedom from distrust and challenge. A soul, brave and tenacious as his was—so sensitive to duty, and so resolute to do it—provoked injustice not to be appeased, and dared reproaches which he might not answer. His constitutional opinions were already part of the recorded jurisprudence of the country, and he could not change them because the tempest was howling. It was the conviction of his life that the Government under which we lived was of limited powers, and that its Constitution had been

framed for war as well as peace. Though he died, therefore, he could not surrender that conviction at the call of the trumpet. He had plighted his troth to the Liberty of the Citizen and the Supremacy of the Laws, and no man could put them asunder. Whatever might be the right of the people to change their Government, or overthrow it, he believed that the duty of the judges was simply to maintain the Constitution, while it lasted, and, if need were, defend it to the death. He knew himself its minister and servant only—not its master—commissioned to obey and not to alter. He stood, therefore, in the very rush of the torrent, and, as he was immovable, it swept over him. He had lived a life so stainless, that to question his integrity was enough to beggar the resources of falsehood and make even shamelessness ashamed. He had given lustre and authority, by his wisdom and learning, to the judgments of the Supreme Tribunal, and had presided over its deliberations with a dignity, impartiality and courtesy which elevated even the administration of justice. Every year of his labors had increased the respect and affection of his brethren and heightened the confidence and admiration of the profession which looked up to him as worthily its chief. And yet he died, traduced and ostracised, and his image was withheld from its place in the chamber which was filled already with his fame.

Against all this, the State of Maryland here registers her protest in the living bronze. She records it in no spirit of resentment or even of contention, but silently and proudly—as her illustrious son, without a word, committed his reputation to the justice of his countrymen. Nor doubts she of the answer that posterity will make to her appeal. Already the

grateful manhood of the people has begun to vindicate itself and him. Already, among those whose passion did him wrong, the voices of the most eminent and worthy have been lifted, in confession of their own injustice and in manly homage to his greatness and his virtues. Already the waters of the torrent have nearly spent their force, and high above them, as they fall, unstained by their pollution and unshaken by their rage, stands where it stood, in grand and reverend simplicity, the august figure of the great Chief Justice!

ADDRESS

ON BEHALF OF THE

LEE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,

DELIVERED AT THE

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, BALTIMORE,

APRIL 10TH, 1875.

ROBERT E. LEE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

THE ladies, at whose invitation you are here this evening, have honored me by their command to state the scope and purpose of the work in which they solicit you to join them. But for the deference to which their wishes and opinions are entitled, I should have ventured to believe the task a needless one, for I am sure the feelings which induce your presence have already spoken to you with a deep impressiveness, to which I can add neither pathos nor power. There are names which in themselves are a history and a consecration—themes which are their own eloquent interpreters beyond speech or writing—and who is there that can add a word or a thought to the story, when, to those who are around me, I name the name and call up the memory of LEE?

More than four years have gone, since the great citizen and soldier was called to his reward. He would, himself, have coveted no prouder resting-place than the green bosom of his mother State—no monument beyond the love and the remembrance of the people he had loved and served. But

the gratitude and devotion of the living refused to be measured by the humility of the dead; and it was at once determined, by his followers in arms, to mark the grave of their illustrious leader by some fitting and permanent memorial. An eminent sculptor of Richmond, Mr. Edward V. Valentine, well known, by reputation, through the country, was accordingly invited to assist in carrying out their wishes. The choice was, in all respects, appropriate, the artist being not only of unquestionable genius, skill and cultivation, but full of enthusiasm in his art, and with that high sense of its nobility and dignity, without which none can pass beyond the outer places of its temple. These qualities existing in the sculptor, it was doubly meet he should be chosen, so that the tomb of the great Virginian should be modelled by the reverent and loving hand of a son of the same mother. Mr. Valentine's design of a recumbent figure of the hero, was accepted by the Memorial Association in the early summer of 1871, but the model was not finished in plaster until late in the ensuing winter. The statue itself, which is of marble, and of rather more than the size of life, received the last touches of the chisel but a few days since, and was exhibited to the public in Richmond, where it created the profoundest sensation. It appears to have commanded the admiration not only of the many, with whom devotion might naturally have stood in the place of criticism, but of those as well whose taste and culture entitle them to render authoritative judgment.

The task of the sculptor was a difficult and grave one, but he has shown himself equal to it. His conception and its execution are severely simple. The hero is lying in his

uniform, as if in sleep, upon his narrow soldier's bed. His posture is natural and easy. One hand is on his bosom, and touches, unconsciously and gently, "the drapery of his couch." The other is lying by his side, where it has fallen, and rests upon his sword. The portraiture is perfect, as to form no less than feature. The whole expression is that of tranquil and absolute repose. But it is not the sleep of death and nothingness, when the soul is gone, nor yet of bodily exhaustion, with its "dumb forgetfulness." It is the repose of physical power, unshaken though dormant—of manly grace, most graceful when at rest—of noble faculties, alive and sovereign, though still. It is a presence in which men stand, uncovered and in silence—half listening for the voice—He "is not dead, but sleepeth."

The remains of General Lee were deposited and are now resting beneath the chapel of Washington and Lee University, at Lexington, Virginia, in a chamber designed by him for a library. The place is altogether unsuited for the monument proposed, which is to consist not only of the figure I have attempted to describe, but of an appropriate sarcophagus, in marble, on which the statue is to rest. There is neither light enough nor sufficient elevation in the apartment, which, in its style and appointments besides, is altogether out of keeping with the work of the artist, and unworthy to receive it. It has therefore been determined to erect a separate and suitable memorial building or mausoleum, upon ground which the University has placed at the disposal of the Association, not far from the spot where the great life it will commemorate was ended. In this good work it is, that you are asked to share.

Apart from the wishes of the family of General Lee, who desire that his remains shall lie in the peaceful and scholastic shades to which he retired from the gratitude and admiration of his people, there is eminent propriety in this selection of his final resting-place. Had he died upon the field of fame and battle, amid "the thunder of the captains and the shouting"—had he gone home, victor in some crowning and decisive fight, as he was victor in so many that were so very glorious—it might have been well to lay him where men come and go—a leader of men among men, still ruling their spirits from his urn.—But such was not his death or fortune. The calm, self-sacrificing, upright, unrepining gentleman—

"Who wore no less a loving face, because so broken-hearted"—

humble before God and without enmity to men; bending the faculties that might have swayed a realm, to schemes of quiet usefulness and unpraised toil; silent before slander and insult; unmoved by threat and falsehood; teaching, by noble precept and example, the duty of submission, as he had nobly taught and led resistance and defiance, while resistance was a duty—this was the hero who died at Lexington, giving the lesson of a greatness that was far above his glory. On the field of that greatness he laid down his life, and on it he should rest. To his fame it is nothing where he sleeps. To the State that bore him—having borne him—it matters almost as little. Could she have buried him at Arlington, as was her right and his, she would have blended the memories of Washington and Lee with the sacred associations of their homes. At Lexington, their names at least are joined together, and there the pilgrims from Mount Vernon to

the shrine your hands will help to build, may lay their offerings on the grave of Jackson also.

WASHINGTON, LEE, JACKSON!

"dust, which is
Even in itself, an immortality!"

There are before me, doubtless, some, who pay their willing tribute to the great Confederate soldier, yet sympathize in nothing with the cause to which he gave his heart and genius. They see, in his career and character, those traits which true men love and honor, no matter in what cause displayed. They share the admiration which his name awakens, in the wise and brave and good, the wide world over. Their pride grows warm and high, when they remember that they are his brethren—that his fame will be the treasure of their country and the heritage of their own children, so long as they shall live in a free land and share its glories. It is in the inspiration of this reverence for what is pure and noble—the perpetual suggestion of this brotherhood and common pride, the obliteration of animosities, the bringing of men's hearts together, upon lofty common ground—that the memory of the illustrious dead is a beneficent and living power. Its influence, first felt by the bravest and the best of those who were his foes, when swords were crossed, is now confined no longer to party or to section. It has awakened magnanimity and softened resentment almost everywhere. It has helped to break the spell of prejudice and passion, and make men feel how narrow, false and very mean a thing it is, to call opinion crime. I look upon this influence as of the happiest

augury. I trust, nay, I believe the time is not far off, when the great struggle, which ended at Appomatox, will be regarded by the people of all America in the light of what it was, and not of what violence and falsehood, in high places and in low places, have found it their interest to call it. I look for the returning sense of self-respect as well as justice, in the country, to blot out from its laws and its judicial decisions, not long hereafter, the opprobrious epithets by which it is still the fashion to disgrace them, when the Confederate war is mentioned. I persuade myself it will not be long, before all intelligent and honorable men—without abating one jot or tittle of their own convictions, or of their honest pride in having fought victoriously to maintain them—will begin to feel that the wearisome and insulting cant about "rebels" and the "rebellion," and "treason" and "traitors," is altogether unworthy of them, and should be relegated to the pot-houses and their demagogues. I know that such already is the feeling in hosts of bosoms scarred in honorable fight, and it is a feeling that must grow and spread, because it is just and manly, and because manhood and justice are inherent in the race from which we chiefly spring, and, though they may be reached but slowly, sometimes, are certain to be reached at last.

Let me not be misunderstood. Of course no Southern man has right or reason to complain of those who thought that wrong, which he thought right. Believing that a separate government was his plain right, when he might choose to have it, he may not quarrel with the opposite convictions of his countrymen, who thought, and with sincerity as deep as his, that the Union was a priceless right of theirs, and were

therefore ready to immolate him for it, as well as sacrifice themselves. But he has the right to ask that the honesty of his convictions, the sincerity of his patriotism, the good faith of his sacrifices, shall not be doubted or denied, any more than theirs. He is entitled to demand that no enemy shall put a tongue into his wounds—"poor, poor dumb mouths," and make them lie. It was melancholy beyond words, that political differences between brethren—the citizens of a republic whose government rested on consent—could not be settled without blood. But they were political differences nevertheless, and they were nothing more. They were the expression of political principles, concerning which parties and sections had been long divided, and which separated the best and wisest of the land, long before their antagonism was startled into strife. One side may have been right and the other wrong, or there may have been right and wrong with both—but neither could question, with truth, the sincerity of the other; and only fanaticism and folly, upon either side can deny it to the other, now. I speak of the true men, upon both sides, for they only are worth considering, on either. There is something marvellous, if not inconceivable, in the belief which some people, otherwise sane, profess to entertain, that a man is, mentally or morally, better or worse for his sincere political opinions—better or worse because he is a monarchist instead of a republican—because he favors State rights or thinks them sinful; that it was profligacy to believe secession constitutional or in any way defensible, and virtuous to believe the contrary; that to be "loyal" was to pass into the communion of saints, and to be "disloyal" was to forfeit, in the act, the prestige of the loftiest and purest

life. While blood was hot and flowing, such madness might have passed for reason. War over—ten years gone—it is but drivelling folly, without the dignity of madness. And yet to-day, this "clotted nonsense" (as Dr. Johnson would have called it, in any body but himself) is standing or is thrust in the way of justice, among thousands of honest and good people; and, standing in the way of justice, is in the way also of that perfect reconciliation and mutual trust, which will never come, until justice shall be frankly done by the victors to the vanquished. The men who fought in the same cause with Lee, and all whose hearts were with them, are bound in honor to abide by the arbitrament they sought. They are bound to accept defeat and its legitimate consequences, in as good faith as they would have accepted victory. They are bound to obey the laws and support the constitution; to fulfil, to the letter, every duty of citizenship, and answer freely every call of patriotic obligation. But they are not bound to defile the ashes of their dead, or to submit, in silence, to injustice or dishonor. They may have been wrong. That is fair matter of opinion, and posterity will judge them. They may have been unwise. There is no absolute criterion, on earth, of what is wise; and none of us have reason to think, like the friends of holy Job, that we are the people, and that wisdom shall die with us. But the men of the South are entitled to stand before mankind as a people, who, believing they were right and acting with what wisdom they knew, set hope and existence on the die. They have a right to resent and denounce imputations on their purposes and motives. When they read in political journals and discourses, or hear, from the halls of legislation

or the bench of justice, that for eight millions of free-born men to separate themselves from a popular government, of which they formed a part, and set up and be governed by another which they preferred, was "wicked rebellion"—an effort to overthrow society and turn back the current of civilization—they have a right to say that the time has come, when educated people should be ashamed of such things. They are the froth of the angry waters and should have passed away with the storm. Until they cease to sully the stream, the serenity of peace and brotherhood can never be reflected, like heaven, from its bosom.

Such devices and phrases are not new. They are as old as foolishness and foul language. I have before me a copy which Mr. Parton has furnished, from a Tory "Extra" of 1777, chronicling the retreat of Washington across the Harlem River, and denouncing the cause in which he was enlisted as "the most wicked, daring and unnatural rebellion that ever disgraced the annals of history." The ingenuity and eloquence of our own day, with all the modern improvements, have not been able, I believe, to add a single epithet to this pleasing expression of by-gone loyalty. And yet, ten years after it was written, or at all events after the Revolution was over, I am sure that all reasonable tories, and certainly all sensible Englishmen, would have agreed to laugh at it and forget it. We are ourselves about to demonstrate, by a Centennial commemoration, how entirely nature has recovered from the shock which that "rebellion" was supposed to have given her. True, it was successful, and that unquestionably makes some difference—but only with time-servers. We are dealing, now, with moralists,

and they will never, I suppose, suggest that wickedness ceases to be wicked, because the horn of the ungodly happens to be exalted. If Grant had surrendered to Lee, they would still have died in the conviction, that secession was a heresy; that the ways of Providence were inscrutable, if not unconstitutional (according to Story's Commentaries); and that truth and reason are not questions of numbers, artillery or ammunition.

I make these observations here, in no spirit of unkindness or contention. You would resent, and with justice, the intrusion of past or present controversial issues, upon an occasion dedicated only to reverent and gentle memories of the dead. But I feel, in common with all to whom those memories are dear, that silence concerning such things as I have mentioned is no longer consistent with proper self-respect. So long as the bitterness of party can be profitably stirred by the worn-out catch-words of the war, we must of course expect to hear them from the lips of those to whom profit is a compensation for shame. But we have a right to appeal from these to the men who lead opinion, because they are worthy and entitled to lead it. We have a right to throw upon them the responsibility which belongs to their influence, their intelligence,—nay, their breeding and their manners. And for saying this, respectfully but earnestly and frankly, I know no better occasion than the present, when we are honoring one, who, though a "rebel" of "rebels," if there were any such, was, by common consent, the soul of honor, and than whom no man living dares to say that he or his are purer or better. And, when I remember how his generous and unselfish nature would have scorned to place upon a

lower level than his own, the purposes and motives of the humblest of the soldiers who gave all to the same cause and the same country—living or dying, in defeat or victory, half-naked in the field, half-famished on the march and in the camp, but heroes always — I feel as if I did his bidding, in this earnest protest against further maligning their good name.

And here I am permitted, by the kindness of a friend, to read some extracts from a letter of the illustrious soldier, which has never seen the light before, and which will show through what sad struggles, of both heart and mind, he passed to what he felt to be his duty. I doubt not—nay, I know—that many a gallant gentleman who fought beside him, and many another in the opposing host, grieved, with as deep a grief as Lee, to draw his sword. The letter that I speak of bears the date of January 16th, 1861, and was written from Fort Mason, near San Antonio, in Texas. It was addressed to a young lady, a relative of his, for whom he had great affection, and the passages of which I speak were written as a message to her father. Alluding to the homes of two families of friends, he said:

"I think of the occupants of both, very often, and hope, some day, to see them again. I may have the opportunity soon; for, if the Union is dissolved, I shall return to Virginia to share the fortune of my people. But before so great a calamity befalls the country, I hope all honorable means of maintaining the Constitution and the equal rights of the people will be first exhausted. Tell your father he must not allow Maryland to be tacked on to South Carolina, before the just demands of the South have been fairly presented to

the North and rejected. Then, if the rights guarantied by the Constitution are denied us, and the citizens of one portion of the country are granted privileges not extended to the other, we can, with a clear conscience, separate. I am for maintaining all our rights, not for abandoning all for the sake of one. Our national rights, liberty at home and security abroad, our lands, navy, forts, dockyards, arsenals and institutions of every kind. It will result in war I know, fierce, bloody war. But so will secession, for it is revolution and war at last, and cannot be otherwise, and we might as well look at it in its true character. There is a long message, A——, for your father, and a grave one, which I had not intended to put in my letter to you, but it is a subject on which my serious thoughts often turn, for, as an American citizen, I prize my government and country highly, and there is no sacrifice I am not willing to make for their preservation, save that of honor. I trust there is wisdom and patriotism enough in the country to save them, for I cannot anticipate so great a calamity to the nation as the dissolution of the Union."

Alas! alas! that the hand which wrote those touching, anxious words, was not near enough to the helm to avert the shipwreck! Alas! alas! that no voice should have been lifted in the land, potent enough to bid the whirlwind stay! Who lacked the wisdom—who lacked the patriotism—which Lee invoked, it is not for me, in this place at least, to say. If they existed, they were dumb and helpless, and the whirlwind came. But I have read enough to you, to show the stuff of which some men were made whom they call "rebels"—enough to show that they who fought, at last, against the

Union, were not always they who loved it least, or would, least willingly, have died to save it.

I have spoken, Ladies and Gentlemen, of our hero's character and life, as they attract the admiration of mankind—of the qualities which enemies and friends may venerate alike. It would be unmanly affectation in me to pretend that, here in Maryland, we loved him and remember him chiefly for these. We are proud of the great name—as proud as any—but the household word is dearer far to us. His story and his memory are linked with all the hopes and triumphs, the exultation and despair, which made a century of those four bitter, bloody, torturing years. He was to us the incarnation of his Cause—of what was noblest in it, and knightliest, and best. Whatever of perplexity beset his path before he chose it, he knew no doubts, when it was chosen. He followed where it led him, knowing no step backward. Along it, through victory and defeat, our sympathies and prayers went with him. Around him gathered the fresh, valiant manhood of our State, and many a brave young heart that ceased to beat beside him, drew him but closer to the bleeding hearts in all our saddened homes. These are the ties that bind him to us. These are the memories that troop around us here, to-night—not of the far-off hero, belonging to the world and history—but memories of our hero—ours—the man that wore the Gray! Not in the valley where he sleeps, not among the fields he made immortal, lives he, or will he live, in fonder recollections, than where Calvert planted freedom.

"And far and near, through vale and hill,
Are faces that attest the same;

The proud heart flashing through the eyes,
At sound of his loved name."

And when they tell us, as they do, those wiser, better brethren of ours—and tell the world, to make it history—that this, our Southern civilization, is half barbarism, we may be pardoned if we answer: Behold its product and its representative! "Of thorns men do not gather figs, nor of a bramble-bush gather they grapes." Here is Robert Lee—show us his fellow!

ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE

THE SCHOOLS OF ART AND DESIGN

OF THE

MARYLAND INSTITUTE,

JUNE 4, 1881.

ART IN EDUCATION.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

ON the 13th day of March, 1851, at the request of the Board of Managers of the Maryland Institute for the Promotion of the Mechanic Arts, I had the honor to deliver the address at the laying of the corner-stone of the edifice in which we are now assembled. It was an occasion of great public interest, particularly manifested by the class under whose auspices and for whose especial benefit the Institute was organized. There comes to me a refreshing odor as of far-off incense, when I read, from the newspaper reports of the day following, that the speaker was "repeatedly interrupted," during the delivery of his discourse, "by the applause of his *ten thousand* listeners." The historical accuracy and value of this part of the record may perhaps be slightly qualified, in the opinion of some, by the statement which immediately follows, that the "ten thousand" in question "seemed to regret the close of the eloquent remarks" which they are said to have applauded. Candor, indeed, compels me to admit, for the benefit of rising orators, that such regrets on the part of audiences have not been universal, in the somewhat extended experience of the speaker; and, if the reporters

of that day were accurate, as I am bound to believe, in their finding on the facts, it is only additional and striking evidence of the public sympathy which attended the enterprise then starting into life. There was, in truth, much enthusiasm among us all, at the time, and there were high and confident hopes—shared fully by the speaker with his hearers—that the institution, for which they were building a dwelling place, would be prominent among the beneficent and civilizing agencies by which our community was to be elevated and developed. Of the conspicuous and valuable citizens, who were the early friends and promoters of the Institute and who manifested their interest in it by their presence on the occasion, there are but few now left. The able and energetic president of that day—the venerable Joshua Vansant—is happily still among us, his capacity for usefulness unimpaired by the labors of a long life of responsibility and duty, most honorably met and faithfully discharged. My friend and professional brother, Mr. John H. B. Latrobe, whose varied and remarkable accomplishments and gifts seem to grow brighter, from their constant and earnest application to all purposes of practical utility, is still as active and assiduous in the unpaid service of our people, as when he delivered the address before the Institute, in 1848, at the opening of its first annual exhibition at Washington Hall. But, when I look over the list of the then officers and members of the Institute, and see how little there remains of what constituted its vitality and gave it its impulse in those days, I vividly realize—what, indeed, the flight of thirty years sufficiently suggests—that it is now face to face with the ideas and demands, of not only a new generation, but a new and

different community. It provokes a smile to remember with what innocent self-complacency we dwelt, in 1851, upon the contrast between the wonderful Baltimore of that day, and the Baltimore which had surrounded the place where our corner-stone was laid, when it was simply a marsh, in the memory of men then living. Nor were we a whit less confident of the importance which was before us, as a city, than proud of our superiority to the past. We had great ideas of our prospects, and expressed them, after the local and not altogether disused fashion, without much diffidence. I am afraid that then, as now, we "discounted" our greatness a little—as the phrase is—going into debt to the future and to hope, without being as careful as we might, to provide a sinking fund for the redemption of our promises. Of course we have done wonders, since then, as a city, but not half as many as we might have done, with greater enterprise and more concentrated and united effort. In spite of the surprising disclosures of our sesqui-centennial celebration, our needs are yet many, and our efforts must be great, if we would increase, or even maintain, the rate of our progress. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that we have provided, in one way or another, and with more or less completeness, for several of the necessities which cried aloud for help when the Mechanics' Institute was founded.

Our admirable public school system now offers, with open hands, to the mechanical classes, as to all others, the best advantages of liberal, thorough and cheap education, with no narrow limits. The bounty of the late Mr. Peabody has given to our people, at the Institute which bears his name, one of the noblest and amplest libraries of reference which

can be found within the Union. A large and beautiful collection of the best models of ancient sculpture is already on exhibition in the halls at that Institute, and its department of art, long dormant from deficiency of revenue, will soon be in condition, it is hoped, to offer some opportunities to students which the city has not hitherto afforded. Under the endowment of the late Mr. Hopkins, a university has sprung up recently among us, which is already marching to the front among the great schools of the world. Quite apart from its importance to the country and society at large, as an active and productive agent in the increase and diffusion of human knowledge, it has to us, as a community, a special and double value, in the stimulus which its presence and influence have given and must give to the intellectual tastes and habits of our people. Of course, there will not be music everywhere, simply because the God Pan is in the reeds. The mere presence of a great institution of learning cannot make a community learned or wise—though some excellent people appear to think, or at all events to hope so, and seem disposed to sit still, in their ascension-robes, and wait for the change. And yet it cannot be but that an association of men of the highest order of learning and ability, conscientiously and actively devoted to the search after truth and knowledge, in every department of human thought and inquiry, must perpetually radiate something of the light and heat of their own spirit and example into the intellectual atmosphere about them. There is scarcely a man of intellectual turn among us who has not felt this from the university, already, and welcomed it with all his heart. I do not think it over-sanguine to anticipate a time, not far removed, when this indirect influ-

ence of the Hopkins foundation—apart, as has been said, from its direct impression as a teacher—will be traced, among all classes of our citizens, in a higher and more general appreciation of intellectual culture, and in habits of more accurate and studious thought. When men are habitually measured by a higher standard, they will come, in time, to measure themselves by it; and self-love will at last suggest that reform which, intellectually at least (however doctors may differ about it in politics), is always best and surest, when it is spontaneous "within the party." With its large resources and bountiful equipment, the University has thus provided for a want which the founders of the Institute, in their most sanguine moments, could never have hoped to meet, except in the most limited and special way. It has provided further, by its courses of free lectures, for a demand which the Institute at first endeavored to supply, but to which its restricted means soon proved unequal. The lectures at the Peabody Institute have also come liberally in aid of the same purpose. The Mechanics' Institute of to-day has, therefore, the advantage of a narrower field of obligation than that which was before it when its duties were assumed. But its obligations are none the less imperative because they are fewer. Its capacity for usefulness has grown with its ability to concentrate its means and efforts, and define and simplify its aims.

For many years after its establishment, the annual fairs or exhibitions of the Institute absorbed a good deal of its energy—at first, with excellent results, but later on, without great acceptance or much evidence of practical utility. Some of them were very interesting and creditable displays, and

there were occasions when they brought together some of the newest and cleverest inventions and most ingenious mechanics of the country. But to make them generally popular—or, perhaps, I should more accurately say—to make them pay—there was a gradual departure from the strict line of their mechanical specialty. It is mortifying to admit, that in so large and thriving a community there should have been a necessity for this, but, as I shall presently take leave to observe, with more particularity, it was not an unusual experience among us. It must be admitted that, from the beginning, the Institute was wont to travel somewhat ambitiously, in its exhibitions, into the domain of what was supposed to be "high art." The results, for the most part, it is no unkindness now to say, were, perhaps, more entertaining than instructive. I may be permitted, however, to recall an incident, not altogether without interest and value in its way, which shows that these little ostentations were in the right direction and sometimes bore good fruit.

In November, 1851, the new hall of the Institute, in which we are, was already sufficiently completed for the holding of the yearly exhibition. It was then the largest edifice in the whole country which was devoted exclusively to the advancement of the mechanic arts. Under the impulse of the warm and energetic feeling which had caused its erection, the first exhibition held in it was so great and genuine a success that it may well be remembered with pride. Among the objects presented—"deposited," it was called—were a large number which had been benevolently classified, in the catalogue, under the head of "The Fine Arts." Of the committee of judges on that class I had the undeserved honor to be chairman.

While considering, with mingled wonder and despair, the multitude of hopeless aspirations after immortality, in paint and canvas, with which they had to deal kindly, the committee had their attention attracted and their minds relieved by a singular-looking little contribution, which was humble enough in its pretensions and appeared to have been shelved, in the background, by some one, who no doubt honestly regarded that as the proper place for it. Upon examination, we found that it was a copy, or rather, an imitation, in bas-relief, of a well-known picture by Teniers. The material, as well as I remember, was the building marble of Baltimore county, and the entire work comprised frame as well as picture, in one piece. Although the treatment was not very skilful, and the material did not lend much attraction to the sculptor's modest effort, it required but a glance, to see that the longing and the aspiration of the artist were there, and that there was promise of a name and a future in the touch of the untrained hand. Upon inquiry, we found that it was the work of a young and unknown mechanic in the city, a journeyman stone-cutter, who was altogether without artistic education or the means of acquiring it. It was not in the power of the committee to do more than encourage the ambition which the Institute had no means of fostering; but we did our best, by rendering the judgment which I take leave to read you, from the contemporary records of the Institute.

"No. 801. The work, which, in our judgment, possesses the highest degree of artistic excellence, among those admitted to competition, is the bas-relief, in marble, from Teniers' 'Smokers,' cut and deposited by Mr. William H. Rinehart.

The committee consider the artist as entitled to the most favorable notice and the highest reward."

Immediately following, on the record, is the action of the Committee on Awards:

"801. William H. Rinehart, at Mr. Baughman's, for a *basso-relievo* in marble from Teniers' 'Smokers,' gold medal."

I had not the honor of a personal acquaintance with Mr. Rinehart until long after, when he was at the height of his reputation, and as near the zenith of his delightful genius as life permitted him to reach. It was after he had returned to his home, in 1872, to erect at Annapolis, under a commission from his native State, his noble statue of our great Chief-Justice. Circumstances threw me into close relation with him, which soon led to cordial friendship, and in the freedom of our intercourse I one day said to him, that we had been acquaintances longer than he knew. When I gave him the explanation, which he asked, he manifested the deepest sensibility, and told me, with much emotion, that it was impossible for me fully to appreciate the influence of the simple incident which I recalled, upon his hopes and his career. It was, he said, the earliest public recognition of his right to believe that there was something in him, and he owed more than he could express, to the pride and encouragement it gave him, in his poverty and toil. I confess that, ever since, I have ceased to think of the "fine arts" of the older Institute, with the levity which they once inspired. Whole acres of bad canvas were worth enduring—nay, even worth exhibiting—for the sake of that one tender shoot of genius, watered in its struggle with the clods.

And this brings me to the more practical considerations which belong to the present occasion, and which I trust you will pardon my delay in reaching.

In the allusions which have just been made to the art exhibitions of the Institute in former years, it has, of course, been as far as possible from my purpose or disposition, to disparage such displays when made under proper conditions. But art, without school and teaching, is in all its forms the most baseless of fabrics; and the necessity of labor, which is the first lesson to be taught, brings with it, as its universal concomitant, the obligation to wait. To offer general encouragement to the display of crude and uneducated effort, is perhaps the most effective method, in most cases, of stifling what might be talent, by submerging it in the pleasant and perfumed waters of self-satisfaction. Nothing need be said, I am sure, of the effect which is likely to be produced upon the unformed artistic tastes of a community, by the distribution of prizes which must go, for lack of better, to works which have their only merit from comparison with others that are worse. It was not, however, for want of good intentions, or of knowing how they should be carried out, that the Institute failed, for so many years, in this part of its purposes. Teachers and schools are not, in all respects at least, like those exquisite plants we know of, which blossom and are fragrant on no better diet than the air. It is idle and absurd to calculate upon producing noteworthy results in art education, or in education of any sort, with scanty means. There must be good and abundant models, and all sufficient materials and appliances, in the hands of competent teachers, who are paid what their ability and use-

fulness deserve, so that they may dedicate their whole time and talents to their work, and do it with all their might. Individual poverty, of course, can only do the best it may, but public institutions, which assume a duty to the public and are expected to discharge it, cannot live upon half rations. It is our duty, as we all know, and it makes us better, to pray and be thankful for our daily bread; but a sad heart and a weary mind must come from always thinking of it. And so it is, with institutions like that with which we are concerned to-night. If gentlemen are willing, as their officers, to give time and service, without reward, to the public interests which they promote, it is the duty of the public to meet them half way. They ought not to be hampered by inadequate resources, or disheartened by the vain effort to accomplish their work with only half the necessary tools. Their teachers, I repeat, should be liberally, and in all contingencies fairly, provided for. Their pupils should be tempted to labor and learn, by all the facilities and appliances which make such labor a delight and give to it speed and progress. They should never, for an instant, be kept down from excellence, by lack of example or of guidance, or of help to reach it. Neither officer nor teacher nor pupil should have his hands tied, or even hindered, in his work, by mean economies. It is because the Institute has never been thus favored—or, to speak more properly, because, in this regard, it has never been fairly dealt with—that it has fallen so far short, from time to time, in the attainment of what was hoped from it by its founders.

It is in view of this, that the admirable exhibition which we are now closing is so much a marvel, and that all to

whom we owe it are so much entitled to the thanks of the community. I call it admirable, not for the sake of saying a pleasant and a kindly thing, for I should have no right to say it here, even as a compliment, unless it were deserved. It is not that the works exhibited are perfect, or pretend to be. It is not so much that the order of their excellence is high, although the merit of many of them is undoubtedly remarkable. It is that study and care and progress are visible in almost all of them, and conspicuous and striking in many. It is that they afford indisputable proof of thorough and skilful teaching, and excellent and general capacity to learn. It is impossible, I think, for any man, with an intelligent appreciation of such things, to have examined the specimens exhibited, without having his interest in the Institute deepened and his desire to serve it excited. And these specimens, too, are not "deposits"—as in former days—the efforts of ambitious exhibitors. They are the school's own daily, actual work, as it comes from the hands of its pupils. They are the showing of what two years have done for it, under many disadvantages, and of how much more and better it could do, if its hands were strengthened as they should be.

When I said, a few moments ago, that the experience of the Institute, in this latter particular, was not a novelty in Baltimore, it was with regret, but with a strong conviction that the truth on that subject, whether flattering, or agreeable, or the contrary, ought to be spoken plainly and without reserve, on an occasion like the present. The imputation of presumption, which may possibly attach to speaking it, should not hinder its utterance by any man who is fit to be heard. The truth then, undoubtedly, is, that the past history of

Baltimore, and indeed of Maryland, has not been one of liberality to institutions of benevolence, or education, or general usefulness. I do not speak of legislative or municipal liberality, nor is either in my mind. I speak of individual liberality—of the willingness of our citizens to contribute, of their own means, and according to their means, to such institutions as I have described—institutions which cannot be used for patronage, for power, or for influence, and from which he who gives them endowment can expect no other return, than that which comes to him in common with the rest of the community. Until of late years, it is true that we have had among us but few really great fortunes. Even now, the number is of course far smaller in Baltimore than in many other cities—less, in fact, than in several of its own class and population. But the community has always been a prosperous one, when it chose to be; and no one remembers the time when there were not rich men among us, who had abundance and to spare. It is a city of very large wealth to-day, and there is great ability to give, among its people—supposing, always, the desire to give. And yet we can readily count, upon our fingers, all the large endowments which have ever been bestowed upon public institutions in Baltimore. One would be sorry to think, and should be slow to believe, that this has arisen from a greater unwillingness to part with money than exists elsewhere. In many ways, our people are proverbially free-handed, and we all know how prodigally, at times, their money has followed their sympathies. Their backwardness in the matter to which I am referring arises very obviously, it seems to me, from other causes. They have never sufficiently appreciated the value and force of

co-operative effort, even in their business enterprises. Their energies have almost always taken an individual direction. Without reproaching them with too strict an adherence to the Franklinian religion of "every man *for* himself," it cannot be denied that their method has too generally been that of "every man *by* himself." And so, in those matters of public utility, apart from business and profit, which are committed elsewhere to institutions especially organized and endowed, they have been guided by the same false principle, and have fallen into the same unwise and unprogressive practice. Indeed, a closer analysis would most probably demonstrate that it is matter of habit, mainly, and that neither principle nor calculation has much to do with it. But whatever it be, and whatever it may cost our pride to be frank about it, it is provincial altogether, and not metropolitan. It is pardonable in a village or a town, but is unworthy of a great and prosperous community, with such capabilities and such a possible future as ours. It becomes us to know, and to act as if we knew, that there are some things of largest import to us, outside and beyond our daily work and business, for which we must not lean on legislation, and which we cannot trust to individual zeal and unorganized effort. The subject is one of large scope, in itself and its suggestions, but this is not the place to deal with it, except in so far as it touches the special occasion.

While, however, we assume, upon the one hand, that it is the duty of the citizen—a duty coupled with his broadest and best interests as such—to promote and give his aid to public institutions which have large public and social purposes to serve, it must be conceded, on the other, that he has the right

to scrutinize and be satisfied before he gives. Every organization which calls for public support is bound to show cause why it should exist and be kept alive, and it is because this Institute has no fear of such challenge, that I speak so earnestly for it to-night. I have already endeavored to show how and why its aims and purposes have grown fewer and more definite, in the progress of time. At present, the clever, indefatigable men by whom it is directed have wisely confined their efforts, for the most part, to its development as a school of art and design, with chief and especial reference to instruction in industrial art. There was a time, doubtless, in the memory of some of us, when argument might have been required, to satisfy a promiscuous audience, anywhere in the United States, that art, in any of its applications or departments, was other than a dilletanteism at best, if not a wasteful luxury. Mr. DuMaurier's "Cimabue Browns," if they had been known in that day, would have been pretty generally accepted as the genuine type of all art worshipers. Even the word "æsthetics," however, had not then been invented. Many of us can remember when an American crowd, on the most jubilant occasions, was indeed very dismal as to its raiment, and when the bright and charming colors, with which beauty, like the earth and sky, now makes itself more beautiful and us more thankful, were looked on, even by those who were no Puritans, with some suspicion of the "Scarlet letter." Happily, however, that geological period has passed. Art is now everywhere—in the gallery of the man of taste and wealth; in the public edifice and the private dwelling; in the fabrics that we wear, the books that we read and the furniture that we use—in the show-fronts of

the shops, the handbills and circulars of trade, and the very placards on the street corners. The Christmas toy-book of your children is now a work of genius. There is a world of grace and beauty under Kate Greenaway's window, which would have dazzled the whole "growing infancy" of the first half of the century. Much more of genuine art is in the castings of a poor man's stove, to-day, than hung, begilt, upon the walls of many a rich man's dwelling, in years we can recall. The "trumpet-muzzled" pitcher, or ewer, of past times, which we may see, even yet, in the grimy repose of the second-hand furniture shops, is now supplanted, in the humblest of our homes, by a vase, which, though it be of the cheapest and coarsest material, has all the lines of Grecian or Etruscan grace. The commonest utensils of our household service have now a beauty of form and of color, which were once taken to be possible only in things of great price. Think of the decorations of our public conveyances, and conceive, if you can, on what prophetic soul the dream of an Eastlake coach could have dawned, in the days when our corner-stone was laid. What gardener would then have dared to frighten a lawn or a terrace from its propriety, by painting his flower tubs bright scarlet? Some unprincipled person once undertook to classify the practice of the law as one of the "arts of design." However that may be, it certainly was not a decorative art, when I first knew it. In the office of the lawyer, as in the counting-room of the merchant, the prime object seemed to be, to exclude everything which might suggest that the occupants could possibly have a taste of any description. They went as near as could be to Tom Paine's libel on the Society of Friends—that if they

had had the coloring of creation, they would have made it all drab. We have got the better of that greatly nowadays, I am glad to say; and there are merchants and lawyers both, who are unlike the old time children of Israel, in this, at least, that they do not "make them dens."

All this means something, I fancy. It does not mean that we are a people of artists. It is very far from meaning that we have learned to know art and to judge it as only they who know it can. But it does mean that to a people who, in their struggle with the wilderness, thought only of conquering it, and, in their struggle for predominance and wealth, thought only of winning them, there has come, in the hour of their greatness and success, a revelation of the beauty and splendor which may illuminate and glorify this work-day world. They may still testify their sense of these imperfectly and poorly; they may accept the false, for a time, and think it true; but the day at least of their insensibility and unconsciousness, is over. What contented them once will content them no longer. They have learned that the senses have pleasures, of the simplest sort, which elevate and refine, and the delight of those pleasures they will not forego. If they cannot have the best art, they will have the best they can, and for them, henceforward, the hand of the artisan must catch a spark from the hand of the artist. Whether this is a blessing, or is not, is a question which I should be ashamed to discuss. But whatever else it be, it is a fact, and must be dealt with as such. The only practical question is whether we can afford to despise it. Can we let our people go untaught of the arts of construction and design, when all the sister communities with which we rank ourselves are

straining every nerve to teach them? Are the mechanic arts so small an element in our prosperity, that we can safely let them run or rust in the worn-out grooves of thirty years ago? When the demand all around us is for skilled workmen, are we to settle down to workmen without skill? Are the people who are born to the necessity of labor, to be furnished with no means of lightening and refining it? Do the best we may, we can never dispense altogether with the proletary and the drudge; but, in Heaven's name, let us help him, if we can, to the means of being something better—let us make the hewers of wood and drawers of water as few as may be. This is not only the duty of a republican and Christian community, but its best interest as well. Think of the weariness that will be lightened by art-labor, to those who are weak and yet must toil. Think of the penniless and helpless women, who will have pleasant and congenial work, away from rude contact and piteous temptation. Think of the young men of poor estate, whose tastes will be developed, whose natures will be refined, and to whom avenues of independence, and perhaps distinction, will be opened. Can any man look another in the face and say that these things are not to be coveted? And yet, how shall we attain them? The children of toil cannot educate themselves. Of the many even to whom work brings comfort, it brings the means of but little more. As maturity comes on, the son takes up the father's tools, and his education, for the most part, ends. What the workshop teaches him, more or less rudely, he learns, and little else. Unless some one helps him to improvement and development, it is only exceptionally that he ever reaches them. Individual help may serve in

individual cases, it is true; but a large and public need can only be supplied by public effort and the public hand.

Now, what has this community attempted in that direction? Macaulay reports Sir William Maule as wont to say, that "private schools make poor creatures and public schools sad dogs." But what of no schools at all? In this city of ours and this year of grace, there is not one single public academy of art, of any sort, except that within whose almost naked walls we are. The elementary instruction in drawing which is given in our public schools, is necessarily limited, and a large portion of the pupils are compelled to leave them at an early age, as the report of the commissioners explains, in order to learn trades for their future support. There is no public institution where mechanical, or architectural, or decorative drawing, or drawing or modelling from nature or from casts, is pretended to be thoroughly taught, and especially to adults. That there is no place of public instruction in the use of colors, in water or in oil, goes without saying. In fact, the want of sufficient and capable teachers is as conspicuous and natural, as the want of encouragement and occupation for them. The ladies of the Decorative Art Society, with commendable zeal and excellent success, have done their best in the good work, but they stand almost entirely alone within their limited sphere. The great mass of the wealth and influence of the community keeps aloof and gives no help. I will not ask whether this is creditable. Is it tolerable? But for the recent grant of a small annual appropriation, by the wise liberality of our municipal government, the means for the late display by the Institute—the means, indeed, of making that display possible—would not have been within

its reach. Successful as this has been—standing as the Institute does, among the largest organizations of its class in the country, both as to the number of its pupils and the extent of its work—it is painful to contemplate the scanty resources by which the ability and energy of its officers and teachers have been held in check. One almost blushes to see the small array of borrowed and battered casts to which the pupils have been confined, in drawing and modelling after the antique. Of objects of art which would instruct their eyes and keep alive and stimulate their perception and sense of beauty in form and color, there are none to speak of. There is little or nothing to create the atmosphere in which alone art can draw its freest breath. Nor is this all. Of the day pupils there are comparatively few of the class who live entirely by their own labor. The necessity of supporting themselves keeps constantly away large numbers of female pupils, to whom the school would be most desirable and useful, and to whom night attendance is not permissible. In looking at the excellent and promising work of the night classes, it is touching, to any one of sensibility, to think that the young men who have produced it have done so at the expense of their rest and recreation, after long days of toil for bread. What a benevolence it would be, on the part of any man who could afford it, to lay the foundation of a fund by which the more promising and poorer of these young men and women might be assisted, while they learned what the Institute could teach them. How much of gratitude a rich man would deserve, not only from the institution and its pupils, but from every man and woman in our limits, if he would endow a museum of industrial art, connected with

the Institute—a standing exposition of the capabilities and methods and triumphs of skilled and educated labor! In all the leading European nations, and in many of the States and cities of America, these collections are the noblest and most effective effort of the last quarter of a century, in the application of art to industry. The museum is treated as the necessary adjunct of the school, and together they teach not only the artisan, the artist and the citizen, but the teachers more than all. In the ample and admirable report of a special committee appointed by this Institute, and in a memorial address by its managers to the General Assembly of Maryland at its last session, this subject is treated with a fulness and intelligence which leave nothing to be said; and I could wish that some of those who have the means to gratify the impressive suggestions of those able papers, would take the thing manfully to heart.

Is there no mechanic in all Baltimore, made rich by merit and labor in his calling, who has pride enough in it to dedicate some portion of his earnings to its elevation and improvement? Can it be that there is not one such, who remembers the difficulties of his own early manhood—the hard conflict between his desires and his opportunities, between his ambition to learn and his lack of means of instruction? Remembering these, can any such man hesitate to give something out of his abundance, to remove from the paths of others the thorns which beset his own? If prosperous industry has relieved him from the necessities and taken him out of the working ranks of his class, can he fail to have a grateful sense of what he owes it, or to feel that he will best pay his debt to it and to the community which fostered him, by

giving a helping hand to those of his own people who are wrestling too hard with poverty to look up for light? Is there no merchant—no other man of business—in Baltimore, who feels sufficiently the strength of the tie between capital and labor, to recognize the dependence of the one upon the manhood, the intelligence, the elevation of the other? Can such men fail to know how their endowment of such an institution as this, with their money and their sympathy, in the interest of mechanical culture and development, would strengthen those ties and sweeten that dependence? I know how easy it is to indulge in that most delightful form of benevolence—the giving away or counselling the gift of other people's money. We have all known many good people, who were so well satisfied with dispensing that sort of bounty, that they were content to live and die without being ostentatious of any other. Whatever reproach, therefore, of that sort, the suggestions I have made are open to, I must accept. Let me protest, however, that the endowments which I have so earnestly counselled would involve no very enormous draught upon the treasures of the community. We learn, from the report of Provost Morison, that the cost of the superb collection of casts presented by Mr. Garrett to the Peabody Institute has thus far fallen short of fifteen thousand dollars. The foundations of an art museum, in this Institute, might be laid at comparatively small expense. Loans to it would follow, when a place was made for them, and liberal gifts would follow loans. The beginning of a fund in aid of poorer pupils need not be large. Once set, the good example of such giving would be followed. One man's attention would be attracted by what excited the sympathy and warmed

the benevolence of another. Every one who gave would feel an interest in the object of his bounty, if for no better reason than Sterne gives, when he says that we water a weak flower because we have planted it.

I have already trespassed so long upon your patience, that a single further suggestion will end my appeal to your indulgence. It has long been my own conviction, that one of the most direful needs of education, in this State, is the establishment of a technical school for scientific, mechanical instruction. There is absolutely nothing of the sort upon the soil of Maryland—a blot upon the intellectual and, indeed, the business record of a community, whose productive and mechanical capacity is so large and varied as our own. The class for whom such instruction is needed are the very class who cannot afford to seek it at a distance, and, except out of Maryland, no Maryland man can find it. Every one, who is at all familiar with the subject, knows that in all the large enterprises where mechanical agencies are needed, the demand is now for mechanics—not only skilled, but thoroughly and scientifically educated. The so-called "practical man"—whose knowledge is simply empirical, and whose facts lie isolated in a vacuum—is being pushed fast to the wall. He is a victim of the survival of the fittest. Our mechanics are at a sad disadvantage, from the absence of opportunity to qualify themselves for this new order of things. An honorable and lucrative profession, which may well be classed among those best deserving the appellation of "learned," is thus practically closed to a large number of the most vigorous intellects of our state. I have heard with great satisfaction, that it is proposed to convert the ancient foundation of St.

John's College, at Annapolis, into a technological school. But, as that depends upon the legislative will, and as the ways of legislatures are in the depths of the sea—and often in many other depths—I look upon this project with more of hope than of confidence. A liberal private endowment of such a department, in connection with the Maryland Institute, would fill up the measure of its already exceeding usefulness, while it liberated the mechanical education of our people from the caprices of the General Assembly. As the Masons said, when the corner-stone was laid—"So mote it be!"

ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE

EIGHTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT

OF THE

McDONOGH INSTITUTE

JUNE 8, 1882.

JOHN McDONOGH.

NEARLY forty years ago, as I stood upon the wintry banks of the Mississippi river, a short distance above New Orleans, waiting with a friend for the ferry, I saw a skiff approaching from the other side. It contained a single passenger, whose appearance, as he landed and came near me, attracted and fixed my attention. As I remember him, he was a singular-looking old man, tall, gaunt, erect, and of strongly-marked features, with an expression of much force and more austerity. He carried a very large and plethoric umbrella, like that which we are all so familiar with, as the companion of Mrs. Gamp and the "unprotected female." He was dressed in a clean but well-worn, if not threadbare, suit of black, with a close-bodied coat and white cravat, looking very much like a somewhat ascetic country clergyman, ill supported by his parish. I give you the type, because it is unfortunately familiar enough to be readily recognized, it being strangely true, that the prohibition against muzzling the ox which treadeth out the corn, appears to be least appreciated in the rural districts, where one would think that its application would be best understood. As however, the ox has given way to the threshing-machine, which does not eat,

perhaps the modified analogy may be supposed applicable to the parson. My companion—to return to my narrative—perceiving that the stranger whom I have described was an object of curiosity to me, enquired if I did not know who he was, and upon my replying in the negative, told me that he was John McDonogh, one of the wealthiest citizens of Louisiana, and a man of singularly eccentric habits, some of which he described. Mr. McDonogh's appearance, as I have said, though quite consistent with eccentricity, gave certainly no evidence of riches; and, upon expressing my surprise at the wealth ascribed to him, I was informed that he was an extremely close and penurious man—in fact, to be plain—a confirmed and notorious miser. Not taking much personal interest in that sort of people, it is probable that I should never have thought again of Mr. McDonogh, had I not seen, some five years afterwards, the announcement of his death and of the noble and unexpected purposes to which, by a will prepared long before I saw him, he had dedicated the hoardings of his lifetime. The picture, which I have endeavored to draw for you, came back to me, then, upon the instant, with all the freshness of the first impression; and I have the scene upon the river shore as vividly before me now, with John McDonogh, "in his habit as he lived," as if years and changes and war and misery had not swept in between, as dark and pitiless as the waters by whose rush we stood. Least of all things, as you may well imagine, did it occur to me, when I saw the old man, for the first and last time, and heard of him only as a greedy niggard, that here, to-day, a thousand miles from where I left him and after more than a third of a century, I should be standing, amid the ripening

fruits of his benevolence and foresight, to praise the goodly works which have lived after him to bless him.

It is not, after all, a barren commonplace, to say that the best, and oftentimes—although not always—the most enduring record of remembrance, is that which is written on men's hearts. That the hope and desire of such remembrance was a warm and moving impulse in the Founder of this Institute is plain, from the touching request, in his will—the "little favor" as he humbly calls it—that the children of his schools should be permitted, every year, "to plant and water a few flowers" around his resting place. But if, beyond this natural yearning for the human sympathy of which he had sought so little while he lived—this desire to prolong, through all the summers of the coming years, those

> "Pious thoughts, which visit, at new graves,
> In tender pilgrimage—"

he felt, in his loneliness and isolation, the longing after that

> "Resurrection in the minds of men,"

with which few pulses are too dull to throb, he could not easily have built for himself a monument, from which his name would be less likely to crumble than this beneficent Foundation.

Where large benevolence is the spontaneous outpouring of a habitual and natural impulse, there is nothing to say of it but words of love and praise. But it is a curious problem, to students of human nature—this prodigal giving of large gifts, by men whose lives have been spent in the hungry and eager pursuit of accumulation; men, for whose greed no gains

were too petty, for whose savings no mite was too small. We look upon it, almost with the wonder and perplexity of the fisherman in the Arabian story, when, out of the paltry copper vessel which he held in his hands, there rose and took form before him a genie, "twice as high as the greatest of giants." And yet the phenomenon is frequent enough for us to be assured that it has a fixed and certain basis in the constitution of humanity. Its attendant circumstances generally teach us that, like almost everything which springs from human motive, it is as apt to have its roots in the weakness as in the strength of our nature. Of course, it is hardly worth while to discuss the liberality which merely gives away what the giver can no longer keep, or what, if kept, he cannot enjoy. In the latter case, nevertheless, he has to overcome the desire of keeping and the pride and power of possession, which, although hardly to be called enjoyment, are full of the elements of passionate selfishness and self-assertion. To a man in the vigor of life, or even in the decline of an active and dominant career, the temptation is almost irresistible, to postpone till the last moment the surrender of what he has striven and lived for, and what chiefly makes the influence and power he is accustomed to and covets. Analysing the processes by which that temptation is so frequently and conspicuously overcome, it is bewildering to note how often the very forces which spring from self are those by which its more grovelling tendencies are met and counteracted. Ambition—the very ostentation of riches—the pride, instead of the joy, of giving—the poor desire of notoriety—even simple vanity—all have their part sometimes, in the good work. This, perhaps, is only saying, with all deference to the great poet,

that we are more than "half dust," and very far from being "half Deity;" that all, except the most privileged natures, will feel the spur or the clog of their human frailty, even when their faces are turned and their path is towards the heights. In spite, too, of it all, when conscious weakness begins to prop itself upon unselfish endeavor; when ambition is willing to pale its fires in the simplicity of doing good; when pride, ostentation, vanity—all the multitudinous streams and undercurrents of self-seeking—are content, no matter why or how, to flow into channels undefiled, it is impossible to help feeling and rejoicing that the waters may be living waters, though they be not free from the stain and the taste of earth. And if we find that the man, in the midst of his getting and his hoarding, has quietly dedicated a part of his life and his best reflections to the good which he has contemplated; that alone, in the silence of his own thoughts, he has set himself to work it out—narrowly, and in a poor and half enlightened way, if you please, but still with all his heart, according to his lights—we are compelled to realize that the higher purpose has got the better of the lower impulse, and that the motives have been transfigured into the work and glorified. The man himself has grown, and has grown better, before our eyes, with the growth of his resolve. The very aim at something higher than his daily level has lifted his sight upward, and his nature has gone up with it, as he looked. He may have wrapped himself in discounts and percentage till his own last day of grace came round, and his grade among his kind may have been the lower for his traffic, but, at least, he has recognized something outside of it and of himself, and, if he has not broken his

chains, he has at last prevented the iron from entering altogether into his soul.

These considerations are not suggested, here, by way of apology for the life of our Founder or as qualifications of the gratitude which enshrines his memory. But, upon occasions like this, when every man who speaks is, in some sort, a teacher, it is not becoming that the moral of the teaching should be open to misconstruction. It is not meet that the sense and acknowledgment of obligation, the grateful tribute, the affectionate remembrance, should wear the seeming of homage to wealth, or of indiscriminate reverence for those who have gathered it, merely because they have at last dispensed it. At the same time, it were invidious and unworthy to stand in the light of a dead man's bounties and dissect too keenly the hand which bestowed them. The true line lies between respect for the dead and respect for ourselves. The honest lesson to be taught is that which the life truly teaches. It is a lesson to be studied in charity and yet not blindly; not to be learned, on the one hand, from the covetousness which gathered, nor, on the other, from the generosity which gave, but from the man's entire career, as a revelation of himself—of how he wrestled with his nature and was overcome by it or overcame it.

The fact is, that people generally expect too much, from those whom they desire, or are asked, to think well of or to praise. Men who fill a large place in the world and are high in the ranks of its greatness, are apt to be raised by the popular enthusiasm to an impossible standard, or misjudged by popular disappointment, because they do not come up to it. If Washington had been as he is generally described and

regarded, he would, of course, have been a model of all the virtues, and of all the proprieties as well, but a very wooden model, notwithstanding—a lay figure, as it were, among the immortals. The popular reverence for him has almost made him less than man, in its effort to make him more. The idea of the Father of his Country, as he was, with the temptations and frailties, the temper and passions of common men, would take away the breath of half his worshippers among the multitude. They forget that he belonged to the line of heroes and not of demigods, and that his greatness was in his very manhood. It is only on the stage—they should remember—that the kings of men fight their battles in crowns and coronation robes, as we have seen Richard fight on Bosworth field. As people judge the great ones of the earth, so do they judge its humbler benefactors and each other. They expect a character to be all of a piece—a great man to be always great—a liberal man to be always generous—a mean man to be always mean—a great general to be always, as it were, on horseback. There can be no wilder misconception than this, of human character. We are full of antagonisms which never counteract each other, and of inconsistencies which will not submit to be averaged. There is no such thing as deducting our moral debits from our moral credits, or *vice versa*, and getting at the net balance. If our mental and moral constitution were like an algebraic equation, where equal opposite quantities cancel each other and can be stricken out, human nature would be, indeed, a comparatively simple study. But, unhappily, its rules do not work in that way. It is not a matter of *plus* and *minus* merely. Our qualities run, as it were, in separate grooves,

each in its own direction. They cross each other rudely, sometimes, and check each other frequently, for good or for ill, but they seldom agree to combine or compromise and run together.

Humanity, in action, is perpetually stumbling over itself, when there is nothing else to obstruct it. Half the time it is in its own way. It constantly thwarts its own best purposes and disappoints its own firmest resolves. So too, upon the other hand, it sometimes starts into unexpected virtue or greatness, for a while, from very shame at its own littleness—happy if it does not relapse, as suddenly, into littleness, when it counts the cost. The follies and blunders of great and wise men are among the chief warnings of history. The backslidings of good men point many of its saddest morals. An ingenious Spanish poet goes so far as to develop, in a clever epigram, his preference for the ignorance of the learned over the knowledge of the ignorant. He assumes them both to be recognized elements of comparison. The old proverb, which makes our surnames "go by contraries," seems quite as applicable to ourselves. Some of the bravest men who have ever lived were afraid of ghosts. Hosts of those who have built temples in all devotion, and covered their altars with offerings, have been the most reckless and wicked in violating the laws of the Deity to whose holy name they were reared. When Lord Byron was at Missolonghi, lavishing his fortune with prodigal enthusiasm, on the freedom and redemption of Greece, he is said to have quarrelled almost daily with the boatmen, about the coppers for their fares. I am afraid that George Peabody would always go afoot, when he could, rather than run the risk of being overcharged by a

cabman. But why should we look about for illustrations of human inconsistency, when there is scarcely one of us who has not had his own temper and toleration tried, by that compound and marvel of all incompatibilities and contradictions, a sincerely devout and as sincerely intolerant Christian? We have no choice but to take men as they are, and recognize the truth, that, although the nature of the stock may not be altered by what we graft on it, it may still bring forth precious fruit, according to the graft. A thoughtful writer has well and wisely said, that "Religion does not alter idiosyncrasy. When a fool becomes a Christian, he will be a foolish Christian. A narrow-minded man will be a narrow-minded Christian, a stupid man a stupid Christian." This observation is quite as just in regard to the operation of other than religious influences and processes upon character, and as, in the one case, we welcome the change which is wrought by religion, notwithstanding it may have been obstructed and is qualified by natural perversities, so must we be content, in the others, to gather our figs and grapes, although, by some mysterious working of nature, they have come to us from among thorns and thistles.

A man's character, as a general rule, is apt to be much more faithfully portrayed in the life which he leads, than in the account which he gives of himself, with the best intentions. The one is a photograph, the other is a portrait from memory, by a partial hand. The one is the living and instantaneous, and generally the natural expression of feeling, principle and purpose. The other is, at best, a description and a recollection, if it be not, as is most likely, an apology. It by no means follows that the story is true,

because there is an honest purpose to tell it truly. Self-knowledge is as essential, in such case, as perfect candor, and is, at least, as rare. We are quite as apt to apologize to ourselves as to other people, for our shortcomings, and there is no end to our readiness to accept our own explanations. If there be anything in the past which we regret, or of which we are ashamed, we try to persuade ourselves upon retrospection, that there was something in the circumstances or our motives, which, if fully understood, would justify or at least excuse it. If we put upon record anything in regard to ourselves, for those who are to come after us, we naturally state as facts, what we have satisfied ourselves must, or at least ought to have been such; and the life, which represented us truly, as we lived it, is thus handed down in an entirely new edition, "revised and corrected by the author."

These reflections, or something like them, are very necessary to be made—indeed we can hardly help making them—when we compare the actual, practical career of John McDonogh, as men saw it and knew it, with the picture, taken professedly from the inside, which he gives of himself in his last will and in the instructions which he left to his executors. He protests that he had "much, very much, to complain of the world, rich as well as poor—" without pausing to reflect how very much the world, as he dealt with it, had reason to complain of him, and how entirely it was his own fault if it misunderstood him. In his relation to his fellows there was no trace of the loving kindness, which, he fancied, was the inspiration of his life. It was nearly all the other way. He had no friends; he cherished no kindred; he gave nothing to the poor; he was grasping and exacting in all his

dealings, harsh and unmerciful to his debtors, even to the widow and orphan—clamoring for his pound of flesh, no matter how much of the heart's blood he brought away with it. And yet, he protested afterwards, with all the earnestness of absolute conviction, that during his whole life his soul had "burned with an ardent desire to do good, much good, great good" to his fellow-man, to the honor and glory of his Lord and Master. He even apostrophised the victims, whom he sought to drive to the wall, as "infatuated men!" because, instead of confessing judgment and allowing themselves to be sold out, in the interest of universal and posthumous benevolence, they employed counsel to defend them, and were sometimes able to persuade judges and juries that their defenses were just. They ought to have seen, he says, that he was suing them to gather moneys for them and their children and not for himself, and that their attempt to thwart him, and keep their own money, was but a painful illustration of "the frailty, the perversity and sinfulness of our common nature." Consequently, when he had a verdict against him and moved for a new trial, he describes that very commonplace and frequent transaction as a righteous struggle, on his part, against the "injustice and ingratitude" of the defendants; and he declares that he "swerved neither to the right hand nor the left," but "persevered in an onward course, determined, as the steward and servant of his Master, to do them good, whether they would have it or whether they would not have it." If the courts assisted them in not having it, he cried out against the courts. "Of Judges and their judgments," he exclaims, "I have also much, very much to complain." He had, in fact, grown old in the world, like

Carlyle, without finding any one particular by good in it, except his parents and himself.

Obviously there is a great deal to protest and rebel against in all this—much that consideration for the dead does not require us to accept. It is the language of an enthusiast, proclaiming the holiness and the constancy of his own enthusiasm. It is the light of the present thrown back on the darkness of the past. It is the natural endeavor of a man who persuades himself that he is an apostle, to reconcile his old and wicked works with his new and burning faith. The history of mankind is full of such delusions and self-deception, and the duty of respect is fulfilled by the world, when it recognizes their sincerity. We are not bound, however, to forget that self-delusion is delusion, because it may happen to be honest and sincere. That McDonogh was thoroughly sincere in the "reflections and opinions" which he directed to be recorded and preserved by his executors, I think it impossible to doubt. He believed in himself, and they were the revelation of his creed. They bear, all over them, the stamp of conviction, not only genuine but intense. I am not sure that, at last, his intellect did not hover perilously near the point at which men mistake their desires and convictions for direct and divine inspiration. Though he did not illustrate in his life—certainly not through the greater part of it—the regenerating influences of the religion in which he was trained, he obviously lived, within himself, in what he supposed to be a religious atmosphere—more or less hazy, no doubt, and certainly unwholesome—and his modes of thinking and feeling had that solemn cast which gives a sort of severe, religious sanction, in some men's minds, to their own carnal resolves

and unregenerate will. There is a ring in his phraseology, which shows that he was a frequent reader of the Old Testament, and that, like many men before and after him, he conceived a certain force and perhaps sacredness to be given to a statement, a doctrine or a proposition, not very forcible or sacred in itself, by clothing it in the language of Scripture. There is no reason to doubt that he was under much of the same sort of influence, in that regard, which justified the Puritans to themselves in exterminating Indians, under the classification of "the heathen." His temperament was obviously melancholy, and his thoughts were bitter and gloomy. The earth, altogether, was a dismal place to him, except from the point of view of real estate, which he said that he regarded as "the only thing in this world of ours, which approaches anything like permanency." Altogether, with his tendencies and peculiarities developed and exaggerated by seclusion, fanaticism and morbid introspection, it is not only not strange, but is in every way natural, that he should have blended and confounded his desires and his delusions with the realities of his life, and should have ended by believing, with all the fierce intensity of a self-concentred nature, that he had been engaged, from the beginning, in laying the foundations of the mission, upon which he felt himself, at the close, to have been sent.

It is enough for us to know and recognize that he did this in good earnest and without doubting, and that, whether he deceived himself or not, he was unconscious of meaning to deceive any one else. He was not the first man whose faith was better than his works. It may be, after all, that he was right in his estimate of himself, and that his life was but

another of those mysteries of humanity, which are none the less actual because they cannot be fathomed. But I have felt, as I have said already, that I could not do justice to the young people in whose presence I speak, and who will read the life of their benefactor in that spirit of admiration which is born of gratitude, without indicating in what it should be a warning to them, and in what an example. I could not hold up, as I do, to their imitation, the prudence, the intelligence, the indomitable will, the industry and patient thrift of John McDonogh—his manly independence, his self-reliance and self-denial—without teaching them that these admirable qualities have no necessary relation to the grim and ignoble traits with which they were associated in his life and conduct. They must learn—and, under the excellent guidance to which they fortunately are entrusted, they will not be permitted to forget—that they were born to live in this world, not merely to die out of it—and that their appointed place is in the midst of their fellow-men, discharging manfully the duties, wrestling cheerfully with the responsibilities, and exchanging kindly the charities, of life. Because the fortune which McDonogh was enabled to scatter from his deathbed, had been gathered and kept together by all the devices of money-getting and money-saving which commonly contract the heart and debase the spirit, these children of the bounty of his better days must not be deceived into believing that the right way to the benevolence which crowned his life, lies through the dark, repulsive paths by which he reached it. Their homage to his memory will be none the less, from their learning to distinguish between his virtues and his faults, and taking to their bosoms the instructive lessons of both.

And now let us pass for a moment from the Founder to his Foundation.

The old man sleeps in Greenmount, over the hills yonder, and the flowers were reverently strewn upon his grave, yesterday, by the young hands from which he asked and merited that tribute. The marble pile round which they lie, scarce faded yet, is what is called his monument, but his true monument is all about us here. Nor is it here only—it is wherever the blessings of his bounty have been spread—wherever those whom it has blessed are useful, happy, upright men. Already, during the short period of the existence of this Institute, one hundred and fifty educated youths, on whom, but for its aid, the burden of poverty and ignorance would have rested with all its paralysing weight, have gone forth into society, fitted for its struggles and deserving its rewards. Into almost every walk of useful and active life they have carried the manly and substantial qualities of mind and character, which it has been the special object and effort of this Institute to form and foster. According to their ability and intelligence, they have chosen or found their respective paths in life, and, whether as successful candidates for university honors, or as workers in the less ambitious ways of mechanical or industrial life, it is pleasant and encouraging to know, that scarcely one of them has proven unworthy of his trust and training. For so happy and uncommon a result, the trustees of the Institute are indebted, not only to the able, zealous and most efficient superintendence which it has been their good fortune to secure for their school, but to the wise regulations, which they have themselves adopted, in regard to the admission of its pupils. While respecting, as is their duty, the qualification of poverty

prescribed by the Founder, they have not chosen to regard it as the only one. Compelled to select a few, from among the many to whom indigence was a common recommendation, they have carefully endeavored to choose those whose character, capacity and associations were most likely to furnish a good soil for the good seed. Any mistakes in their choice they have not hesitated to correct, at once, by making the unworthy or incapable give way to those who were capable and worthy. In both appointments and removals, they have been resolutely scrupulous to exclude personal considerations of all sorts; and it is as creditable to them, as it is to the municipal corporation from which they derive their authority, that political influences have not been permitted, for an instant, to defile the current of the Founder's charity. Among the competent and successful teachers who are now engaged in the work of the Institute, there are already three of its own graduates, and there is little room for doubt that, within a reasonable period, the places which may become vacant in its corps of tutors and professors, will be mainly filled from the ranks of its own pupils.

This is not the place to discuss, with any fulness, the scheme and methods of instruction which the trustees have adopted. In all substantial particulars, and with no change, except for the better, in details, they have strictly adhered to the spirit of the Founder's instructions. They have not been tempted by the natural and happily prevailing tendency towards higher education, to forget that they are charged with the duty of sending forth young men into the world, who are to be fitted chiefly for its practical and material tasks and duties. At the same time, they have repudiated the

old, narrow and fast-departing notion of purely practical instruction, which so frequently resulted in little more than formulating ignorance and subordinating the intellect to the hands. A glance at the "Course of Instruction" which they have prescribed, will sufficiently disclose with what care and skill they have chosen the middle line—discarding a superficial and barren inculcation of the simple rudiments and laying, with reasonable thoroughness, the foundation of a liberal, though practical, education. Mr. McDonogh himself, as might well be supposed, was not very broad or enlightened in his views upon this subject. While, for instance, he did not omit a brief direction that his beneficiaries should be instructed in "the science generally of agriculture," he was far more particular in describing, because he better understood, what he meant by "the art of husbandry or farming;" and if the time of the pupils of the Institute were to be literally dedicated, in the detail which he prescribed, to "plowing, hoeing, harrowing, spading, mowing, reaping, gathering, housing, thrashing, sowing, planting, gardening, carting and waggoning, making of all agricultural instruments, rearing and attending to animals, rearing and attending to the silk worm and the mulberry tree, etc., etc., etc., etc., at the same time that they are progressing in their education," it is not difficult to characterize or measure the "education," in which they would be likely to "progress." Between the outdoor work, which was thus in his mind, and the large devotion of their indoor hours, which he so strenuously inculcated, to "instruction in divine psalmody or sacred music," their four allotted years of preparation, it is safe to say, would have gone by, without their being particularly

fitted for any other occupation than that of excellent farm laborers on week days, and perhaps of indifferent choristers on Sundays. From these details, which would have narrowed the sphere and belittled the results of the Founder's benevolence, and would have disappointed, beyond measure, his hopes and calculations, it was the duty of the trustees to rise to a higher conception of his wishes. It became them to read the charter of his bounty in the light of the great purpose which he proclaimed—that of rescuing destitute youth from ignorance and idleness, and "bringing them up in knowledge and virtue, to industry and labor." To this consummation it was their duty to subordinate all lesser considerations and details, and it is a source of no ordinary gratification, to all who are familiar with their progress, that they have discharged that duty with such persistent intelligence and firmness.

Nor have the trustees of the institution been less successful in their management and application of its material resources. John McDonogh was very far less rich than he supposed. Indeed there is no stronger evidence of the dominion of his dreams over him, than the future which he anticipated from the institutions for which he provided, and the dimensions to which he fancied that their resources would expand. The pupils of this single institution, he supposed, would number from one to two thousand, from the first, and he thought that with ordinary care, they would be at least ten thousand, in time. The city of Baltimore was not alone in his contemplation. He persuaded himself that his charity would reach not only to the chief maritime cities of the Union—"which are too generally hot-beds of vice," as he added in

parenthesis—but to the other large cities of the different States, and even to the towns and villages of Maryland. Archdeacon Paley is reported to have assigned, as a reason for not allowing his wife and daughters to contract shop-debts, that "ready money is a marvellous restraint upon the imagination"—yet here was a man, whose whole life had been dedicated to ready money, and whose imagination, nevertheless, in that very regard, was as boundless as romance. It is true that his estate had to pass—as the large estates of childless men are apt to pass, in this country—through the dread ordeal of protracted and enormous litigation. The courts and juries, of which he had so bad an opinion in his lifetime, had their chance at his goods and chattels, lands and tenements, after he was gone. The lawyers too, of whom I regret to say that he did not think much more highly than of the tribunals, had their opportunities of posthumous revenge and reprisal. In one way or another, the lamb passed through many thickets and left much of its fleece upon the brambles by the wayside. The valuation also which McDonogh had set upon many of his investments turned out to be fanciful and often absurd. He had put faith as well as money in swamp lands, where the money, at least, went down, like Ravenswood, among the quicksands. And then the war came, and after the war came reconstruction, as, after death, the judgment. It is no wonder therefore that the dreams and hopes of the enthusiast, which were spread wide enough to cover the nation, should have been folded, like the tent of the magician, until their "stuff" and substance could be held almost in a single hand. And yet, though comparatively small, the resources of this Institute, I am happy to say, are

actually large. Through faithful and judicious management, its interest-bearing capital, to-day, is over seven hundred thousand dollars. The whole value of the trust estate, at a fair and moderate estimate, is at least nine hundred thousand. Out of the revenue of the trust, without borrowing money or trenching upon capital, and with that admirable sense of appropriateness which is the essence of good taste, the trustees have erected the stately and commodious edifice in which we hold this first commencement. The school which began, in 1873, with but twenty-one pupils, has now fifty—all that it can hold. The contemplated addition to the building will enable it soon to receive three times that number. For the vacancies which will exist upon the graduation of the present class, there are more than seventy applicants. Numbers of persons whose means enable them to furnish the best education to their children, are applying for their admission as paid pupils. Except as a means of increasing the charities of the institution, it is hardly possible for such applications to be favored, but they testify, with obvious sincerity, to the excellence of its teaching and its high standard of discipline and morals.

Such is the condition of the Institute. Without debt and freed from litigation—without a single obligation, beyond those of charity and duty—it stands erect, for the first time, under its own roof-tree, with a noble future flashing in its face. May it continue as heretofore, to be worthy of its destiny, under the smiles of Him who has made of charity a benediction! Its Founder was sanguine enough to express the conviction that it would not long remain the only one of its kind, in the vicinity of that "noble, philanthropic and

high-minded city, Baltimore." Let us persuade ourselves that this expression was not rash. Let us believe that there are hearts, in the city of the old man's love, from which this conviction will be echoed yet. Let us hope that there are men among us, to whom the possession of great wealth may yet suggest the association of their names and bounty, with those of McDonogh and Peabody, Hopkins and Pratt.

THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY IN ITS RELATIONS TO BALTIMORE.

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE

SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY,

FEBRUARY 22, 1883.

THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY.

MR. PRESIDENT;

GENTLEMEN OF THE BOARD AND OF THE FACULTY:

I AM very sensible of the honor which has been done me by the invitation to take part in your proceedings to-day, and yet I have accepted it with considerable hesitation. The topics which are most appropriate to the occasion will not bear superficial treatment in such a presence, and it is not easy for a man of my intellectual habits and restricted pursuits to give them any other. The problems of education, and particularly of the higher education, are occupying, at this moment, not only the best, but the best-trained minds of the world; and their study and solution have become a noble specialty, into which the best intentions will not justify rash intrusion. One may be permitted to say that what are irreverently called "crotchets" are not altogether absent from even the higher educational atmosphere, and there is, therefore, the greater reason for dispensing with the crude speculations of desultory thinkers.

I am not sure that it is not one of the most natural results of the system which this university represents and embodies,

to force upon men who were educated in our American colleges of half a century ago, a strong and perhaps not very agreeable sense of the comparative shortcomings of their own early intellectual training. I refer, especially, of course, to those who passed—at once and young, as was the custom then even more than now—there being opportunity for little else—from undergraduate life into professional or other special and absorbing avocations. To the most of these I am persuaded that their collegiate course was chiefly valuable, as a memory, a discipline, and an influence; and that, apart from these, it contributed comparatively little to the permanent material out of which their intellectual life was constructed. Of my own profession, I think I can safely say, that by far the most of them were well content, if they could keep alive the scholarly and classic tastes, which—whether the scholarship was much or little according to later tests—were bred and nurtured in their college days, and of which no one knows the solace and enjoyment half so well as they whose minds run in one life-long, narrow groove, yearning and longing, it may be, all the while, for something broader and better. Face to face with the precise and accurate teaching and knowledge of to-day, the systematized and ceaseless investigation, the critical ordeals, the perpetual search after truth and its fearless recognition when tested and established, the exact and scientific methods, the definite results, the scorn of routine and the rude questioning of tradition, which characterize the modern education—face to face, I say, with these, we remember our *curricula* and college examinations of the days gone by with feelings more or less grave, according to each man's sense of humor. It is not altogether human, of

course, for the undergraduate of those times to forget, or even cease to love, the shade where he sported with his own academic Amaryllis—old though she be and faded now—but, clearly, to the dullest perception, a new order of things has arisen, and a better. Whether it be a development, or a new species, I remember nothing of my college learning which would enable me to determine.

There is one thing, however, which reconciles a man of the old dispensation to the risk of going beyond his depth on one of these occasions, and that is their total freedom from pretension. I have always greatly admired the quiet and unostentatious way in which the anniversaries of this university have been kept—instead of being what is commonly called "celebrated"—the notable contrast between the simplicity of the announcements and the large and progressive results which are announced. This seems to me not only the natural result of the plan and working of the university, and for that reason of great importance and significance, but very admirable in itself and as an example. Small things are so habitually called by large names among our people, and our little fishes—to use Goldsmith's criticism of Johnson—are so apt to speak like great whales, that the spectacle of an institution like this, discarding superlatives altogether, and telling its yearly story in a quiet way, without other emphasis than that inherent in the story told, is, to say the least of it, very edifying. One is almost able to flatter himself, sometimes, that the general tendency to public speaking, in this country, is something less than it once was, and that active elocution is not now quite so commonly regarded as the natural state of man. But, be this as it may, the "*tuba*,

mirum spargens sonum," is beginning to go out of fashion as an accompaniment to what is worth telling, and we cannot but welcome, as a public service in that direction, every conspicuous demonstration that the soberer style is all-sufficient for the largest purposes of communication with the people.

I alluded, just now, to my own profession—that of the law—and I hope that I am not disloyal to it in expressing my gratification that the group with which it is generally associated, under the style of "the learned professions," has ceased, except in common and traditionary parlance, to monopolize that title. Of course, I should be very far from feeling gratification at their being less learned than heretofore—if such were the case. What I mean to speak of, as a ground for universal congratulation, is the fact that modern education has developed many other professions—all quite as worthy, to say the least, of being called "learned," and some of them involving the largest amplitude and variety of learning which the intellect can grasp. In speaking of these new professions, I deal with them, not merely as groups of students, devoted to research and discovery, and "hiving thought"—which is by far too much the common notion of them—but as bodies of eminently practical men, whose whole objects and methods are practical, in the truest meaning of the word, and whose business and purpose it is, not merely to find the ore of science, but to dig it, and bring it to the light, and make its products malleable, and adaptable to all the manifold uses of society. No one has illustrated in briefer phrase than Mr. Huxley the action and reaction of the practical and theoretical upon each other in science. I refer to his observation, that while "all true science begins with empiricism," it is

true science, "exactly in so far as it strives to pass out of the empirical stage into the deduction of empirical from more general truths." With the spread and progress of these new professions, the old idea of the "practical man," the simple empiric—uneducated for the most part, except in so far as the manufacturer of pin's heads may be said to have a pin's head education—will pass into limbo. New avenues will be opened into the fields of industrial labor and production, and it goes without saying that the soil will respond to the tillage in which the head is guide of the hand. Doubtless the practical man will not yield without a struggle. When Sir Robert Peel proposed to establish the system of penny postage, a deputation of paper manufacturers waited upon him with a serious remonstrance, in which they urged that they would suffer incalculable loss, inasmuch as everybody would write upon note-paper instead of letter-sheets. But, precisely as the paper manufacturer has found that the increase of correspondence from cheap postage has developed tenfold his former trade, so the merely practical man will discover that the new education, which removes him from the place where he is dangerous or helpless except in his rut, will find him other occupations in which he can thrive, and will teach his children to tread the path, with knowledge, along which he groped in blind routine. It is most desirable, indeed, to have it understood that a multitude of new and truly practical avocations is the natural outcome of the new system and methods of scientific education. As I intimated just now, the average citizen has not altogether overcome the notion that a body of learned men, engaged in daily and laborious scientific research, is a sort of close corporation—very wise,

very able, very eminent, no doubt, but set apart, by its nature and occupations, from the common uses and purposes of every-day life, and leaving its principal traces in the reports of "philosophical transactions." It is hard to make the ordinary thinker realize that the electric flame, which lights the whole coast-line of a continent with the radiance of a new sun, fresh taught to walk the night, was first kindled in a laboratory such as lies but a few paces from where you sit. You could ill persuade him to what an extent the biologist has unravelled the substantial problems of life in all nature, and has already instructed the physician to answer, through their solution, the hourly domestic questioning of disease and remedy. He would be astounded to know how physics and chemistry walk unseen and close by his side, lending him their help at every step of his existence, and at every stage and variety of the labor which supports and the civilization which protects him. He could not easily comprehend that the abstruse mathematics, whose written language may be to him an unknown tongue, is the great vehicle of scientific expression and fact from world's-end to world's-end, almost bearing, Atlas-like, the globe of science on its shoulders. He little imagines that the philologist whom he supposes to be engaged in word-fancying and word-spelling—a process for which he has, himself, supreme contempt—is shedding by his labors a new and certain light upon the history of mankind, is tracing the descent and relation of races and people, is separating fable from truth, is putting tradition and story under cross-examination upon the witness-stand, and fixing, even for religious inquiry and Biblical criticism, the certain and firm foundations of faith and dissent.

I repeat that these things, and others like them, are only half realized as living and practical truths by the average citizen who has work to do and children to educate; and that the new walks of applied science, to which the teachings of this university open the way, are not yet known and recognized as they should, and as I am sure they will be among us, when men are considering the future of those whom they love best and wish to serve best. I should therefore feel, as an humble member of this community, that I had done as good a day's work for it as a man could well do for a community to which he owes much, if I could help to diffuse among its people a thorough comprehension of what this noble endowment holds out to them with full hands.

As in most American communities, it is our habit to educate too little. Naturally, I do not refer to those of our people to whom necessity leaves no choice or discretion, but to those who are able, and according to their lights are willing, to educate their children. Their error lies in their false or imperfect notion of what an education really means. Instead of realizing that a young man is most likely to fall into the vocation which suits him best, and to make the most of himself in it—after he has been taught enough to enable him to measure his own gifts, and has had sufficient scope of instruction to fit him for any one of various occupations, according to his tastes and opportunities—they choose or permit him to choose his calling beforehand, and endeavor to shape and mould what he learns to that and that only. Instead of his life-pursuit springing healthily and spontaneously like an indigenous plant, from those elements of a thoroughly cultivated mental soil which feed it best, his

education is made a sort of hot-bed, to force the plant—perhaps against nature—in advance of its season, into the market. For the most part, if a professional career is to be adopted, they select the law or medicine. If warned, as they well may be, by the largely overcrowded ranks of both, they distrust the future of the young man in either, his course is shaped, in the main, for some mercantile pursuit, or for one of the many other occupations which are classed under the comprehensive head of "business." For these it is not supposed that any peculiar or protracted preparation is essential, the chief requisite being that the victim shall get through early and "go ahead." The idea that he will be the better fitted for every and any calling, and especially for moving from the rear to the front—from the ranks to command—according to the development of his faculties, the training and discipline of his mind, his knowledge of things knowable and his capacity to apply things applicable—does not seem to occur to the great mass of those to whom the destinies of young men are entrusted. Least of all, does it seem to enter their minds that there is a score of occupations, professional in the fullest and practical in the most literal sense, outside of those called "learned," in which a careful scientific education opens the door to the highest usefulness and success. I say nothing of the value of knowledge in itself and apart from the returns it brings. I speak here only of its value in use, of the resources and capital which it furnishes, and which neither the accidents of trade nor the vicissitudes of fortune can impair—much less destroy.

What has been said has been mainly in the interest of the student; but it is impossible to separate his interest, in these

regards, from that of the community, or to overestimate the merely economical gain, to the whole country, of an infusion of scientific and educated labor and direction into all its industries and enterprise. It is painful to the last degree, in seasons of commercial disaster or depression, to see how absolutely without resource so large a number of our young men are, finding themselves deprived of their ordinary occupation, without knowledge enough of anything outside to enable them to turn in other directions for bread. They have pursuits, but really no calling. Nor is this true only of those who depend upon the vicissitudes of trade or speculation; for nothing is more certain in every industrial crisis than that the uneducated workman is the first to feel the loss of place or the pressure of reduced compensation. To those who may desire to make politics their profession—and even to the much larger number who merely seek political preferment—it is impossible to overestimate the value of those attainments, which enable a man to deal, in a capable and educated way, with the multifarious and complicated questions of scientific theory and fact, that spring up at every instant in the government of a mighty people like ours. Politics themselves are, of course, a science, and in the true sense one of the noblest of sciences. Practically, however, among us, they are rather what is called, in our old-fashioned law-English, an "art or mystery;" and they are learned and practiced, as such, though not publicly taught, that I am aware. The Marquis de Costa Beauregard, writing to Joseph de Maistre in 1789, *à propos* of the impending revolution in France, made an observation which has always struck me as very clever, in the best style of French cleverness. "Dog-

matic opinion," he said, "should not touch on politics, for on that head there is no revelation." I am afraid, from some personal experience, that the absence of revelation has not always prevented people from dogmatizing, somewhat actively, upon some political questions in this country; but I still am Utopian enough to believe that the time is not far off, when a chair of political science will be filled in every university, and men will be taught, in good faith, at all events, the radical distinction between politics and party, and between party and plunder. I am not very sanguine, however, I confess, as to the controlling effect of what men study at the university, in matters of government, upon their practical political courses; and I remember that I could not avoid some mental questionings upon that point, when listening with great interest, a few years ago, to a very able discourse, in which it was discussed, on one of the anniversaries of this university, by a distinguished gentleman of great authority, who is present here to-day. [President White, of Cornell University.] When entirely convinced, upon satisfactory and indifferent evidence, that a single representative in Congress, from a district which favors protection, has voted openly against a protective tariff, because he was taught free trade at college, I shall be willing to qualify my modest scepticism. Meantime, let us believe, at all events, with the great English teacher whom I have quoted above, that the time will come, "when there shall be no member of the legislature, who will not know as much of science as an elementary school boy."

These suggestions are presented in a loose and informal manner, for they belong too much to the commonplaces of the occasion to be offered in a more ambitious way. Indeed,

it is because they are commonplaces, and yet are not understood and appreciated as they should be, that I have made them, from choice, the burden of what I have to say. If I could reach the ear of every man in this community, who has children whom he can afford to educate, I could not befriend him more, than by impressing him with a sense of the waste and folly of seeking for them, elsewhere, the instruction which is so prodigally at their service here. It is true that this is a university, and that it stands already, through its work and workers, in the front rank of universities. It is true that its great destiny, in the world of knowledge, is to be wrought out in its character of university. But it is a college as well. Its collegiate department is ample, its instruction thorough, its methods of the best. The teacher, instead of being, merely, as is so often the case—and as in the olden days he almost invariably was—a sort of circulating medium between the text-book and the undergraduate comprehension—is the companion and co-worker of his pupils. Surrounded in the study and the class-room, the laboratory and the lecture-room, with all the books and appliances which belong to the particular department; segregated, for the time, from all but the particular work and his companions in it; stimulated by competition, co-operation and encouragement; kept up to the mark by rigid, and yet wise and fair examinations; with nothing lacking to his development that educational science can supply, through the liberal application of a large and beneficent endowment—if the undergraduate student of this university cannot make a man of himself here, it will be in vain for him to go elsewhere for his making. It is easy, and often useful, to criticise the distribution of studies in every

institution; and I believe there is no institution in which it is not habitually done, fairly or unfairly, as the case may be. But "dogmatic opinion" is as much out of place in such matters as in politics. It would be strange, indeed, if a new institution like this—scarce seven years old—were already so perfect in its entire organization as to be beyond criticism or improvement. It invites fair criticism—it hesitates at no change which brings improvement. For my own part, I cannot too heartily applaud the skill with which its undergraduate courses are distributed and the theory of their distribution—recognizing the eclectic principle, upon the one hand, by conceding the choice of studies, and yet preventing its abuse, by grouping the studies for selection. And then, above all, stands the university itself, beckoning the undergraduate on to its opportunities, advantages and honors. There he sees about him men of culture and enthusiasm, the graduates of other institutions, who have come to drink at the fountains which will flow for him also. All around him is labor, opportunity, life, progress and achievement. There is no such thing as standing still. The year-books of scientific research and discovery are filled with the results of what is going on around him. The men who lead and direct it, and they who come from a distance to help it on, are, many of them, world-famous—most of them becoming and worthy to become so. It seems to me that in all this there is everything to kindle the ambition and pride of the student, awaken his enthusiasm, and develop his powers. I can well understand that young gentlemen may sometimes prefer to have their powers develop, in their own way, at a distance from home and its restraints; and that what is called

"college life" has attractions for some, which may outshine the allurements and opportunities of scholarship. But I cannot understand how it is that parents can take that view of the subject, or can believe that the shelter of the parental roof and the present watchfulness of parental solicitude and affection can diminish the value of the education which comes to their doors. Indeed, in the very many cases in which the question of education is, more or less, a question of cost to the parent, and he is forced or chooses to deal with it upon "commercial principles," it seems to me that he overlooks the first rule of "business," when he sends abroad for what he can procure, at least as good, on better terms, at home.

But, quite apart from these considerations, and worthy to be taken into account with the best of them, are the relation which this university bears, and is destined to bear, to our city and the State of Maryland, and the obligations which are incident to that relation. A man of large fortune, under the impulse of large and benevolent ideas, thought proper, at his death, to dedicate an ample portion of that fortune to the endowment of a great university among us bearing his name. It was the deliberate purpose of his life, and he selected, with deliberation and wise foresight, the agents and agencies for its consummation. To the best of their ability these trusted agents have done the work assigned to them, and no differences of opinion, upon other questions, can justify a doubt that they have done it, thus far, well. That this university, in its infancy, is already a noble monument to its Founder is, I repeat, a fact indisputable to all who are even superficially familiar with the records of scientific and educational opinion, at home and abroad. What it is, in itself and as a

monument, it is to us and ours as it is to him. It should be our pride, as it is his glory. Day by day it is growing in every element of usefulness, and in every force that can work for good. All the seeds of development are germinating and quick within it. It is not here for to-day or to-morrow, for this year or the next, but for all time—a possession forever, so far as human things may be. Its Founder has done his part. His trusted agents have done theirs. It is for the people at whose feet the offering is laid to do their part likewise. Theirs must be a living and active part, too, or it will be vain and fruitless. Neither sympathy, nor sentiment, nor admiration, nor praise, will suffice. You had as well think of speeding a ship upon her voyage by wishing that the winds may blow—after the manner of the third ode of Horace. What the university needs, to make the most of itself—what the community needs, to make to itself anything of the university—is downright, actual, daily co-operation on the part of our people. They must realize to themselves what such an institution is worth, and can be made worth, to them and their posterity. They must think of it growing with their growth, exploring and developing their physical resources, enlarging their minds, expanding and refining their culture and their tastes, bringing home to them and naturalizing every new discovery and application of science elsewhere, and, domiciliating, as it were, among them, every fresh discovery and application of its own. They must appreciate its value, intellectually and socially, as a centre of thought—the resort of students and men of learning from a distance—all seeking its advantages and all bringing something in exchange for what they seek. Even to-day, there is hardly a field of current

thought into which it has not already invited us to enter, under the guidance of men who are, themselves, among the leaders of thought in the world. And what are we to do with all this benefaction? Are we to stand and look at the university, afar off and far below, as men stand in a valley or a gorge and gaze at a castle on a hill? You will remember a score of Doré's pictures, which will tell you what I mean—the vivid light, above, on tower and keep, the darkness tangible beneath. Not so, I trust. I can imagine the stir, some morning, if the rumor were to run and to be true, that some galleon of the olden times—such as the English buccaneers (known historically, by the by, as the "great navigators") were in the habit of plundering on their way from Mexico to Spain—were anchored in our harbor, with her cargo of ingots of silver generously placed at the service of our citizens. I think one might venture to say that the significance of such a phenomenon would be promptly and generally comprehended in all its practical aspects—that the officers and even the crew of that welcome vessel would be borne in triumph to Druid Hill Park and Bayview, and all places of municipal attraction and delight, upon the footing of the most favored visitors, in the most gorgeous conveyances which could be provided by a liberal committee of our hospitable City Council. In regard to taking advantage of the godsend, I think probably the only question would be as to who should get the most of it. The cases of indifference or self-denial would hardly be numerous enough to be embarrassing. Yet many a galleon went to sea, in those old days, with less of actual counted treasure in her hold, than here, in money value, we have taken under the endowment

of Johns Hopkins. Instead of tossing it into the air, in the shape of riches which make themselves wings and fly, he has planted it deep in our soil, so that it shall take root and grow. And can any one venture to compare the worth of his benefaction, if he had scattered it in present, actual largess to our people—so that some of it should go into every man's purse—with its value, as he chose to make it, to us and our posterity? Think of the actual, material money value—the material, tangible, yearly product—to a community, of successive and growing generations of educated men, carrying with them into every profession and every department of busy and social life, the knowledge which fertilizes every field, and fructifies every industry, and makes right hands of all the hands of enterprise. Counted by dollars and cents—tested by no book but the ledger—the actual wealth exceeds, a thousand-fold, to say the least of it, what would have come to us, if the money had been piled in one of our squares and been distributed to all comers, *per capita*, by the police. I put it in this purely economical and homely way, not to belittle the subject, nor by way of insinuating that our people are incapable of comprehending it in its proper statement and its loftier and nobler aspects. I only desire to illustrate what I mean, by showing, that if they were thoroughly and fully to realize the value of this foundation in all points of view, as they do realize, at sight, the value of present gold, or of the venture or the speculation to which they see, or think they see, a golden lining, there would be no need of urging their co-operation to knit this university with their proudest hopes and most active struggles for the prosperous future of their city and their State.

A candid man must recognize, of course, that such co-operation, in a full and deep sense of its necessity and of the good that must come from it, cannot spring up, all at once, in a community whose citizens, for generations, have been accustomed to dispense too much with higher education and to look for what they have had of it to institutions at a distance. Habit and fashion are powerful and slow to change, in this as in things of lesser moment. A commercial city, which has been built up entirely by trade and its enterprises, cannot take in, upon short notice, all that is meant by its becoming, for the future, a university town, as well. As the feudal town grew up around the castle that protected it, and the university town of old around its university, so the town of commerce has its own special centres, and with difficulty shapes itself around any others. I know that I am treading, with unaccustomed feet, a path which is especially familiar to the students of institutional history around me; and, having been misled, in early life—by what I took to be the high historical authority of Diedrich Knickerbocker—into the faith (*pace* Dr. Adams and Dr. Freeman) that an American town, in its origin, is "the accidental assemblage of a church, a tavern and a blacksmith's shop," it is possible that I may carry my idea of the original nucleus and its influence perhaps too far. But Baltimore, I am persuaded, as a matter of fact, has grown, rather than been added to or altered; and, in the main, is the same Baltimore as always, only richer, stronger, older, more mature. Its social traits and habits, the tone and temper, the manners and manhood of its people are, for the most part and happily, but little changed. It has the

right to be proud of them, and, speaking for myself as for the rest, I confess that it is quite as proud of them as it has the right to be. It is full of enterprise, in its way, and yet it clings, with unaltered devotion, to many of the traditional clogs to enterprise. It is fond of being what is called "conservative"—often forgetting Carlyle's maxim that the value of conservatism depends upon the value of the things conserved. It aspires to be a metropolis, and it ought to be and will be, though it is not yet; but it will become, rather than make itself such. Thus far, it has not entirely outgrown the retail idea, that the judicious advertising of a thing, as a fact, will save the necessity of its being or becoming one. Can I say anything stronger as to our neglect of home opportunities, than that we have been practising vivisection upon the oyster, for an hundred and fifty years, without knowing, until told by Dr. Brooks, of the domestic affections of that cherished mollusk, or the conditions upon which alone its days may be long in the water. We may look at any time, I fear, for some equally humiliating disclosure of our want of physiological acquaintance with the diamond-back terrapin; although a mummy of that sacred reptile will be found, I am sure, in the sarcophagus of the prehistoric Marylander, should such ever be discovered.

But pardon this trifling, for one must not dwell too seriously upon the shortcomings of a community which he cherishes and whose faults he shares, although he cannot, as a man, be silent, in regard to them, when it is proper he should speak. Nor is it a safe thing always to be too plain-spoken on such matters. Of this, a conspicuous proof recurs to my memory. The late Mr. John P. Kennedy, well known

in the literature of American fiction, and one of the most graceful and accomplished writers and gentlemen of his day, was rash enough to say, upon some public occasion, in his early manhood, that this community of ours was "not a reading community." Unhappily, at that time, what he said was true, which was so much the worse for it and for him. It so happened, in the course of things, that he afterwards aspired to public life, for which his talents and acquirements eminently fitted him. He was successful, more than once, in his ambition, but always under difficulties; and I do not remember a single canvass in which his name was presented, where that unhappy speech of his did not cling to him like the albatross to the Ancient Mariner. More than once I have myself heard it called up in judgment against him on the hustings; and I can testify to the lively indignation with which it was received, especially by that portion of the lieges who might most readily have been excused from reading, for the reason that they did not know how.

But—*badinage* aside—this community has reached a stage of its progress, when it could no longer have any excuse, if it sought one, for being narrow-minded or provincial, or reckless of its opportunities. If it has not yet fully availed itself of these, so far as concerns the university, it is because they have not been long enough afforded to be familiar or thoroughly comprehended; because the old paths have not been long enough opened and extended in the direction of the new ways. But the future relations of the State and the university are covered by a simple and single statement. The university is here, and here it will remain. If the people whose homes are around it should not appreciate or covet

the gifts which it offers them, the people who do appreciate and do covet them will still come from other homes and seek them. There is no fear that the numbers of these will decrease, or that a noble foundation like this will cry aloud in the wilderness and no man hearken to it. For the mere diffusion of knowledge among mankind—if that were all—it will matter little from what distance or from what quarter of the world the lamps are brought here to be filled and lighted. But, to us, it matters much whether or not we shall play the part of the foolish virgins. It was not merely for the general diffusion of knowledge that the university was endowed. Next the heart of its Founder was the prime and cherished desire, that the people among whom his wealth had been gathered, his friendships formed and the best years of his life usefully spent, should drink, first and chiefly, of the cup which he filled for posterity. It was not in his mind that they would turn from it or dash it from their lips. Nor, in what I have taken occasion here to say, nor from the earnestness with which it has been said, am I to be understood as anticipating or deeming it necessary to deprecate so pessimistic a result. Slowly, but with regular and certain progress, the interest of our people in this institution has been developing itself year after year. The increasing list of its undergraduate students discloses the significant and hopeful fact, that they are the sons of parents in all callings and all classes of life, and, in a large degree, of those who are most capable of passing an intelligent and, indeed, authoritative judgment upon the merit of educational systems and methods. That the influence of such approval and sympathy will diffuse itself, widely and certainly, in the course

of time, it would be unreasonable to doubt. What I would impress upon our citizens—if my voice were worthy to be heard—is their waste of present time and opportunity in waiting; the loss, to the institution itself, of that immediate and happy impulse which would quicken it, if its halls were thronged with the ambitious youth and promise of Maryland, and the sympathy of her people were concentrated there, upon the labors and struggles and aspirations of their children. This is what I mean by the sympathy which I would venture to bespeak—the only sympathy which is practical and worth having. The longer it is delayed, the longer the usefulness of the institution will lack development for local good—the longer, of course, the postponement of that good, for those who will sit upon the banks and see the stream go by.

In what has been said it has, of course, been understood that I have spoken as a citizen only, and in the interest of the community to which I belong. For the university, except in so far as it and the community are one in interest and in respect and duty to the Founder, I have no claim and could not presume to speak. But, having always taken the deepest interest in questions of public education, and having keenly felt, as well as constantly observed, in a long professional life, the need of more precise and accurate and full instruction, and especially scientific instruction, even among those whose educational opportunities have been best, I confess to a more than common solicitude for the speedy identification of this university with the intellectual development and progress of our people. Without undervaluing, for example, the facility with which an alert and well-trained

intellect, in my profession, may for the moment appropriate to itself enough of special scientific knowledge for the occasional needs of the trial-table and the examination of experts, and may use that knowledge with efficiency and force, I cannot but recognize it as akin to the painful cramming by which young gentlemen sometimes substitute their memory for their intelligence, when examinations are hovering in the air. And it is a dreary thing, at the best, for a man to be prosecuting scientific inquiry in public, under the primary and difficult condition of not going beyond his own depth. I fancy that the embarrassment must be equally serious to the medical man and the Biblical student and teacher, when, to use a railway phrase, they are compelled to take in scientific fuel at all the way-stations. Perhaps, though I hardly venture to suggest it, they may share a certain relief, in the presence of their patients and hearers, which we have, in our way, at the bar. I mean the confidence that if counsel happen to know little of science, the jury probably know less. And here it is worth while to say—what I know to be true, from considerable opportunity of knowing—that the public would be startled, if they could realize the extent and depth of the ignorance of ordinary rudimental scientific principle and fact, upon the part of the great mass of those who are entrusted with the daily practical application of the mightiest and most dangerous mechanical forces. I remember well the testimony of an engineman, who was produeed as an expert in a case arising out of a disastrous boiler explosion, and who affirmed his superior right to testify, by deposing, with some defiance, that he did not think any one knew anything about such matters, "except a man who had been brought up in a boiler-

room." He ascribed the particular explosion to "the gases in the boiler," and when asked what gases he meant, he replied, with an air of triumph, "How can I tell? I was not inside the boiler." From that day's experience to the present, I have never ceased to regard, as one of the greatest needs of our State and city and one of the richest boons that could be vouchsafed to them, the establishment of technical schools, with all the shops, appliances and apparatus for thorough, scientific, mechanical instruction. Nor will I abandon the hope that some man or men, of large wealth and largeness of view, like Stevens of Hoboken, will before long earn the lasting gratitude of this community, and, especially, of its men of toil, by affiliating some such institution with the Hopkins foundation.

And this leads me to one other cognate topic, which I should not impose upon your patience, but for its important bearing upon some of the considerations which have already been presented. All that is in it is obvious enough, to any one who reflects; and it is worth touching, only because the most intelligent people, when otherwise preoccupied, do not always stop for reflection. I refer to the truth—so perpetually illustrated by experience—that to the attainment of knowledge, and especially of scientific knowledge, it is almost as essential that it should be pursued under proper guidance as that it should be pursued at all. To the generality of this observation there are, of course, exceptions, and none so conspicuous as the few in which real genius is its own inspiration. But the self-made man, for the most part, is a very imperfect manufacture, and his leading characteristic is apt to be—as was cruelly but most cleverly said of the late

Mr. Horace Greeley, when he boasted of his self-making—that "he worships his creator." Of course, if he has merit and has had no choice but to make himself, it is impossible not to commend his efforts; and it is but just to make allowances for his mistakes, while we regret the cause and provide against its recurrence. Voltaire has said, in his rather compendious way, that "the beginning of wisdom is to know how to doubt." It might be said, I think, with less question, that the beginning of knowledge is to know how to begin. It is very confusing to the mind to start from the wrong end; and walking backwards is as helpless a process intellectually as physically. You will permit an illustration which I flatter myself that your philological classes at least will appreciate, even if you deem it a little remote. At a meeting of the British Association, in October, 1862, the contemporary report of proceedings in the London Athenæum will show that the Rev. Dr. Mill read a very long and learned paper concerning the "decipherment of the Phœnician inscription on the Newton stone, Aberdeenshire." Having decided that the letters were Phœnician, the reverend gentleman read the inscription backwards, from the right, explaining it by corresponding letters of the Hebrew alphabet. He thus made it out to be a votive monument, dedicated to Eshmin, God of Health (the Tyrian Esculapius), in gratitude for favors received during "the wandering exile of me thy servant" —the dedicator being "Han Thanit Zenaniah, magistrate, who is saturated with sorrow." On its face, the mode of decipherment had some signs of weakness to even a superficial critic; and the conclusion of the inscription was rather illogical, at least according to modern experience, in which a

saturation of sorrow does not usually crystallize, for a sick man, into a monument of gratitude to his physician. Dr. Mill, however, discussed the sufferings of Han Thanit at some length, speculating upon their cause (which, I have no doubt, was "malaria") and suggesting that he appeared to have been a man of consular authority, who had commanded a fleet or ship, which had come to Britain; and that this and other circumstances pointed to the earlier period of the history of Tyre.

Dr. Mill was followed by a certain Mr. Wright—obviously an iconoclast of fiendish malignity—who said, in a quiet way, that the stone belonged to a familiar class of monuments. The inscription was written, he said, not in Phœnician, but in rudely-formed Roman characters, and belonged to a period subsequent to the withdrawal of the Romans from Britain. It was not easy to decipher it, he said, without some study, and the drawing presented was imperfect, but he thought he could sufficiently explain what it was, and he read it thus, beginning at the left: "*Hic jacit* (*jacet*) *Constantinus filius* * * * *" followed by other letters easy to make out on careful examination. It was simply the burial stone, he added, of some chieftain called Constantine, and bore his name and that of his father. It was to be lamented, said Mr. Wright, that Dr. Mill had thrown away so much learning so mistakenly.

I have ventured to give this remarkable statement in almost literal detail, because, apart from its point as an illustration, it seems to me almost as humorous in its way, and as delightfully circumstantial in its humor, as if Swift himself had invented it. In my limited reading, I do not remember to

have met a thoroughly authentic report of any like occurrence in a learned society. Doubtless, many a Han Thanit may have been accredited to Tyre, and never found out to be a Roman; but, if the incident which I have described is at all characteristic of the proceedings of the British Association, there may well be said of it, what Lord John Townshend said of the House of Commons, when the celebrated grammarian, James Harris, the author of "Hermes," was taking the oaths of office. You will doubtless recall the story. "Who might that be?" said Lord John. Some one replied that it was Mr. Harris, "who had written on grammar and harmony." "Then, why the deuce," cried Lord John, "does he come to this place, where he will hear so little of either?"

From this illustration of what learning comes to, when it begins at the wrong end, we may well point the moral of what ignorance or half learning will end in, if it undertakes to be its own guide in research. The desire to know being the parent of all knowledge, men constantly persuade themselves that such desire and the willingness to work are all that is necessary for the attainment of their object. How many industrious and worthy lives are comparatively wasted under that mistake—in squaring the circle, or such like—it is difficult to estimate. Undoubtedly, the man who looks at the sun through a smoked glass, may have as ardent a desire to understand the phenomenon which his rude instrument discloses, as the astronomer who sails his thousands of miles, to plant his telescope on some wild mountain, or some lone island in mid-ocean. But not all the enthusiasm which ever lifted a man's face towards the heavens will teach him even "the sweet influences of the Pleiades," or make him know

that "the bands of Orion" cannot be loosed. The Chaldæan system of instruction through the sheepfold has gone out of vogue, and the moon of our nights comes down to Endymion only through the lenses. The sum and substance of all science is fact; and the student, who does not know what research has already disclosed, cannot possibly know where the research of to-morrow should begin. His danger, if ill-directed or without direction, will always be, that he will soon forget the stake in the excitement or amusement of the game, and ultimately subordinate finding to seeking. It will be the familiar case of the collector, who begins with a taste or a love for pictures, or prints, or books, and ends with the uncontrollable and fruitless passion for mere collecting. To prevent the waste and abuse of intellect and effort, the abortive struggle, the disappointment and defeat which come from imperfect teaching and the self-sufficient helplessness of undisciplined thought, is the high and special function of such educational authority as only a great university can wield. Wherefore, over and above the tending of its own fold, I find especial reason for rejoicing in the standards and methods which this university will establish and maintain among us, and in all our institutions of learning, by the authority of its example and position, and by the sheer and downright force of its intellectual preponderance. And when I speak of preponderance, it is of a superiority, not vaunted but frankly and generously recognized—an authority not less efficient, because founded on good feeling and respect, and exhibited in co-operation rather than control.

[*Addressing Judge Dobbin.*]—To you and me, Mr. President of the Board of Trustees, and to some of your co-workers,

these things of even the near future, though visible enough and bright, have something of the light which comes to men, at evening, from beyond the sensible horizon where the earth-line fades. There is, perhaps, in this, some touch of sadness, but least of all, to one, like you, sir, who having filled to the brim the measure of official usefulness and honor, can still give to this great work and to the service of the people who cherish you, the wisdom of age, the tempered zeal of robust and high convictions, and the vigor of faculties unimpaired.

NOTES.

PAGE 5.

When this address was printed for private circulation in 1867, it was prefaced by the following note:—

The Essay which follows was written for the Mercantile Library Association of Baltimore, before which it was read in the Spring of 1859. Since the edition published by the Association was exhausted, I have been repeatedly called upon for copies. These requests, to my surprise, have been especially frequent of late, and have been most kindly urged, by gentlemen of intelligence, in various parts of the country. I have been led to believe, under the circumstances, that the reproduction of the Essay may possibly lead to good, and I have therefore printed it anew for private distribution.

The last few years have afforded many illustrations, by which sad and effective point could be added to the views which I have endeavored to enforce. They have likewise hastened, so precipitately, the ordinary march of events, that I have been tempted to remodel some things which now seem as if they had been written half a century ago. But, on the whole, I have thought it wiser to leave the text as it first appeared, with a few, simply verbal, alterations.

S. T. WALLIS.

BALTIMORE, *June*, 1867.

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Professor Nathan R. Smith [S. T. W.].

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At a Meeting of the Trustees of the Peabody Institute of the City of Baltimore, held on the 6th of November, 1869, the following Preamble and Resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The telegraph brought to us yesterday morning the sad tidings that our good friend and patron, George Peabody, died the night before—at eleven o'clock on Thursday, the 4th of November, in London—where he had recently arrived from a visit to this country, the Trustees of the Institute have been convened to take a record of this event, and to direct such proceedings as shall properly express the profound sorrow which it inspires, and render suitable honor to the memory of the illustrious founder of the corporation that has been committed to their charge. Therefore

Resolved, That in the death of George Peabody the civilized world has lost one of its most generous benefactors, his country an illustrious citizen whose active benevolence will long be remembered in the wise and noble institutions which he has planned and founded for the good of the nations, and his numerous friends on both sides of the Atlantic a most cherished companion, whose life has been illustrated and adorned by the constant practice of the most conspicuous probity, charity and good will to mankind.

Resolved, That this Board have received the intelligence of his death with an emotion rendered more poignant by their experience of the benefits they have enjoyed, in their peculiar personal relations to him, as a friend in whose intercourse they were accustomed to find a kindly and effective co-operation in the performance of the duties assigned to them, and the most valuable aid, both in council and resources, for the advancement of the design of the Institute.

Resolved, That in token of respect for his memory the Institute be closed until Monday, and that it be suitably draped with badges of mourning, to be retained one month.

Resolved, That the Board make provision for a suitable eulogy on the life and character of the deceased, to be pronounced in the Hall of the Institute at a day hereafter to be determined, of which notice shall be given to the public.

Resolved, That S. Teackle Wallis, Esq., be invited to deliver the eulogy on the life and character of Mr. Peabody provided for in the foregoing resolution.

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed by the Chair to carry the above resolutions into effect, and that they be also authorized to co-operate with any public bodies, in the city or State, who may desire to unite with the Trustees of the Peabody Institute in paying a proper tribute of respect to the memory of the late George Peabody.

On the 15th of February, 1870, among the proceedings of the House of Delegates of Maryland, was the following:

Mr. Hammond submitted the following message:

BY THE HOUSE OF DELEGATES,
February 16, 1870.

Gentlemen of the Senate:

We propose, with the concurrence of your Honorable Body, the appointment of a Committee, consisting of three on the part of this House, and two on the part of the Senate, to invite the Hon. S. Teackle Wallis to repeat his Eulogy on the Life and Character of George Peabody, in the Hall of the House of Delegates, before the Governor, Court of Appeals, and General Assembly of Maryland, at such time as he shall be pleased to designate. We have appointed, on the part of the House, Messrs. Hammond, Kilbourn and Streett.

By order,

MILTON Y. KIDD,
Chief Clerk.

Which was read, assented to, and sent to the Senate.

In the Senate, on the same day, Mr. Earle submitted the following message, which was read, assented to, and sent to the House of Delegates:

BY THE SENATE,
February 16, 1870.

Gentlemen of the House of Delegates:

We have received your message proposing the appointment of a Committee, consisting of three on the part of the House, and two on the part of the Senate, to invite the Hon. S. Teackle Wallis to repeat his Eulogy on the Life and Character of George Peabody, in the Hall of the House of Delegates, before the Governor, Court of Appeals, and General Assembly of Maryland, at such time as he shall be pleased to designate, and heartily concur therein. We have appointed, on the part of the Senate, Messrs. Earle and Hyland.

By order,

AUGUSTUS GASSAWAY,
Secretary.

In response to this invitation, communicated to Mr. Wallis by the Joint Committee, the discourse, originally delivered in the City of Baltimore on the 18th of February, 1870, was repeated by him on February 25th, in the Hall of the House of Delegates, at Annapolis, before the Senate and House in joint Session, in the presence of His Excellency the Governor of the State, the Honorable Judges of the Court of Appeals, the Officers of Her Britannic Majesty's Ship Monarch (then lying in Annapolis Roads), and a number of ladies and gentlemen specially invited.

On the 26th of February, Mr. Touchstone submitted, in the House of Delegates, the following resolutions which were unanimously adopted, and which received, in due course, the unanimous concurrence of the Senate, viz:

JOINT RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, the discourse upon the Life and Character of the late George Peabody, which was yesterday pronounced by S. Teackle Wallis, Esq., in the presence of the Senate and House of Delegates of Maryland, is, by its just discrimination, its instructive and philosophical analysis of character, and its lofty eloquence, entitled to rank amongst the most distinguished orations of modern times, and ought, therefore, to be perpetuated and handed down to posterity, with the other tributes paid by Maryland to the memory of its immortal subject,—Therefore,

Resolved by the Senate and House of Delegates of Maryland, That the thanks of the two Houses are hereby offered to Mr. Wallis, for his prompt acceptance of their invitation, and that he be requested to furnish a copy of his discourse for publication.

Resolved, That 2,000 copies of the said discourse be printed for the use of the General Assembly.

The following correspondence thereupon ensued:

GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF MARYLAND,
SENATE,
ANNAPOLIS, *March 3d*, 1870.

Dear Sir: We beg to enclose the joint resolutions of the General Assembly of Maryland, asking a copy of your classic and eloquent Eulogy on the Life and Character of George Peabody, for publication. Having been

appointed a Committee to execute the wishes of the Legislature, we express the hope that it may be agreeable to your views to comply with this request.

We have the honor to be, very respectfully, your ob't serv'ts,

ORMOND HAMMOND,
E. G. KILBOURN,
J. M. STREETT,
Of the House.

JAMES T. EARLE,
C. H. HYLAND,
Of the Senate.

HON. S. TEACKLE WALLIS.

BALTIMORE, *March 4th*, 1870.

Gentlemen: I have before me your flattering communication of yesterday's date, enclosing me a copy of the resolutions which the General Assembly of Maryland has been pleased to adopt, in reference to my recent discourse upon the Life and Character of the late Mr. Peabody.

The terms in which the General Assembly has seen fit to characterize the discourse so far transcend my own estimate of its possible merits, that I should have much hesitation, under other circumstances, in submitting it to the deliberate criticism of the public. But the manuscript is already in the hands of the Committee of the Peabody Institute, for publication, and I shall therefore take great pleasure in transmitting you the corrected proofs as soon as they are ready.

Let me beg you to express to the General Assembly, in the warmest way, my very grateful sense, not only of the high honor done me by its official proceedings, but of the great personal consideration, courtesy and kindness, which have left me under so many obligations to the officers, Committees and Members of both Houses.

I have the honor to be, with great regard, truly yours,

S. T. WALLIS.

HON. JAMES T. EARLE,
" C. H. HYLAND,
Committee of the Senate.

HON. ORMOND HAMMOND,
" E. G. KILBOURN,
" J. M. STREETT,
Committee of the House of Delegates.

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The ceremonies attendant upon the unveiling of the Statue erected by the State of Maryland, in honor of the late Chief Justice ROGER BROOKE TANEY, took place in the Senate Chamber, at Annapolis, at noon of December 10th, 1872. The Report and Address of the Committee were read by the chairman, Mr.

S. T. Wallis, who in their name made formal delivery of the Monument to the Governor of the State. His Excellency, Governor Whyte, responded briefly, and when he had concluded, the company proceeded to the grounds in front of the State House, where, upon the order of the Governor, the statue was uncovered.

During the ceremony in the Chamber, the Governor occupied the place of the President of the Senate, the Judges of the Court of Appeals, with other prominent representatives of the Bench and Bar of the State, being upon one side, and the Officers of the Naval Academy, in full uniform, with Rear Admiral Worden at their head, being seated on the other. His Excellency remained standing during the delivery of Mr. Wallis' address.

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BALTIMORE, *June 7th*, 1881.

Hon. S. TEACKLE WALLIS.

My Dear Sir: Permit me to inform you that the Board of Managers of the Maryland Institute passed on the 6th of June a resolution in which the Chairman of the Schools of Art and Design was requested to obtain from you, for publication, a copy of the speech made by you on the 4th of June at the Annual Commencement of said Schools.

As I hope that your very able and eloquent address upon that occasion may stimulate some of our fellow-citizens to reflect upon, if not to follow, the philanthropic suggestions contained in it, you will, by a compliance with the desire of the Institute for its publication, much oblige,

Yours, very truly,
CARROLL SPENCE.

BALTIMORE, *June 7th*, 1881.

Hon. CARROLL SPENCE,
Chairman, &c.

My Dear Sir: In response to your letter of this morning, I have the pleasure to send you, with this, a copy of my address, delivered at your Annual Commencement, on the 4th of June. I appreciate the compliment conveyed by the resolution of the Board, and shall be happy, if I have been able to promote the interests of the Institute, or attract the attention of the public to its claims upon their sympathy and support.

Very truly yours,
S. T. WALLIS.

POEMS.

POEMS.

THE BLESSED HAND.

For you and me, who love the light
  Of God's uncloistered day,
It were, indeed, a dreary lot,
  To shut ourselves away
From every glad and sunny thing
  And pleasant sight and sound,
And pass, from out a silent cell,
  Into the silent ground.

Not so the good monk, Anselm, thought,
  For, in his cloister's shade,
The cheerful faith that lit his heart
  Its own sweet sunshine made;
And in its glow he prayed and wrote,
  From matin-song till even,
And trusted, in the Book of Life,
  To read his name in Heaven.

What holy books his gentle art
  Filled full of saintly lore!
What pages, brightened by his hand,
  The splendid missals bore!
What blossoms, almost fragrant, twined
  Around each blessed name,
And how his Saviour's cross and crown
  Shone out, from cloud and flame!

But, unto clerk as unto clown,
  One summons comes, alway,
And Brother Anselm heard the call,
  At vesper-chime, one day.
His busy pen was in his hand,
  His parchment by his side—
He bent him o'er the half-writ prayer,
  Kissed Jesu's name, and died!

They laid him where a window's blaze
  Flashed o'er the graven stone,
And seemed to touch his simple name
  With pencil like his own;
And there he slept, and, one by one,
  His brethren died the while,
And trooping years went by and trod
  His name from off the aisle.

And lifting up the pavement, then,
  An Abbot's couch to spread,
They let the jewelled sunlight in
  Where once lay Anselm's head.

No crumbling bone was there, no trace
  Of human dust that told,
But, all alone, a warm right hand
  Lay, fresh, upon the mould.

It was not stiff, as dead men's are,
  But, with a tender clasp,
It seemed to hold an unseen hand
  Within its living grasp;
And ere the trembling monks could turn
  To hide their dazzled eyes,
It rose, as with a sound of wings,
  Right up into the skies!

Oh loving, open hands, that give;
  Soft hands, the tear that dry;
Oh patient hands, that toil to bless;
  How can ye ever die!
Ten thousand vows from yearning hearts
  To Heaven's own gates shall soar,
And bear you up, as Anselm's hand
  Those unseen angels bore!

Kind hands! oh never near to you
  May come the woes ye heal!
Oh never may the hearts ye guard
  The griefs ye comfort, feel!
May He, in whose sweet name ye build,
  So crown the work ye rear,
That ye may never clasped be,
  In one unanswered prayer!

A PRAYER FOR PEACE.

Peace! Peace! God of our fathers, grant us Peace!
Unto our cry of anguish and despair
Give ear and pity! From the lonely homes
Where widowed beggary and orphaned woe
Fill their poor urns with tears; from trampled plains
Where the brightest harvest Thou hast sent us, rots,—
The blood of them who should have garnered it
Calling to Thee—from fields of carnage, where
The foul-beaked vultures, sated, flap their wings
O'er crowded corpses, that but yesterday
Bore hearts of brothers, beating high with love
And common hopes and pride, all blasted now;—
Father of Mercies! not alone from these
Our prayer and wail are lifted. Not alone
Upon the battle's seared and desolate track,
Nor with the sword and flame, is it, O God,
That Thou hast smitten us. Around our hearths,
And in the crowded streets and busy marts,
Where echo whispers not the far-off strife
That slays our loved ones;—in the solemn halls
Of safe and quiet counsel—nay, beneath
The temple-roofs that we have reared to Thee,
And mid their rising incense,—God of Peace!
The curse of war is on us. Greed and hate
Hungering for gold and blood: Ambition, bred

Of passionate vanity and sordid lusts,
Mad with the base desire of tyrannous sway
Over men's souls and thoughts, have set their price
On human hecatombs, and sell and buy
Their sons and brothers for the shambles. Priests,
With white, anointed, supplicating hands,
From Sabbath unto Sabbath clasped to Thee,
Burn, in their tingling pulses, to fling down
Thy censers and thy cross, to clutch the throats
Of kinsmen by whose cradles they were born,
Or grasp the brand of Herod, and go forth
Till Rachel hath no children left to slay.
The very name of Jesus, writ upon
Thy shrines, beneath the spotless, outstretched wings
Of Thine Almighty Dove, is wrapt and hid
With bloody battle-flags, and from the spires
That rise above them, angry banners flout
The skies to which they point, amid the clang
Of rolling war-songs tuned to mock Thy praise.

All things once prized and honored are forgot.
The Freedom that we worshipped, next to Thee,
The manhood that was Freedom's spear and shield,
The proud, true heart, the brave, outspoken word,
Which might be stifled, but could never wear
The guise, whate'er the profit, of a lie;—
All these are gone, and in their stead, have come
The vices of the miser and the slave,—
Scorning no shame that bringeth gold or power,
Knowing no love, or faith, or reverence,

Or sympathy, or tie, or aim, or hope,
Save as begun in self, and ending there.
With vipers like to these, O blessed God!
Scourge us no longer! Send us down, once more,
Some shining seraph in Thy glory clad,
To wake the midnight of our sorrowing
With tidings of Good Will and Peace to men;
And if the star that through the darkness led
Earth's wisdom then, guide not our folly now,
Oh, be the lightning Thine Evangelist,
With all its fiery, forked tongues, to speak
The unanswerable message of Thy will.

Peace! Peace! God of our fathers, grant us Peace!
Peace in our hearts and at Thine altars; Peace
On the red waters and their blighted shores;
Peace for the leaguered cities, and the hosts
That watch and bleed, around them and within;
Peace for the homeless and the fatherless;
Peace for the captive on his weary way,
And the mad crowds who jeer his helplessness.
For them that suffer, them that do the wrong;
Sinning and sinned against—O God! for all—
For a distracted, torn, and bleeding land—
Speed the glad tidings! Give us, give us Peace!

THE LAST OF THE HOURS.

Daughter of light! thy gaze, methinks, is sad;
  Thy hooded vesture hath no bloom of flowers—
Why, 'mid so blithe a host, art thou not glad?
  What grief hath stung thee, fairest of the Hours?

Is it that Heaven's own children, when their lot
  Is bent to human circumstance, like thine,
Share the near sorrows which themselves have not,
  And round the immortal brow earth's cypress twine?

When at the couch of pain the morning calls,
  Thou art the last to chase the fevered dream;
When welcome night upon the weary falls,
  Thine is the ling'ring, last, intrusive beam!

Of those that love and part, the vigils pale
  Are they not thine?—and thine the watcher's sigh,
As, with wet eyes, she sees the misty sail
  Sink down, with thee, beneath the twilight sky?

Hast thou not seen—nay see'st thou not, each day—
  Youth, purity, and truth, and trust, depart—
Dreams vanish—struggles ended—hopes decay—
  And change, cold as the grave, come o'er the heart?

Thou too art Death's own hour—the dim, the dread—
  In whose wan light his shadow creepeth o'er

The opening, awful pathway we must tread,
And the loved places we shall know no more.

Yet not all sad thy round! The passing bell
Gives thee ofttimes sweet music as it rings—
There are deep joy-notes even in its knell,
For sorrow dieth, like the brightest things!

The dew that at the haunted even-tide
Thou weepest, as last mourner o'er the day,
Last Hour of night! are not its tear-drops dried,
By the wild morning's first exultant ray?

Though thine the woe of partings, know'st thou not—
Long absence over—joy come home anew?
'Mid hopes and dreams that leave us, why forgot
Are anguish, doubt, despair, departed too?

And e'en when life goes wasting, with thy sands,
And tears fall fast, and, in the noiseless tread,
The quivering whisper, the cold clasped hands,
And the wild prayer—half madness—may be read

Our mortal story's ending—even then
How oft, last Hour, is there a light that springs
Out of thy darkness, which the fears of men
Can dim not nor o'ershadow—but which flings

A glory, brighter than the noon-day's, round
The bed thou watchest, until grief and dread

Blaze into triumph, and the trumpet's sound
Swells high with welcome as it calls the dead!

Let then the daughter of old Chaos wear
The robe of shadows and the mantled brow!
Unbind thy tresses to the rosy air,
And to the Sun, with sunshine, answer Thou!

TRUTH AND REASON.

How beautiful the fantasy
That warmed the brain of him of old—
The watcher of the midnight sky—
Who, as the stars above him rolled,
Untaught of dim Primeval Cause
And crowned will and sceptred laws,
Had glimpses of a spirit-band,
Careering through the trackless air,
Each shaping, with a giant's hand
The orbit of a blazing sphere!

A holier thought and not less bright
It is, that o'er the sands of time,
We walk not in the mystic light
Of Providence, far off, sublime,
Nor Fate, nor Chance, with baleful ray,
Kindles the lode-star of our way;

But, that where'er our tents are cast,
Each hath an Angel by his side,
From the first life-sigh to the last,
His guardian, champion, friend and guide.

Such faith seems half idolatry
To speculation's earth-turned eyes,
But wo befall us, if we see
No truth save that in reason's guise!
The simplest child, in sun and storm,
Hath visions of God's awful form,
That dazzled science could not paint;
And he, who bends to laws alone,
May mock the worship of the saint,
Yet kneel unto a graven stone!

The Heathen, when his fancy gave
Their deities to all things fair—
Set Neptune's trident o'er the wave,
And temples made of earth and air—
Had more of worship in his heart,
More of religion's better part,
Than he who dives in reason's well
For all the truth to mortals given,
And from its depths alone, will tell
The starry mysteries of Heaven!

I would not, that the dreams of old
Should veil again the wakened mind,
Nor mine their faith who idly hold
That to be wise we need be blind;

But, when I see how darkly lie
The plainest things before mine eye,
That, with each turn of reason's wheel,
Falsehood and truth, both, upward go,
I can but think that what I feel
Is best and most of what I know!

BEAUTY AND FAITH.

The Painter turned him to the sky,
And, as he gazed, a cloud went by,
Whose purple seemed to fold
A vision, round whose golden hair
The morning stars a glory were,
And worshipped as they rolled.

Beneath his flashing pencil then
Grew forms of light, unknown to men,
And lo! the canvas gleams
As if the Painter's hand had caught
The vesture of a seraph's thought
To robe immortal dreams!

Time hath not dimm'd them! Pilgrims bow
Before that dazzling beauty now
As when, from opened heaven,
Rapt genius snatched its kindling ray,

And revelled in that glorious day
To inspiration given!

But he, the Painter, did he kneel
And in his own high phrensy feel
The awful, present God?
Not so! The shrine was poor and dim
Where faith, not beauty, lit for him
The path that angels trod!

Ah! for ourselves indeed 'twere well,
If Love were part of Fancy's spell,
And all things bright were dear;
If we could bless as well as build,
And Deity and worship filled
What temples we might rear!

In vain our hands shall altars raise,
Though meet they be for proudest praise,
And genius grave the stone;
For howsoe'er the gods be shrined
That lure the incense of the mind,
The heart adores its own!

THE EXILE'S PRAYER.

He speaks! The lingering locks, that cold
  And few and gray, fall o'er his brow,
Were bright, with childhood's clustered gold,
  When last that voice was heard as now.
He speaks! and as with flickering blaze
  Life's last dim embers, waning, burn,
Fresh from the unsealed fount of praise,
  His childhood's gushing words return.

Ah! who can tell what visions roll
  Before those wet and clouded eyes,
As, o'er the old man's parting soul,
  His childhood's wakened memories rise!
The fields are green and gladsome still,
  That smiled around his sinless home,
And back, from ancient vale and hill,
  Exultant echoes bounding come!

He treads that soil, the first he pressed,
  He shouts with all his boyish glee,
He rushes to his mother's breast,
  He clasps and climbs his father's knee;
And then—the prayer that nightly rose,
  Warm from his lisping lips, of yore,
Bursts forth, to bless that evening's close
  Whose slumbers earth shall break no more!

Dark though our brightest lot may be,
From toil to sin and sorrow driven,
Sweet childhood! we have still, in thee,
A link that holds us near to heaven!
When Mercy's errand angels bear,
'Tis in thy raiment that they shine,
And if one voice reach Mercy's ear,
That blessed voice is surely thine!

God of his fathers! may the breath
That upward wafts the exile's sigh,
Rise, fragrant, from the lips of death,
As the first prayer of infancy!
Frown not, if through his childhood, back,
The old man heavenward seeks his way—
Thy light was on that morning track,
It can but lead to Thee and day!

THE FIRST GRAVE.

The city of the dead hath thrown wide its gates at last,
And through the cold gray portal a funeral train hath passed:
One grave—the first—is open, and on its lonely bed,
Some heir of sin and sorrow hath come to lay his head.

Perchance a hero cometh, whose chaplet, in its bloom,
Hath fallen from his helmet, to wither on his tomb:

It may be that hot youth comes—it may be, we behold
Here, broken at the cistern, pale beauty's bowl of gold.

Mayhap that manhood's struggle, despite of pride and power,
Hath ended in the darkness and sadness of this hour:
Perchance some white-haired pilgrim, with travel sore oppressed,
Hath let his broken staff fall, and bent him down to rest.

But stay! behold the sepulchre—nor age nor strength is there;
Nor fame, nor pride, nor manhood, those lagging mourners bear:
A little child is with them, as pale and pure as snow,
Her mother's tears not dried yet upon her gentle brow.

The step that tottered, trembling, the heart that faltered, too,
At the faintest sound of terror the infant spirit knew;
The eyes that glistened tearful when shadowy eve came on,
Now show no dread of sleeping in darkness and alone.

And why, though all be lonely, should that young spirit fear,
Through midnight and through tempest, no shielding bosom near?
Ere the clod was on the coffin—ere the spade had cleft the clod—
Bright angels clad an angel in the raiment of their God!

Green home of future thousands! how blest in sight of heaven
Are these, the tender firstlings, that death to thee has given!
Though prayer and solemn anthem have echoed from thy hill,
This first fresh grave of childhood hath made thee holier still.

The morning flowers that deck thee shall sweeter, lovelier, bloom
Above the spot where beauty like theirs hath found a tomb;
And when the evening cometh, the very stars shall keep
A vigil, as of seraphs, where innocence doth sleep.

Sweet hope! that when the slumbers of thy pilgrims shall be o'er,
And the valley of death's shadow hath mystery no more,
To them the trumpet's clangor may whisper accents mild,
And bid them wear the garlands that crown this little child!

THE SPECTRE OF COLALTO.

I.

How many a gem hath Nature's hand
Flung o'er Italia's fallen land!
How bright the world she bids to bloom
Around old Empire's prostrate tomb!
Oh! who, with patriot soul to dare,
Could gaze upon a land so fair,
Or list, as Nature's joy goes by
From vocal wood and echoing sky,
Or feel that yon ethereal dome
Hangs, ever cloudless, o'er his home,
And not—with hand upon his sword,
And "Rome and Brutus!" for his word—

Fling off the chain that galls him now,
Bind once again about his brow
The laurel of the glorious past,
And, kneeling by some temple's wall,
Whose heavenless gods for vengeance call,
Swear that—unyielding to the last—
He will not shame his father's grave,
And live—a Roman and a slave!
Alas! Italia's brighter day,
Her glory's noon, hath passed away,
And, mindless of their country's wrong,
Her sons, with love and dance and song.
Now teach the stream of joy to swell
From matin chime to vesper bell.
But not upon their souls is thrown
The blight of luxury alone,
For there her throne hath falsehood made,
There vengeance bares the bravo's blade,
And men, for rights who dare not bleed,
Lurk armed for murder's midnight deed.
They too, the daughters of that clime,
How is their beauty linked with crime!
By passion's cunning taught to know
Affection's lightest ebb or flow;
Familiar with each jealous wile,
Too prompt to seek for falsehood's guile,
Too apt, from any doubts, to prove
The frailty of the hearts they love,
They pass o'er life, as o'er a sea
Of bitterness and mockery;

Too ardent for a world like this,
Too high in hope for earthly bliss!
Oh! would ye know how dread the fate
That drinks the venom of their hate,
Go, hear it in the long wild cry
That echoes round Colalto's towers!
Go, ask it of the moonless sky
That on a woman's vengeance lowers!
Go, seek it where, from yon gray wall,
Now crumbles fast the stony pall
Of one whom, to her living grave,
Without a Christian rite to bless,
A woman's vengeance madly gave,
In her youth's prime and loveliness.
Bethink ye, when each mould'ring bone
Beneath your touch to dust hath gone,
That she, whose wreck before you lies,
Was radiant as her own bright skies
In brow and cheek, and form and air
As pure, as sunny, and as fair!
Methinks in yonder bower she stands,
Her lady's tresses in her hands,
And o'er her lips there plays the while
A lucid and a happy smile—
A smile so fraught with peace and joy,
By innocence so heavenly made,
So free from grovelling earth's alloy,
'Twere mournful it should ever fade.
Upon her face, with raptured mien,
Colalto's lord is fondly seen

To turn his eye's scarce smothered flame,
While now and then, by stealth, there came
A sigh which told how wild a guest
Had made its homestead in his breast.
The thoughts he dares not then to speak
Are burning on his swarthy cheek,
And on his lips, and o'er his brow,
The smile, the flush, to fever grow!
Unconscious of his lawless gaze,
With fairy hand she lightly plays
Amid her lady's flowing hair,
And smiling on, with that bright smile,
She seems as if no dream of guile,
No tainted thought, could enter there!
Alas! across the mirror's face,
Her lady's jaundiced sight may trace
Where, true to life, reflected steals
Each glance her lord too ill conceals;
And when she marks that maiden's eye,
And lip, so full of ecstasy,
Though bleeds her thrilling bosom, torn
In turns, by fury, hate, and scorn,
No word she speaks—but, ere the night
Hath half run o'er its dismal flight,
In yon deep, torch-lit vault, they say,
A deed is done which weary years
Of madness and repentant tears
Were all too few to cleanse away!
Why should we paint yon niche's shade—
The fainting form within it laid—

The hurried wall that o'er it rose—
The shriek that cursed its murderous close?
When morning dawned 'twas bright as e'er,
But not amid the throng appear
Those charms which erst were wont to glow
So brightly in the pageant's show;
And, though they searched the castle o'er—
Though every tongue in sorrow spoke—
Since that unhallowed morning broke,
The one they sought was found no more.

II.

What tyrant's hand, what stern array,
Can bolt, or bar, or dungeon find
To stay the soarings of the mind,
E'en when begirt with chains of clay?
Then, when the dust hath found its own,
And, fetterless, the soul hath gone,
Shall not its angel-pinions wave
High o'er the darkness of the grave?
And if there be some cherished scene
Where deathless memory lingers yet—
Some spot which green and bright had been
Before the sun of life had set;
Or, if there be some withered spot
Beyond the grave yet unforgot,
Round which life's darker curtains hung,
O'er which her cloud had passion flung,
Then say—why, after life's sad close,

May not the spirit circle o'er,
As perfume haunts the faded rose,
The realms it blessed or cursed before?
Why—when the noisy day hath past,
And midnight's shades are round us cast,
May not the soul delight to fling
The shadow of its silver wing
Around the mortal couch where those
It loved in life's dark vale, repose?
To heal the mourner's wounded breast,
To soothe each waking grief to rest,
Or robed in godlike justice, throw
Its lightning on the guilty brow?
May not the spark that never dies
Start from its ashes into flame?
Uncalled, may not the spirit rise,
As erst the spell-bound prophet's came?
Enough: the grave alone can tell
How fare the tenants of its cell,
And they who sleep or dream below,
Its secret realms alone may know.
But this they say, that human eye
Oft sees a maiden form go by,
When death or sorrow hangs its pall
Around Colalto's guilty hall.
When danger haunts the bloody chase,
That form outstrips the courser's pace;
By night, by day, that form is still
The shadow of some coming ill;
And, ever robed in virgin white,

With marble smile and eye of light,
Hath been, through all its wav'ring state,
The herald of Colalto's fate.
Time hath not blanched a single hair
Of those which made that brow more fair;
Not years on years have taught to die
The lustre of that fadeless eye!
Of her who spake that maiden's doom,
They know not now the mouldered tomb,
Nor seek they in what unseen shade
Her children's children's bones are laid;
But when, at twilight's dreamy hour,
The huntsman spurs his lagging steed
To cross Colalto's haunted mead
Ere ghostlier still the shadows low'r,
If rustles by the evening air,
To Mary's throne he lifts his prayer,
That she who rules the twilight grove
Will shield him with a mother's love;
Or crosses fervently his breast,
As o'er his path dim visions roll,
That He, who gives the weary rest,
Will calm that maiden's troubled soul.

IN FORT WARREN.

The anchors are weighed, and the gates of your prison
  Fall wide, as your ship gives her prow to the foam,
And a few hurried hours shall return you, exulting,
  Where the flag you have fought for floats over your home.

God send that not long may its folds be uplifted
  O'er fields dark and sad with the trail of the fight;
God give it the triumph He always hath given,
  Or sooner or later, to Valor and Right!

But if Peace may not yet wreathe your brows with her olive,
  And new victims are still round her altar to bleed,
God shield you amid the red bolts of the battle,
  God give you stout hearts for high thought and brave deed!

No need we should bid you go strike for your freedom—
  Ye have stricken, like men, for its blessings, before;
And your homes and your loved ones, your wrongs and your manhood,
  Will nerve you to fight the good fight, o'er and o'er!

But will ye not think, as ye wave your glad banners,
  How the flag of Old Maryland, trodden in shame,
Lies, sullied and torn, in the dust of her highways,
  And will ye not strike a fresh blow in her name?

Her mothers have sent their first-born to be with you,
Wherever with blood there are fields to be won;
Her daughters have wept for you, clad you, and nursed you,
Their hopes, and their vows, and their smiles, are your own!

Let her cause be your cause, and whenever the war-cry
Bids you rush to the field, oh! remember her too;
And when Freedom and Peace shall be blended in Glory,
Oh! count it your shame, if she be not with you!

And if, in the hour when pride, honor, and duty
Shall stir every throb in the hearts of brave men,
The wrongs of the helpless can quicken such pulses,
Let the captives at Warren give flame to them then!

WORSHIP.

'Tis not in anthems that from builded fanes
Go up with smoke of incense; in the wail
Of sorrow, or repentance, nor the cry
Of supplicating anguish—not in all
The prayers that living lips can syllable,
Nor in the throb of adoration mute,
That stirs the breathless spirit on the shore
Of the lone ocean, or when midnight's stars
Slow swing their ceaseless censers, or the flowers
And seasons lift our hearts to Him whose hand

Hath wreathed them all with beauty—not alone
In these or all of these, dwells there or speaks
The true, deep soul of worship! Far, between
The God who made us and ourselves, there lie
Eternal depths of distance. Sad and ill
It were to bear, were there divinity
No nearer to us! were the Patriarch's dream
Of steps of light that climbed from earth to sky,
With angels gliding o'er them, but a mist
Shaped by the brain of slumber! Nay—there is
Divinity about us, and our earth
Hath, in some mortal shapes that walk it with us,
Creatures so full of Heav'n that prayer to them
Cannot be all idolatry! They fill
The shrine—they wake the worship, and it soars
To where they stooped from. Unto them, we bow
The head in rev'rence, as Religion bends
When holiest names are uttered. On their souls
The shade of frailty seems to have been flung
But that they might not be too bright to bless
The upturned eyes of love. To them the clay
Is but the robe of beauty, as the cloud
That blushes in the dawn, or crimsons o'er
The sunset, or sends forth the flashing storm,
Is but the earth-wove mantle that the skies
Wear for our joy and wonder!

DREAMS.

YOUTH.

I will to rest, for though the morn and all
The starry prodigals are flinging down
Their silver on the night, and all we see
Is bright, and soft, and peaceful, yet to me
Far dearer are my dreams! Oh blessed gift,
From God to his loved children, that whene'er
Life's load is heavy on them, and the shade
Of waking woe is dark upon their souls,
There is a fairy garden in the realm
Of sleep, which they may seek, and there, amid
The blossoms of sweet flowers, the lulling flow
Of ceaseless fountains, and the siren chant
Of many-colored birds, may lay them down
And feel that life hath rest!

AGE.

Alas, Alas!
How is the eye of youth a glorious prism,
Through which plain light falls beautiful! To me
There is no charm in dreams. I can recall
The night when, to my childhood's pillow, came
Green visions of the fields at early morn,
With dew and flower and fragrance—when I heard
In sleep, the voices of companions near,

That bade me wake to sport, and when my heart
Would quicken its weak beatings, as I saw
The charms that lit the morrow's fancied hours!
There was a change. The forms that flitted round
My couch were those of friends, or, brighter still,
Of those that I had learned to love, and then
Sleep's hours were peopled with more burning thoughts,
But not less joyous. Life then looked, in dreams,
As to a traveller, from a new-reached hill,
Glow the glad lands before him. All was near.
Soft hands were beckoning onwards; glancing eyes
Flashed on the paths I followed, and there swelled
A larger, warmer being in my veins,
Till life was one fierce ecstasy! There came
Another change. The visions of the night
Though gorgeous still, did seem to lead me on
With ruder and more anxious hand, and though
My way was onward, and obstruction fell
Before my touch, and still, as erst, my step
Was proud—scorn had locked hands with pride—
More heavily the birds did flit around
And o'er my path, with all the jewelled plumes
Fall'n from their wings. The earth was green, as yet,
And flowers still bloomed, but they had parted, too,
With their old fragrance. There was dust on all
The things I saw—the dust of strife and toil—
The breezes that had fanned me in the morn,
Were tempests now, and death was in their sweep!
Thus passed I on, until, by slow degrees,
In sleep's still landscape shade by shade began

To glide across the fields. The flowers did droop,
And the grass withered; nor could I distil
One balmy drop, save from the precious Past.
Then, as, in childhood's dreams, the Future sate
Upon a starry throne and bade me come;
As, in my manhood's slumber, there abode
The eternal Present only—so the Past
Gave all its life to sleep. I felt, that though
The fruit was heavy on the limb, yet there
The leaf grew yellow by it, and the tree
Had lost the charm it wore when it was red
With bee-sipped blossoms!
Tell me not of dreams!
They are the sport of him who hath not known
The changes of his state. They are the song
Of him who hath not heard the requiem sound
O'er all that he loved best. They are the bow
Of promise to the eye which hath not seen
The sunshine from the bosom of life's cloud
Go fading, till the shadows made its tomb!
Speak not of dreams! No dreams, no dreams for me!

LIFE.

Antonio. Then, why, my Lord,
I prithee tell me, dost thou frown at life,
Its joys, its hopes? Why dost thou scoff at all
The brightness of its raiment, and with life
Compressed in most contemptuous bitterness,
So scorn the happiness that blooms around
Its devious pathway? Surely, though its cup
Be not all sweetness, few there are, meseems,
Who may not drink from it a nectared draught;
The toil-wrung hind—the very slave—may learn
It hath some cordial drops for his poor heart—
Then how, my Lord, dost thou, so doubly girt
With earth's most costly blessings, find it in thee,
To turn thy spirit from them, veiling it
In this so black and causeless melancholy?

Carlos. Thou speak'st of that thou know'st not. Cause there is
For all who ponder on the breath they draw,
To fling light-hearted laughter from their lips,
No more to play there.
Midnight, now, it is,
And yonder rides the mild autumnal moon,
Without a cloud upon her lustrous brow—
Dost thou believe my heart so cold, that thence
The pulses leap not wildly, when I see

So mirrored there eternal love and power?
Too warm, alas, the current springs, to fill
Each thrilling vein! but, chilled again, shrinks back
When I do mind me of the wretched dust,
They say yon splendor beams for! What a world,
And what a Heaven, for what a paltry worm!

Antonio. Nay, chafe not thus, but rather let thine age
Go revelling o'er the Paradise whose sheen
Is glorious around! The hand that laid
Each shadow and each blaze of this fair light,
So wondrously, on such a wondrous world,
Did it not frame a meet inhabitant
For this so goodly mansion? Out on thee!
That thou would'st drag the withered leaves to sight
And hide the blossom and the fruit of life!

Carlos. Speak not of withered leaves! At this lone hour,
When silence hath his finger on the lips
Of Earth and all the earth-born, as I list
Where from yon tree, whose dappled foliage gleams,
Half sere, half verdant, in the doubtful light,
Drops rustling, here and there, the frequent leaf—
The thought comes o'er me, that this gloomy time
Is but the image of my life-time's hour;
And I remember me of all who now,
Have fallen, withered, from the tree of fate,
And left me lonely.

Antonio. Is it wise, my Lord,
To dwell in sorrow, for that Death hath pierced

Loved hearts ere thine? Nay, nay, if life be full,
As thou wouldst deem it, of o'erwhelming woes,
'Twould seem a kindness, that his iron hand
Should snatch us from them.

Carlos. Kindness, sure,—to leave
In solitude of anguish, those that weep
A portion of their better being gone—
To burst, at brightest and most festive hours,
Into the glowing chambers of the breast,
And leave them cold and tenantless! Nay more
And worse—while, thus, the good and true
Are, like the topmost flowers, the first that fade,
Are there not left enough, of these with whom
Communion would bring loathing, to be round
Our troubled way—and ever some, to whom
The tendrils of our hope have learned to cling
But to be blasted? Kindness this, that makes
Death and the terrible dark doubts beyond
Come welcome as his slumbers to the slave!

Antonio. I'll not dispute with thee, that life is all
One day of sunshine. It hath clouds, as hath
The fairest child of summer, but why make it
E'en worse than winter, ceaseless in its storms?
If thou wouldst live for happiness, then turn
Thine eye upon life's brightness, as the gaze
Of the proud eagle ever seeks the sun,
Nor heeds the mists that flit before his wing.
I will not mind thee of the threads of gold

Fate yet might spin thee, were her rolling wheel
Urged on with hopeful hand. Yet—answer me!
In youth's untroubled spring-time, even when
The storms of manhood's summer rolled about thee—
Hadst then not those—nay, shrink not—was there one
The unyielding marble of whose truth did speak
Heaven's music to thy love, as Memnon's lips
Blushed into harmony at morning's gaze?
Say this is past—yet has thy heart forgot
The bliss that warmed it then? E'en now, its glow
Gives mem'ry life!

Carlos. True, true!—Behold enough
To make thee weep the folly of thy frowns—
To wipe away the blot which pain hath thrown
On life's succeeding page! A single star,
Seen though it be far as the walls of Heaven,
Will make night beautiful to him whose eye
Looks out for beauty! One remembered joy,
How will it turn a wilderness to bloom!

Carlos. Alas, Antonio, there is little cure
In memory. 'Tis but an ancient lute
Whose strings are broken, or, unbroken, yield
How poor a melody for that which erst
Rang thrilling o'er them. I have turned to fame,
To wealth and power and beauty, but I have
Grown old vain-seeking happiness, and all
Comes with an empty sound upon mine ear.
And for the dreams—the phantoms—memory raises—

So cold, so fleshless are they, and each points
Its Parthian arrow with so dread an aim—
God grant there were no seer to bid them rise!

Antonio. Has Heaven not made thee with a mind that, firm
In its unbending reason, dares to soar
Above the trembling empire of the heart?
Art thou so weak, that every woe will bend
Thy spirit as the breezes toss the light
And pensile willow? Thou, who art a man,
Shouldst wear thy manhood as a hardness round thee,
And smile at sorrow, as at outward harm!

Carlos. Why call'st thou me a man, and yet wouldst have
Me fling my nature, callous, in the dust,
And bear me, as the brute, whom God hath made
Unreasoning, unfeeling, void of all
That is humanity's best grace? For me,
The thing that thou wouldst call philosopher
Is but a brute of his own making—worse—
In that he hath vain speech to boast him of
His brutish art, and pride, to let me know
How one made with some sparks of Heaven within him
Hath striven to be, altogether, clay!

Antonio. This is thy nature's weakness, not its strength,
Its godlike portion—that thou shouldst fall down
Before thy sorrows, as the traveller falls,
In the far Eastern desert, when the wild
Sand-cloud flits fire-winged o'er him. There are springs

Where life's sad pilgrims in its saddest wilds
May pause, and rest, and drink. To me, as thee,
Life hath not been a garden all of flowers,
But curst with weeds enough; yet I adore
Deeply, though darkly, Him whose master-hand
Hath framed the chequered fabric of our fate!
And though, in everything, this tear-dimmed eye
See not His wisdom nor His goodness shine,
Yet, of their Heaven-blent union, everywhere,
One instant doubt I not. I cannot curb
The thoughts that spring within me, yet I feel,
And trust, and hear—as thou canst do, my Lord,
If that thou wilt—till silent suffering yields
A harvest of most unrepining peace.
Go see the wild—once desert, blooming now—
Where, in thy memory, desolation sat,
A voiceless queen! Some solitary bird
Upon its barren bosom did let fall
The seed of bright flowers, from her passing beak—
Now all is beautiful, where all was waste!
So time will scatter fruit and fragrance o'er
The wildest solitude of heart—and thus,
As violets spread their perfume by our graves,
Will there spring up a sweetness from thy woe,
Will turn it half to happiness.

CHRISTMAS.

On the Swiss mountains, when I wandered there,
In the wild, awful passes, all alone,
A little cross of iron, cold and bare,
Rose, oft, before me, from some wayside stone.
Strange, uncouth names they bore—a holy sign
Traced by rude hands upon a rustic scroll,
And, blotted by the snows, a piteous line,
Begging our prayers for the poor sleeper's soul.

Some traveller it was, perchance, whose doom
The torrent or the avalanche had sped;
Mayhap was buried there some peasant, whom
The hunted chamois o'er the cliff had led.
His simple thoughts had never crossed the sea,
From whose far borders to his grave I came,
Yet, as a brother, called he unto me,
And my heart's echo gave him back the name!

Peace to thy spirit, Brother! I had felt
The quick'ning of the blood that wanderers feel,
At thought of home and country. I had knelt
At altars where the nations came to kneel—
But knew I never, in its depth, till when
Thy lonely shrine besought me for my prayer,
The sense of kindred with all sons of men—
One love, one hope, God's pity everywhere!

And so thy scroll, thou gentle Christmas-tide,
Reared on the cross, high o'er the wastes of time,
Speaks to earth's pilgrims, in His name who died,
Good will and peace and brotherhood sublime!
And, unto them that hail thee, chiefly worth
Are the glad wreaths thou twinest round the year,
For that thou bidd'st our kindled hearts go forth,
Wherever love can warm or kindness cheer.

Up the bleak heights of daily toil we press,
Too busy, with our journey and our load,
To heed the hurried grasp, the brief caress,
The brother fainting on that weary road.
Then, welcome be the hours and thoughts and things,
That win us from ourselves, a little while,
To that sweet human fellowship, which brings
The only human joy unstained of guile!

CHRISTMAS—1851.

As, o'er Judea's lonely world,
The Magi bore their gifts of gold
To Bethlehem, from afar,
Above the midnight path, there shone
Slow-guiding to the manger, on,
A dim receding star!

There came, that night, no starry ray
To where the watching shepherds lay,
  But unto them was given,
With brow of light, and accents mild,
To tell them of the new-born child,
  A messenger from Heaven!

'Twas strange that tidings, uttered then,
Alike for all the sons of men,
  Should take such varying guise:
Here—music on an angel's tongue—
And there—the midnight clouds among,
  Star-written on the skies!

Without the star-taught wizard's lore,
Without the gold and gems he bore,
  'Tis mine, alas! to see
Few, pale, and sad the distant rays,
The only guides to better days,
  Sent down from Heaven to me!

Too far and cold to lead or bless,
Too few to light the wilderness
  O'er which my path has lain—
They fade, like lamps that, waning, keep
The watches of a sick man's sleep,
  Who only wakes to pain!

And, if an angel's form hath cast
A glory round me, as it passed,

And, ere it soared away,
I've sprung to catch its raiment bright,
I have but clutched the pall of night—
The Seraph would not stay!

Would God! Would God! that I could fail
To read, in Bethlehem's holy tale,
The sorrow that it brings—
I would not make my star so dim,
And joyfully would catch the hymn
That any angel sings!

CHRISTMAS EVE AT SEA.

'Tis not thy wont, sweet festive Eve,
To come, with sunshine on thy brow;
For frozen hands thy raiment weave,
And bind thy greenest wreaths with snow.

Yet never, in thy chillest guise,
So cheerless hast thou been to me,
As now, that I behold thee rise,
Here, on the wild and lonely sea.

Yet, though more dark the frowning sky
Should hang upon the solemn deep—
Though wildest were the revelry
The rushing blasts of winter keep—

All heedless still, of wave and storm,
  The pilgrim's heart would beat full high,
If, of the host he loves, one form,
  One heart, one hand, one smile, were nigh.

Bring him the hearth around whose blaze
  His household gods give back the light;
Breathe in his ear the mirth that plays
  In happy echoes, there, to-night.

Show him the haunts where two or three
  The festive midnight meet to bless;
The quiet chambers, where there be
  Dreams of the wanderer's caress;

And into stars, the night that's o'er
  His lonely watchings, shall be turned,
And thy sweet incense, as of yore,
  E'en on the billows shall be burned.

Alas! though summoned by thine art,
  Around me, for brief moments, come
Visions so life-like that I start,
  And wonder if it be not home.

'Tis vain! all vain! for round me roll
  The self-same solemn waters, still,
The same sad skies brood o'er my soul,
  The same wild breezes mock my will!

Yet, thou art welcome! for there grow
  Such blooming memories round thine hours,
That dark must be the wave of woe
  Thy coming cannot crest with flowers.

And so, I bless thee, for the Past,
  Whose brightest moments have been thine,
From childhood's playthings, to the last
  Warm pledges in the Christmas wine!

And still more fondly will I greet
  Thy next glad coming, if that then
The pilgrim's sandals shall be off my feet
  The staff laid down, and I at home again!

TO AN INFANT.

"THE LORD GAVE."

Thou hast been born to breathe a softer air
  Than Fate e'er won, from kindest skies, for me,
And, were there blessings waiting on my prayer,
  God hath no angel but should bend o'er thee!

But there's a heart, quick beating, by thy side,
  Whose very pulse is worship. Night and day,
Unconscious, from its throbbing, upward glide
  Wishes too pure for Heaven to turn away.

No vows on high then need'st thou for thy weal,
Nor in this lower world a shield. Thy life
Hath only love to wait on it. The wheel
That, for the most of us, o'er toil and strife

Rolls its sad round, for thee can scarcely turn
From good, except to better. For the sake
Of her who bore thee, many a heart will yearn,
Though thou shalt know it not, from thee to take

Thy burden and to bear it. For the love
Of him thou shalt call father, many a hand
The stones and thorns from out thy path shall move,
And hopes, like sentinels, shall round it stand.

Joy be thy welcome then! and—for the woes
That, on the best beloved and the best,
Fall—when and wherefore not the wisest knows,
Nor, knowing, could o'ermaster—let them rest

Until their hour shall come. The cup of earth
Hath not pearls melted, alway, in its wine;
And happier, thou, than child of mortal birth,
If bitterness be not the most of thine.

But that thou can'st not rule. It is for Fate
To mix the draught—we quaff it, as we can.
Drink of it, humbly, if she pledge thee great;
But, great or humble—drain it like a man!

"And the Lord hath taken away."

I turn the vacant pages o'er and o'er,
And fain would read them, but my eyes grow dim,
And thought and heavy heart go back to him
So wearily, that I can strive no more.

I see him now, as when he climbed my knee,
But yesternight, and round me played and clung
I hear the little busy merry tongue
Lisping the winsome music of his glee;

And, as a garden sunbeam, dewy-bright,
I feel the glow upon me, of the smile
That kissed his innocent sweet lips, the while
He bade me, as he went, his glad Good Night!

Was it forever? When the shadows fall
To-morrow and to-morrow—desolate
Around the silent hearth-stone shall we wait,
Vain listening his light footstep in the hall?

From out the midnight voices seem to say
Life's star was setting when it seemed to rise,
And what we thought its brightness in the skies
Was but its blending with the perfect day!

When thou didst come among us, all unknown,
I gave thee welcome for thy parents' sake,
Nor dreamed, fair child! how soon there should awake
Longings and griefs within me for thine own.

Yet, as, from day to day, their opening flowers
Beauty and hope about thy brow entwined,
And, from the roseate dawning of thy mind,
Love walked with thought adown the kindling hours,

Till every grace I saw upon thee grow
Was so made up with tenderness and mirth,
So full of joy and gentleness, that earth
Knew not its part in thee, 'twas brightened so—

I could but bless thee. Hearts unfilled will crave
The bliss they may not covet, and the grief
Is mine, not borrowed, now, that span so brief
Was all betwixt thy cradle and thy grave.

Good Night, my gentle boy! No dream of pain
Or sin or haunting sorrow waits on thee—
Thou art set free from thy captivity,
Without one memory of its broken chain.

Good Night, and to thy rest! There will be tears
Shed over the first-born, and there will cleave
Unto the bruised hearts thou seem'st to leave,
The anguish of the love that bleeds and bears.

But yet not always. In their lonely home
Tidings shall be, as from the dead that sleep;
And a child's whisper, when they else would weep,
Shall breathe the message—"Suffer him to come!"

MEMNON.

When soft, on Memnon's lips, of old,
  The sunset's fading glory fell,
Though answering music from them rolled,
  'Twas but the sighing of farewell:
If ever from the radiant stone
  The notes of love and rapture broke,
'Twas morning's blessed beam alone,
  The wild, impassioned song that woke.

Though 'tis not mine, as yet, to know
  The dimness of the waning day,
Nor quite forgotten is the glow
  That purpled o'er my morning way,
Yet, even when my soul is stirred
  By what were ecstasy before,
The calmer hope and colder word
  Now catch the olden flush no more.

'Tis strange—it may be sad to see,
  And 'tis, to feel—I know not why—
There were no beauty on the lea,
  Were there no changes in the sky;
And though my heart, like Memnon's tongue,
  Wakes not at noon its morning strain,
There's music in it, yet unsung,
  Will greet the light it loves again!

GOD'S ACRE—FRIEDHOF.

Though I may long and hope, nay, fondly trust—
  Yet know I not that Heaven will deign to keep,
Round the sin-tainted field of human dust,
  Merciful watchings over all that sleep.

Nor know I when the waking hour shall be,
  Nor what shall dazzle the rekindled eye,
When the rent veil of the grave's mystery
  Hideth no more the life that may not die.

But, humbly, this at least, meseems I know,
  That, when the clod shall lie upon my breast,
Though there be lonely truce to joy and woe,
  Yet, lacking both, I still shall be at rest.

Then, by the lowlier name be mine to call
  The silent spot where toil and yearning cease;
I pray it be God's Acre unto all,
  Blest, if to me it be the Vale of Peace!

STARLIGHT.

Glad watching his, who, when he turns
  Unto the kindled lights of even,
By every star that o'er him burns
  Sees but a nearer path to Heaven!

Poor dweller in the valley, he
To whom the midnight tells no story,
Save of dark distances that be
Betwixt him and its fields of glory!

Ah! blessed orbs! shall I not gaze,
Some time, upon the blue above me,
And catching in your dewy rays
The tenderness of eyes that love me,

Feel that the skies are near indeed,
When creatures good and bright beside us,
Part of the Heaven to which they lead,
Will share it with us, as they guide us!

QUO FATA TRAHUNT.

Have I not flung away already more
Of hope, and love, and anxious heart, and peace,
On thought of others—ten times o'er and o'er—
Than I have left? And should not such things cease?

Oh! God that made me! wherefore formed was I,
So full of things opposed, so clear to see
Behind each folly, pain, its shadow, lie,
Yet sure to walk just where the shadows be?

Who hath had teachings more than I have had?
Who, for such lessons, hath a sense more keen?
Who hath had more of grief from what was sad,
Or turned, more fated, back to what had been?

Is it my sin, or shame, that I do tread,
  In spite of knowledge, paths of pain foregone?
Or hath some judgment fallen on my head,
  That I shall see, and know, and yet go on?

FOR AN ALBUM.

The fairy scene the painter's hand
  Here spreads before the eye,
Speaks loudly to us of the land
  Where life's strange travels lie.

Here, coldly see the hill-top gleam
  Where fame and fortune climb;
There, humbly sings the glowing stream
  Its lowly, cheerful chime!

The woodland king, here, spreads his arms,
  In pride of leafy power,
And there, as lifelike, blush the charms
  Of yonder peasant flower.

And mark ye not what o'er them throws
  The joyous smile they wear,
Without whose kissing, tree and rose
  Would vainly woo the air?

It is the glorious sunlight's ray
That blesses wood and cloud,
The streamlet near, and, far away
Hallows the mountain proud!

So rays there are, without whose glow,
The field of human fate,
Alike its hills, and valleys low
Are cold, sad, desolate.

It is the sunshine of the heart,
And he, who reads aright,
Will find this holy lesson start
From every flash of light.

Treasures are wealth and wit and power,
And beauty and renown;
In wisdom's scale, one heart-warm hour
Would weigh a worldful down!

FOR AN ALBUM.

Behold! where, borne on gilded wing,
Yon fair and fluttering insect thing
Flies to the open flow'r;
Blind to the future as the past,
Resolved, while sweets and sunshine last,
To revel through its hour.

'Tis not for me, the moral old,
By saints and sages better told,
From this poor insect's lot;
How that, with all its purple gone,
The beauty which at morning shone,
At even-tide is not.

With gayer faith, the poet deems
It is not ill, to love our dreams
Of brightness and of bloom—
That blossoms would not hang so fair,
That fragrance would not load the air,
Were life all meant for gloom!

So too, he thinks yon silly fly
May not, all useless, flutter by
To those who see aright;
And that a life amid the flowers,
May, longer than the moth's, be ours,
More happy, not less bright!

It is—that through our live-long day,
We should, unyielding, wing our way,
By no false brightness led,
And only give our pinions rest,
When lighted on the fragrant breast
Of buds from pure earth fed.

Not dazzling here and flitting there,
Our pride to glisten everywhere,
Mid noon-day's gaudy crowd;

But ever seeking fresh to sip
The dew whose sweets will cool the lip,
Alike in glare and cloud.

The insect on our page must die,
Because the bud he flutters nigh
Is cut from parent bough!
And though its painted bosom gleam,
In spite of nature's brightest beam,
The blight is on it now!

Then let us ne'er life's blossoms prize,
Because their beauty lures our eyes;
But rather be our art,
To tend alone the flow'rs that blow
On healthful stems that greenly glow,
Unsevered from the heart!

DEJECTION.

Oh God! to see the swelling stream
Of happiness roll on—
To count the blessed barks, that gleam
In morning's flush and evening's beam,
Each on its journey gone;
And feel that, by the lonely shore,
Mine creeps, a laggard, still,

While not a breeze that blew of yore
Comes back, with freshness, as before,
Its drooping sails to fill!

Oh say not to me, to deride,
That, of that better day,
In waste, in passion, or in pride,
Unmindful of the fleeting tide,
I flung the hours away!
Not mine the weakness or the sin
Of golden chances spurned—
To toil and hope is not to win;
We end not all that we begin,
Nor gather all we've earned!

There's not a poisoned seed we sow,
Of folly or of crime,
But, surely, will to rankness grow,
And bear its certain fruit of woe,
In its appointed time:
But, from the germs of better things
We planted in our youth,
How few the flowers that Summer flings,
How rare the fruit that Autumn brings,
To bless our trust and truth!

Men hold it ill, at Fate to rail,
When all is ruled by Heaven;
But when, e'en at our best, we fail,
And, trim we as we will our sail,
On rocks and shoals we're driven—

Though we may feel 'tis Heaven's high plan,
And bend beneath our lot,
Yet, if we be no more than man,
Resigned we may be, if we can,
Contented we are not!

TO A FRIEND.

Oh! say not that the hearts we leave
Are but a transient home,
Or that to them our memories
Will, but as shadows, come;
Nor tell me, tears for broken ties
Shall always dim the mindful eyes
Of those who loved us here;
Nor that oblivion's chaunt should be
Our requiem for eternity,
Lest hate, rememb'ring, sneer.

Small need there is, I own, to try
The human hearts we have,
Their tenderness and truth, upon
The touchstone of the grave!
Falsehood but mocks us, if she pass
Before our pallid lips the glass,
To watch if breath be there;

When, of the years that blithest roll,
Each writes some record on the soul
Of vows that turned to air!

Yet, such things are, as faith and truth,
And hearts wherein they dwell—
And, if the living love such homes,
Why not the dead as well?
If sin and woe no cloud can throw
On living love's unchanging brow,
Why need it be o'ercast
When we can wound and vex no more,
And time and death have mantled o'er,
All but the bright things past?

The grief that awful parting wakes
Shall not for e'er abide;
But 'tis not those who most forget,
Whose tears are soonest dried.
The tenderest heart is oft'nest glad:
Fond memory, not forever sad,
May muse, yet wear no frown:
Love passeth not away, with pain—
The dew may fade, yet still remain
The Heaven that sent it down!

No transient home is that, which love
Makes holy with its ray;
Life's bounded moments are not all
That measure memory's day!

There is a sphere above the sun,
Where noon and night unsevered run,
And darkness never lowers;
There, with no shadow on its face,
Save that eternal day-beams trace,
Love's dial counts its hours!

Then let me live, if live I may,
In hearts I leave behind—
And, if I may not fill the heart,
Oh let me fill the mind!
If love be mine, I ask not praise:
If love must die, then let me raise
Some stone to bear my name
So high above oblivion's hand,
That even they who sneering stand,
Shall feel and own 'tis fame!

Vain words! Ambition's idle dreams
And hopes have fleeted by,
And time hath taught that glory's light
Shines not for such as I!
But welcome is the nameless lot,
If kindly thoughts forsake it not;
And blest th' inglorious doom,
If but the few whose smiles I knew,
With olden memories bestrew
The else-forgotten tomb!

TO THE SAME.

Live we in the present ever?
Rules the Spring the tides of time?
Must our life be one endeavor
To persuade ourselves that never
Shall joy end beyond its prime?

Though the past leaves many a token
That fond hoping may be vain,
And the words we've heard and spoken,
And the idols we have broken,
May not come to us again,

Yet, to doubt shall not restore us
Thought or feeling doomed to die;
And to dread to look before us,
Lest a cloud, unseen, be o'er us,
Is a treason to the sky.

To be trembling o'er affections,
When they cluster thick and kind,
Greeting them with cold reflections,
On the chance of indirections,
Is to love with but the mind!

Every season a new glory
To the poet-heart will bring;
And it is not true, the story

That all good is transitory,
Like the gladness of the Spring.

Then our fancies are unruly
When they whisper "Change is near!"
And we live not well or truly,
But we scan our joys unduly,
If we greet them but in fear.

Neither man nor earth should sorrow
That the flowers must pass away;
For the year will surely borrow
Golden harvests for to-morrow,
From the seed-time of to-day!

TO A FRIEND.

We may have bliss, in after days,
For life hath often plenty,
And joy hath just begun its blaze
When we are one-and-twenty.

But with its joy, life brings its care—
Bright suns go down in sorrow;
The brow that's glad to-day, may wear
A veil of woe to-morrow.

The hands that grasp, the lips that smile,
In after days deceive us;
And many a web of darkest wile
The best beloved may weave us.

Then, let us bid old Memory fling
Her robe of jewels o'er us;
Let's pledge our life's unclouded spring
With all the flowers it bore us.

Dream of the chase at break of day
Along the laurelled mountain,
And bless the moments when we lay
Cool by the noon-tide fountain.

Let's think of when we watch'd the sun
Go down in golden glory,
And how the moonlight's magic won
Our hearts to song and story!

The feast, by sportive toil made sweet,
Shall spread itself before us,
And fancy twine each sylvan seat
With the old boughs bending o'er us.

But most, when Memory backward throws
Her glances, may she guide us,
Unchanged, unchanging, back to those
Whose hearts then beat beside us!

They happier made each happy day,
And shall we not remember
The friends who cheered our sunny May,
E'en in our bleak December?

NO MORE!

A child was born, as midnight's clang
Upon the heavy silence fell,
And round the chamber voices rang
More solemn than that awful bell:
One only burden, sad, they bore—
"No more! no more!"

The tears on childhood's cheek are dry,
For those who watched life's opening flower,
And brightly gleams, in youth's wild eye,
The sunlight of hope's reigning hour.
Clouds come—change—parting—as before,
Life shines no more!

Bend yonder gentle bough aside,
And look ye, where, in saddened grove,
Lips beautiful in scorn, deride
The humble vow! The beam of love
That gilded life's cold mountains o'er,
Hath gold no more!

See where the world-worn man, alone,
  At tearful eve, from crowd and strife
Unto his silent hearth hath gone,
  And poiseth there the scales of life!
The blossoms of the time of yore,
    Now bloom no more!

And to that thoughtful hour he brings
  The memories of yearnings past;
He hears Ambition's failing wings,
  Receding, beat the distant blast;
And, high, the tempest's echoes o'er,
    Still rings—"no more!"

Ay, gather up the hope, the joy,
  The love, the friendships, all that gave
Green paths before him to the boy,
  And sparkling crest to manhood's wave,
While they and all the bliss they bore
    Return no more!

Go seek! ah, no—why seek the woe
  That feelings wrung have always nigh?
Go crop the bitter weeds that grow
  Each blasted hope's cold gravestone by,
And mark how sorrow's withered store
    Grows evermore!

Yet, though 'tis true the forms we love
  Cannot be always by our side,

And, as along the beach we rove,
  Where ebbs and flows life's restless tide,
We see glad barks that leave the shore
    Come back no more!

Still, let us feel that though, awhile,
  Sweet hours, sweet friends sail down the stream,
There is a far but joyous isle
  Where turns to truth hope's wildest dream,
And, reaching those who went before,
    We part no more!

Thus thought the failing, gray-haired man,
  And dropped his staff, one autumn day;
Joy flashed across his visage wan,
  As those old voices, now grown gay,
This altered burden chanted o'er:
    "Sorrow no more!"

THE CURFEW.

Ah why, when life's dim eve comes on,
  Should hearts, once warm, grow cold?
And why should sighs for feelings gone,
  Make up our breath when old?

'Tis true, the happy light that fell
On board and hearth, of yore,
Went out when evening's tyrant bell,
The Curfew's warning bore.

But oh! it is not thus the heart
Should hear the voice of time;
Not thus its cheerful light depart
At sound of evening's chime!

For me, kind fate! forbid that e'er
That dismal tocsin toll,
In whose sad discord I shall hear
The curfew of the soul!

MIDNIGHT.

Ah! now at last, with tears, I own
Far happier were our lot,
If we could wander on, alone,
Forgetting and forgot.

The thrill of joy that others feel,
When full our blessings flow—
The heart, that kindles at our weal,
And saddens in our woe—

The fresh, warm glow of sympathy
That for our bliss is given,
To gild our clay-born destiny
With radiance lit in Heaven—

All these may teach—as they have taught—
That as life's waves we press,
The blithest bark bounds on for nought,
That sails in loneliness!

But yet, to feel that Fate may wind
Our thread of life round those
Who make our union with our kind
A talisman of woes;

That when, before our gladdening eyes,
Life's broadest fields grow green,
Another's voice may bid arise
Some blinding mist between;

That not a moment may fleet on,
Without some sound of sorrow;
Sad yesterday's prophetic tone
Suggesting sad to-morrow!

And, worse than all, when duty stern
Bids the wrung heart be still,
Though memory cannot break her urn
Nor dry its bitter rill:

When love has ceased, we thought would flow
  Till time should waste its wave,
And trust's forgot, that should not know
  Oblivion in the grave—

These, these are pains not all the bliss
  Of sympathy can cure;
And to be rid of life like this,
  What might we not endure?

To fly from these, we might forego
  The grasp—the fond embrace,
And, rather than this madness know,
  Know never Joy's bright face.

Oh God! Oh God! let not thy wrath
  So cloud my vision o'er,
That finding midnight round my path,
  I look for light no more!

THE FOUNT.

When by the margin of the stream,
  The traveller rests him on his way,
'Tis not to watch the dancing beam,
  Or catch the glitter of the spray;

And if, unto his fainting lip,
The fresh bright waters cooling bring,
Why should he pause before he sip,
Or curse it for a worthless thing?

Or why, with loathing, should he start
Because there 's earth beneath the tide,
When all the life that warms his heart
Is the same clay, scarce purified?

Oh spurn not then the stream of love,
Because the earth looks dark below!
Content thee with the skies above,
In whose warm blaze the ripples glow!

And bless thee for the kindly fate,
Which to thy pilgrim soul hath given
A fount its purest thirst to sate,
Which springs from earth, but mirrors Heaven!

TO ——

I cherish yet this lifeless flower:
'Twas bright and fresh, with bloom like thine,
When thy soft hand in thoughtless hour,
Half flung it, careless, into mine!

There was no glance from thee that threw
  A single beam upon my way;
No word from whose sweet tone I drew
  Just presage of a happier day;

Yet 'twas thy gift, and cold and few
  As were to me hope's fitful gleams,
At thought of thee bursts forth anew
  The radiance of my brightest dreams!

I kept the flower, 'tis faded now,
  And, fading like it, droop and fall,
As blossoms from a blasted bough,
  My future's trust, my dreams, my all!

These withered leaves—there is no spell
  Their beauty's blush can e'er restore,—
Sweet lady, pardon! thou canst tell,
  If hope for me shall bloom no more!

TO ——

More dark than winter's darkest cloud,
  Compared with purity like thine,
The sin whose daily shadows shroud
  Poor, tempted, toilsome lives like mine!

Though in my better moments rise
  Thoughts, feelings, hopes of holier aim,
Too oft—like meteors from the skies—
  They flash, fall, vanish as they came!

Dear lady, then, in happy time,
  Was that sweet promise breathed by thee:
That with thy vows a prayer should climb
  And ask a boon from Heav'n for me.

'Tis said that when His Angels sue,
  The Merciful bends down His ear:
Sweet lady, if the tale be true,
  What blessings wait upon thy prayer!

TO ——

'Twas ill enough the pang to know
  Of absence, distance, hope repress'd,
Before a doubt had come to throw
  New shadows o'er my clouded breast.

I felt that Time, too swift till then,
  Must linger long on laggard wing,
Ere thy sweet smile could beam again
  Upon me in the gladsome spring.

And, knowing that earth's hopes must wait
  Upon a will they cannot bend,
I trembled at the thought that Fate
  That happy hour might never send.

Yet I was blest that, come what might,
  No absence, distance, change, delay,
Could dim the faith that, pure and bright,
  Lit up thy heart with perfect day.

And though there came not to mine ear
  The music of thy gentle voice,
Kind words might make the distant near,
  And I might read them and rejoice.

It is not thus—not thus, that now
  I count bright things as yet in store;
Not thus recall each happy vow
  Our eager lips breathed o'er and o'er.

Think not that I repent my trust,
  As rashly flung upon thy youth,
For I will hold all faith as dust,
  Ere I will doubt me of thy truth.

But, pure and gentle as thou art,
  Believing all things what they seem,
Wilt thou not wound thine own kind heart,
  Ere thou wilt break another's dream?

Forbid to know how fondly dwells
  Each heavy thought of mine on thee;
To speed me here one thought that swells
  Thy soul, or dims thine eye for me;

And taught, perhaps, that, all unkind,
  Some word, in pain or weakness spoken,
Shows feelings harsh and unrefined,
  Rude vows, as rudely to be broken.

Ah, tell me—feeling, knowing this—
  Can I forget we are of clay?
Or weakly deem my promised bliss
  Will surely dawn, because it may?

Then blame me not if each sad hour
  Chase but a sadder brother on—
If spirits, joyous once, have power
  To wake no more sweet fancies gone.

Thou know'st that thou and only thou
  Canst win back gladness to my side;
Can I remind thee of no vow
  To cherish me, whate'er betide?

TO ——

Sweet lady! not in jest I said
That, all too bright to linger long,
With youth's swift hours from me had fled
My little gift of joyous song.

'Tis true 'twere folly, yet, for me
To talk of weariness and woe,
And feign to feel the vanity
And emptiness of things below.

But yet—look upward as we may—
The dust of toil and travel flings
A cloud upon the brightest day
That ever rose on purple wings.

And so the green earth wears not now
The freshness that "lang syne" I knew;
The very beams that o'er it glow,
Have robbed it of its diamond dew.

And well-nigh spent, with me, the spell
That wins from life one-half its sorrow,
The heart which, if to-day goes well,
Beats careless of the dim to-morrow!

Yet, lady! when I look on thee,
A brighter hue bright mem'ries wear—
Thoughts, strangers long, come back to me,
And dreams, not baseless, throng the air.

Ah! then I would were mine the art
That dwells in poesy alone,
To echo music from my heart,
Should be re-echoed from thine own!

'Tis vain! I kneel not near the shrine,
A worshipper, as others are;
And thou wilt prize these vows of mine
The more, that they are breathed from far!

A lover's lay be his, on whom
The sun-beams of thy smile descend!
Mine is the happiness—and doom—
To be, yet only be, thy friend!

ANGELS.

I would not make thee angel, if I could,
For I am yet content with earthly things;
And 'twere, to me, a dubious sort of good,
Loving thee, as I do, to give thee wings!

I'm far enough, God knows, below thee, now,
Though thou art human, yet—to a degree—
But, were a glory set about thy brow,
What in the name of Heav'n would come of me?

Spirits are radiant things, no doubt, to pray
And lift our hearts to, and none more than thine—
But that is worship merely—it needs clay
To link the mortal love with the divine.

I love the clay, I own—perhaps I have
Too little of the fire Prometheus stole,
And yet—I can but bless the Heaven that gave
The beauteous girdle which is round thy soul!

TO ——

I smile to think there have been times,
When I could write didactic rhymes
To guide thy girlish hours;
When I could give thee counsels wise,
And solemn morals could devise
From butterflies and flowers.

It seems but yesterday—for thou
Still wear'st, unfaded, on thy brow,
The first gay wreaths of youth;
And fragrant, round thy spirit, cling
The earliest blossoms of its spring,
Its purity and truth!

Yet, though a quick, short hour it seem,
It hath been long enough for dream
On dream to pass away;
And best and brightest hopes of mine—
(Is it not so, with some of thine?)—
Have come, and had their day.

Yes—mine have come, deceived, and gone,
And others, that I look upon
As boding better things,
Will, likely, cheat and fade as well,
That other years a tale may tell,
Like that which this one brings.

But—'mid the varyiug shapes of change,
The one that seems to me most strange,
Is that myself have known;
That I, who set me to impart
Sage lessons how to rule thy heart,
Can scarce keep whole my own!

In time of eld, when fairies trod,
Beneath the moon, the dewy sod,
Or thronged the woodland dells,
A woful plight was his, I ween,
Who saw them dancing round the green,
Or heard the elfin bells.

No sleep-shut eye there was, for him,
No welcome rest for weary limb,
Till all that night was gone;

Where'er the elfin coursers neighed,
Where'er the bells their music made,
He followed, fated, on!

Less kind, the fairies of our days,
Than those, the tiny greensward fays,
Whose charm with darkness went;
For, now, alike 'neath moon and sun,
The witching process once begun,
Its spells are never spent!

It were not ill, that thou shouldst hold
Small truce of mercy with the bold,
Who onward press and dare;
But those of us who, from afar,
Gaze on thee, as men watch a star,
Deserve that thou shouldst spare.

'Tis not our fault that we have eyes,
And, if thy soft and low replies
Charm, more than music can,
'Tis in our own despite we hear,
And wherefore should one pay so dear
For being only man?

Sometimes the fear upon me gains,
That, when fair maidens forge their chains,
They reck not whom they bind;
Like Romans at the triumph's arch,
They little care what captives march
In pensive ranks behind!

I've heard of one who, hour by hour,
In twilight grove and evening bower,
Smiled when a lover wooed,
Although she knew Endymion's moon
Would wed him, from the skies, as soon
As she to whom he sued.

She would not bid him go his ways—
She loved his worship and his praise,
Although she loved him not;
She listened, while she liked to hear,
And, when it palled upon her ear,
She doled him out his lot!

But, wherefore vex thy gentler mind,
With tales of maidens thus unkind?
Oh, never thine such sin!
Thou wouldst have let him love away,
And live in hope, some lucky day
By patient praise to win.

And—praising—loving—hoping—still,
His future hanging on thy will,
Without one vow of thine—
He might have lived sweet ages o'er,
And, till he asked for something more,
Have felt suspense divine!

And—after all—most strange it were,
In him who could not, patient, bear
Long years of doubt, to see—

Though dim and far, and struggling through
A darker night than chaos knew—
One hope of winning thee!

Such sights and hopes to them I leave,
Who fancy's webs can, willing, weave,
To snare themselves withal;
'Tis mine to see with other's eyes,
And, if 'twere mine to deal the prize,
Thou know'st where it would fall!

But there's no cause why thou shouldst chide,
And surely none why I should hide,
'Neath cautious words and cold,
The feelings kind, whose friendly glow
It would be strange thou shouldst not know,
Though it were left untold!

Of all the charms existence lends—
Youth, beauty, wit, and love, and friends—
There's none thou dost not share;
Yet, though 'tis, thus, an idle thing
To add so poor an offering
As one sad sinner's prayer—

I pray that, like the Prophet's palm,
Which vocal made each breeze of balm
O'er Eden's bow'rs that past,
Thy tree of life may, all day long,
Pour forth from every leaf a song,
Each sweeter than the last!

TO ——

I've been a dreamer all my days,
  Yet ne'er a dream came true—
And 'twould be strange if I could raise
  A dreamland sprite for you;
You—through whose common, daylight air,
  More gladsome visions sweep,
Than other, luckiest mortals, dare
  To hope for—e'en in sleep!

Dream as you will then—brighter far
  Your own pure thoughts, than all
The forms that round the midnight's car
  A wizard's wand could call!
I only beg that, not too glad
  Nor bright, your dreams may be;
For then—the chance were very bad,
  That you should dream of me!

TO ——

Along a lonely walk I strayed—
  My thoughts far off, with doubtful things,
When, o'er my path, I saw there played
  "A gentle bird on azure wings!"

He bent him from the heights of air—
  Stooped to the earth, as if to light—
Poised him before me—lingered there—
  Then passed away—like all things bright!

I watched him, till I saw him fold
  His wings, the distant corn among,
Where, from a stalk of bending gold,
  I heard him lift his happy song.

I went my ways—I could but feel,
  How often to my lot 'twas given,
To see, far from my pathway, wheel
  The brightest messengers from Heaven!

And yet—why should the bird to me
  Bring down the hues that clothe the sky,
When o'er my path there bent no tree,
  In whose green bosom he could lie?

When of the fields whose treasures lay,
  Far o'er the glad and teeming plain,
Not mine one golden sheaf, to pay
  The music of his gentle strain!

I could not blame him—yet I thought
  'Twere sad he should have come, unless
His beauty and his song he'd brought,
  My lonely wanderings to bless!

TO ——

I may not love thee! though the thought,
  By honor's ban repressed,
Unbreathed to thee, to man, to Heaven,
  Should moulder with my breast!
There is a faith that I should break,
If, from my slumbers I should wake
    To bless a dream of thee;
And though to thee but common dust,
As pure as thou I'll keep that trust,
    Betwixt my soul and me!

And yet—'tis hard thou shouldst not know
  What better life were mine,
To worship, if but in my heart
  The Deity in thine!
Ah! couldst thou feel what it has cost
To teach myself that thou art lost
    Yet bless where thou art won,
Thou—wouldst not love me—that is past—
But even thou wouldst mourn the cast
    That left me thus undone!

FROM CALDERON.

Carlos. The morning's golden light had scarcely flung
A crown upon the sun's returning brow
When, unto her, from whom daylight had sprung,
Mine other sun, I lifted up my vow.
Scarce the night-shadows, tremulous, had hung
Their gloom o'er all things but my passion's glow,
When all my love, upon the garden-wold,
To the fair commonwealth of flowers I told.

The very silence of the evening chill,
The jasmine, in sweet mazes clustering,
The crystal fountain, bubbling at its will,
The brook, that to itself went murmuring,
The air, that on the blossoms breathèd still,
And o'er the shrinking leaves leapt, wandering—
All—all was love! What if at such an hour,
There be a soul in fountain, bird, and flower!

Pasquin. There was an old and grave philosopher
Who dwelt unto himself. A soldier passed
His home one day, and paused to speak with him,
And, after long discourse, the warrior said,—
"Hast thou not seen the fall, then, of our king,
Whose laurels crown him Lord and Arbiter
Of empires most unbounded?" Quoth the sage,

"Is not thy king a man? What hath he then
That I should gaze on him, more than on thee?

* * * * * * * *

Thou see'st yon blossom—gather it, I pray,
And bear it to thy King, and say, I bid him
Make but one single, simple, flower like that!
Then may'st thou learn, that trophies, glories, fame,
Triumph and victory step not beyond
Our mere humanity; since he, thy Lord,
After so many conquests won, is still
All impotent to frame one little flower,
When every field sprouts myriads!"

La Cisma de Inglaterra.

NOTES.

[The following notes are the author's own, except where inclosed in brackets.]

Page 255. *The Blessed Hand.* There is a legend of an English monk who died at the monastery of Aremberg, where he had copied and illuminated many books, hoping to be rewarded in Heaven. Long after his death his tomb was opened, and nothing could be seen of his remains but the right hand with which he had done his pious work, and which had been miraculously preserved from decay.

[From a personal friend of Mr. Wallis we have the following account of the circumstances under which "The Blessed Hand" was written:

"After the war ended, it was found that there was so much want and destitution throughout the South, as well as an entire lack of seeds and implements with which to start in life, that some ladies in Baltimore conceived the idea of holding a Fair for the purpose of raising a sum of money which should be applied to relieving the great want known to be widespread throughout the South. The result was the 'Southern Relief Fair,' which proved a great success, as the expenses were almost nothing, while all found something to give for the Fair. The amount realised was about $165.000.

"Among those who entered into the work of the Fair with great enthusiasm, was Mr. Wallis; and

soon after the opening, when he had seen the way in which the ladies worked, and how true and earnest was their desire to help those who were suffering, the legend of 'The Blessed Hand' came to his mind, and he wrote the poem here given. He had it printed and sent to the Fair for sale. So perfectly did the lines agree with the feeling that filled every heart, and so beautiful were they in themselves, that great numbers of the printed copies were sold."

Ælfric relates a similar miracle in the case of King Oswald of Northumbria.]

Page 261. *The Last of the Hours.* In the famous fresco, known as the Aurora, by Guido Reni, in the Rospigliosi palace at Rome, the last of the Hours—the farthest from the chariot of the Sun—wears a darker robe than her companions, and is the only one whose head is covered. Her face is by far the most beautiful in the group, though its expression is pensive.

[*Printed in the Metropolitan Magazine, September*, 1857.]

" 263. *Truth and Reason.* Fabricius, in his *Bibliotheca Graeca*, mentions the theory of the universe propounded by Cosmas Indicopleustes, who, among other things, accounted for the motion of the heavenly bodies by the assertion that they were carried round in their orbits by celestial spirits. August 20, 1849.

" 265. *Beauty and Faith.* "Guido was so distinguished by his passionate enthusiasm for the Madonna that he was supposed to have been favored by a particular vision which enabled him the more readily to represent her divine beauty. . . . But, though he painted lovely Virgins, he went every Saturday to pray before the little black Madonna della Guardia, and, as we are assured, held this ancient Eastern relic in devout veneration." Mrs. Jameson's *Legends of the Madonna.*

[*Printed in the Metropolitan Magazine, March*, 1857.]

Page 267. *The Exile's Prayer.* In his work on the Mind, Dr. Rush maintains the fact, attested by clergymen of his acquaintance, that the aged foreigners whom they attended generally prayed on their death-beds in their native language, though in many cases they had not spoken it for fifty or sixty years.

" 268. The first interment in Greenmount Cemetery was that of an infant. 1845.

" 270. [*The Spectre of Colalto* was contributed by Mr. Wallis to *The Baltimore Book*, a literary miscellany published in 1838, and edited by W. H. Carpenter and T. S. Arthur. To the poem was prefixed the following quotation:—]

"The White Lady of Avenel is not quite so good as a real well-authenticated White Lady or spectre in the Marca Trevigniana, who has been repeatedly seen. . . . She always appeared upon particular occasions, before the deaths of the family, &c. . . . She was a girl attendant, who one day, dressing the hair of a Countess of Colalto, was seen by her mistress to smile upon her husband, in the glass. The Countess had her shut up in the wall of the castle, like Constance de Beverley. She is described as very beautiful and fair. It is well authenticated." BYRON, *Letter* 463.

" 277. *In Fort Warren.* [Lines written on the occasion of the release of several Confederate officers, fellow-prisoners of the author.]

" 278. *Worship.* April 29, 1852.

" 280. *Dreams.* 1836.

" 283. *Life.* October, 1836.

" 289. *Christmas Eve at Sea.* On board ship *Argo*, December 24, 1846.

" 294. *"The Lord Gave."* January 22, 1854.

" 296. *"And the Lord hath taken away."* Annapolis, January 14, 1856.

" 298. *Memnon.* September 19, 1850.

Page 299. *God's Acre.* The Germans call a grave-yard *Gottes Acker*, or "God's Acre," and *Friedhof*, the "Peace-yard."

" 299. *Starlight.* September 20, 1853.

" 300. *Quo Fata Trahunt.* January 10, 1854.

" 301. *For an Album.* I was requested to write some verses in the album of a charming little girl. I wrote the first of the following pieces, and did not insert it, because I found on examination that there was another, by another hand, in the volume, with pretty nearly the same application of its moral. It was suggested by an engraving of a landscape in the album.

" 302. *For an Album.* These lines, suggested by another engraving, which represented a butterfly upon a bunch of cut flowers, were returned with the volume.

" 306. *To a Friend.* In answer to a poem written by a friend on Campbell's lines—

> "To live in hearts we leave behind,
> Is not to die." October 10, 1852.

" 310. *To a Friend.* These verses were inclosed in a letter to my friend, James W. Miller, of New Orleans, with whom I had spent a good many very happy hours at Pigeon Hills. When the letter containing them reached New Orleans, he was dead. *Sit illi terra levis!* December 23, 1838.

" 312. *No More.* Madame de Staël, I think it is, who says that the words "no more" are the sweetest in the English language. 1841.

" 314. *The Curfew.* October 1, 1845.

" 317. *The Fount.* An answer to the following lines in a friend's letter:—

> "As the weary traveller draweth nigh
> To a spring which refresheth his longing eye,
> And joyfully bendeth o'er the brink
> Of the limpid and crystal stream to drink

Yet starts to see, 'neath the wave so clear,
The naked, loathsome clay appear—

Even so the lake of Human Love,
While reflecting the tints from the sky above,
Will often seem, to the distant sight,
Like a pure and fathomless sea of light;
Yet the ripples dance in fantastic wreath
O'er the shoals of selfishness hid beneath."

August 21, 1849.

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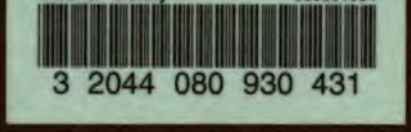
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